

# MUSEUM

OF

## Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

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*From the Edinburgh Review.*

### PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN THE REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND IV.

*The Biographical Treasury: containing Memoirs, Sketches, or Brief Notices of the Lives of Eminent Persons.* 8vo. London: 1839.

WE have upon two former occasions walked through the mighty gallery of Portraits which the reigns of the last two Georges furnished out. The figures which we there contemplated were, for the most part, those of the greater men of their age;—men whose genius has raised or adorned their country, and whose superiority, not merely to the bulk of mankind, but to the men whose names sound in the mouths of the multitude, is at once confessed as soon as they are mentioned. History, however, performs but half her office, nor perhaps the most useful portion of it, if she commemorates only those lights of the world, and preserves no lineaments of men whose place is less ambitious, whose merits are more unpretending, but whose virtues, for that very reason, are the more easily emulated, and thus may produce a wider and more salutary influence upon the fortunes of future times. The habit of looking down upon useful mediocrity is not founded in any reason, and is apt to produce hurtful consequences. It is fitting, no doubt, that the oratorical efforts of a Fox, a Pitt, a Burke, be held up to admiration—that the ancient virtue and brilliant talents of a Romilly should be handed down to posterity—and that other ages, as well as his own, should know how justice was distributed by Mansfield, as well as what thunder from Chatham shook the senate and awed the meaner natures of grovelling contemporaries. Justice to those great men, is thus consulted, while the natural curiosity of mankind is gratified by the exhibition of their genius; but although the spectacle may kindle in a few congenial minds the desire of emulating their renown, the wonder which it is calculated to excite is

all the effect that it can produce upon the great bulk of mankind. They will find it more permanently useful to have displayed before them merits of a less unapproachable elevation—to have their eyes pointed towards heights of excellence, the ascent to which may seem a less hopeless task. An incident which actually happened may illustrate this position:—A young person of good capacity, and who had laboured hard to acquire the knowledge and the habits of composition which oratory requires, and was entering upon a profession where it is to a certain degree essential, never having been present at any display of debating powers, was taken by a friend to witness a great and, as it proved, a very successful exhibition of practised eloquence upon a subject of extraordinary interest. He came away as soon as the speech was closed, and thus addressed his adviser: 'I give the whole thing up. This is quite out of the question—for I cannot even form any notion how such things are done.' Had he heard a good third-rate speaker, he would not, in all probability, have arrived at the position in which Gibbon found himself, when the bad speakers filled him with terror, and the great ones with despair.

There is only one consideration which makes us hesitate about making this addition to our Gallery. The dislike of mediocrity is great in proportion as the contempt, or affected contempt, for it is universal. The giddy multitude, composing the great vulgar rather than the more natural and rational class of the little vulgar, seem to think that they raise themselves by adopting an extravagant standard of excellence which they use to measure men's pretensions to fame, and consider that, by despising many whom they never can even approach, they exalt themselves to the higher levels of merit. With this insignificant rabble, virtue is its own reward: a strictly honest man in public life passes for little if he be of a middling genius, and have not the faculty of making his name much heard in the world. Hence we are apprehensive that the being ranked in this our second list, will mortify the

friends of the parties, when we are sure it would not have offended themselves. But, beside this general censure which we have given to such fancies, we may remark, that some will also find their places here whose excellence is of the very highest order;—men who would have infallibly shone amongst the brightest lights of their age, had not their pursuits accidentally led them into the lines of exertion which do not conduct to the pinnacles of fame. It is also to be observed that accidentally some have been omitted in the former series of sketches, to whom we must now render a tardy justice; while some have found their places in that series who can in no respect be deemed to have pretensions above the ordinary run of those whom we are about to describe, and very inferior to some of them. The one with whom we shall begin is an example, and we purposely pitch on it for the first sketch.

Mr. Justice Holroyd was one of the most able, most learned, and most virtuous men that ever in any age adorned the profession of the Law. Endowed with feeble spirits, and having never cultivated the gifts of fancy, and probably not possessing any range of imagination, he chose for his study the severer branches of forensic exertion; and by assiduous labour long bestowed upon that dry study, became possessed of all the knowledge of our jurisprudence which industry can acquire, and the greatest natural sagacity marshal. Until the Practice is added to the Study of the law, the most diligent student cannot be said to have made himself a good lawyer; nor can he even ascertain whether or not he is destined ever to attain that eminence. After he began to plead below the bar, which is the particular branch of the profession that tends more directly than any other to unfold and to improve the faculties leading to this most desirable station, he soon became known for the conscientious application of his powers and his knowledge to the business he was entrusted with; and both his pupils benefitted largely by his instructions, and his clients were comforted with a full and ready assistance in all their difficulties. When he had attained considerable reputation in this walk, he entered Westminster Hall; and soon rose to the first eminence upon that great circuit which distributes the streams of justice from the centre of the judicial system, through the vast counties of York and Lancaster, and the four northern provinces.

It was soon found that this distinguished person was far indeed from being a mere special pleader. He possessed a clearness and quickness of apprehension, a vigour and firmness of understanding, a just and becoming confidence in his own opinion, that shone through his natural modesty—a modesty singularly graceful, and allied to a most amiable and gentle nature, which neither the contentions of the forum could roughen, nor the severest of studios harden. To

whatever branch of investigation he had devoted his life, in that he would have eminently excelled; and as in the stricter sciences he would have been a great discoverer, so he might be truly said to have a genius for law. His views were profound, and they were original. He saw points in a light that was unexpected and felicitous. But he reasoned, and he decided upon no affected conceits, such as Westminster Hall terms crotchets, or fancies, or whims. His admirable judgment always maintained its sway; and his opinion upon all matters submitted to him was still more remarkable for being sound than his reasonings were for being learned and ingenious. A result of all this great merit, which did more honour to him than to the other branch of his profession, was, that although no one enjoyed so high a legal reputation, few gained their professional income with harder labour. Whenever a difficult and important question arose, Mr. Holroyd's opinion was eagerly sought upon all the cases which grew out of it, or became connected with it; and when ordinary matters of easy solution came into dispute, or where opinions upon questions of course were to be taken in point of form, or where causes were coming into court of which any one could settle the pleadings, or conduct the minor departments of the suit after it came into court, others were selected to perform the easy, every-day, lucrative work; the love of a little patronage operating on the attorney's mind more than a sense of justice. Nothing was more common, therefore, than to see this great lawyer answer eight or ten questions upon the construction of a cramp and obscure will? or the course of action fit to be pursued in seeking for the establishment of complicated rights; or the course of pleading most safe in defending nice positions; while ordinary men were in the same time reaping the golden harvest of ordinary business, presenting no kind of difficulty, and level to the most humble capacity.

In Court, he of course shone less than in Chambers. His figure was low, but his voice was pleasing; until interrupted by an affection of the trachea, which gave him a kind of constant cough for many years, and at last terminated his valuable life. His delivery was, if not striking or commanding, perfectly correct and natural. His style of argument was of the very highest order, although somewhat less venturous in topics than it ought to have been with so great a juriconsult, or rather steering too near the defined and bold coast of authority. But his language was choice; his order lucid; his argumentation close; his discussion of cases, and his application of them, masterly;—showing an easy familiarity with all principles and all points, whether recondite or of common occurrence; and a profound judgment in weighing differences and resemblances, and tracing analogies and consequences, which was in vain sought for elsewhere. His famous



argument in the case of Parliamentary Privilege\* is truly a masterpiece. The history of the law is there traced through the stream of cases with a superior hand, while the bearings of all authority in favour of the argument are given, with a felicity only equalled by the dexterity with which the adverse cases are got rid of, and their force dissipated. The taste, withal, considering the exciting nature of the subject, is throughout severely chaste; nor can the most fastidious critic descry a spot whereon to fix for blame; while the most zealous enemy of Parliamentary oppression cannot find any ground for complaint in the strenuous exertions of the advocate. Arguments like these at once control the judge, as if they came from a higher authority; edify the party in whose cause they are urged; diffuse the useful light of information among the profession; and conserve pure and untainted the most refined taste in composition.

Although the habits of this illustrious lawyer did not often place him, and never voluntarily, in the position of a leader, it yet would occasionally happen that he might conduct some cause of importance before a jury; and then his admirable judgment, ready knowledge of his subject, and all its legal relations, correct taste, and inimitable suavity of temper, united all voices in his praise. His arrangement of the subject, and his diction, were alike perfect; what he wanted in the vigour of declamation, to which he made no pretension, was amply supplied by the combined force of his reasoning and by his luminous statement of facts; nor was he ever engaged in causes which demanded resources of wit or of pathos, the only portions of the rhetorical art to which he neither laid any claim, nor could find substitutes in his own proper stores.

In his conduct at the bar, whether at consultation or in court, whether as a leader or a junior and pleader, he was perfect. No man was more respectful to his leaders when a junior; none less assuming when he led. But though never wanting in courtesy, whichever station he filled, he never failed firmly to assert his own opinion, whether as to the law of the case or the discretion of conducting it, when he had a leader; nor to act with the entire resolution that belonged to his responsible position when he led himself. In every instance, however, the cause and the client were observed to be his sole object. To advance them was always his aim; to put himself forward, never. The most happy illustrations, the most sound legal topics, were suggested by him quietly, almost secretly, to his leader; from whose far less learned lips came forth, as if they had been his own, the sense of Mr. Holroyd; who, so far from giving the least indication of the sources whence the point had come, only said a word in its support when absolute necessity required.

Having long adorned the bar, he was raised to the

bench, chiefly, it was believed, through the exertions of Lord Ellenborough, who had known him intimately, and had always felt for him unbounded respect and esteem. As a Judge, he fully sustained the high character which he carried with him from the forum. When he sat at *Nisi Prius*, it was delightful to see the familiar ease with which he handled all points that could be made before him, or be they ever so unexpectedly upon him, or be they ever so much out of the every-day course of business. The manner, too, in which he dealt with them attracted especial admiration. 'Sir,' said Mr. Sergeant Hullock, captivated with this, 'he is like one of the old men, the great fountains of our law.'—'But with a good sense and a just taste, rather belonging to our age than to theirs,'—was the proper and correct addition of one to whom the Sergeant's remark had been addressed. The only defect which any one could charge on his judicial performances, was that from which it is so difficult for any one to be free who has been raised to the bench from behind the bar, and without the experience of leading causes. He cannot well take the larger and more commanding view of cases, which the leader naturally adopts, and to which he confines himself rather than to details. Hence, at least before experience of trying many causes has lent such lawyers expertness, they feel some difficulty in grappling with large and complicated cases; are apt to lose themselves in particulars; and are found unable to dispose of more than a very limited number of causes, however well they may try those which they are able to dispatch. To this remark Mr. Justice Holroyd formed no exception. While no man tried a great case better, few so well, he would suffer a heavy cause paper to fall into arrear, from not apportioning his labour justly amongst the more important and more trivial matters. Indeed, except Lord Tenterden, and one or two of the later judges raised to the bench before the habits of the pleader had been formed, there are hardly to be found any exceptions to the rule which we have stated, as deduced from long experience of the profession.

Than this eminent and excellent person, no man was more beloved in private life, or could be more justly prized in all its relations. Of the strictest integrity, of unsullied professional honour, of the most sweet and equal temper, whether amidst the cares of private life (nor was he unacquainted with both its sorrows and difficulties), or in the discharge of his public duties as a magistrate, exposed to the wranglings of the bar, or in the part which he so long took as an advocate among all the contentions of the forum, his good-humour was constant and unruffled; so much so, that it seemed to cost him no effort at all either to exercise unwearied patience on the bench, or to command his suavity of temper at the bar. Of his valuable arguments, and of his learned and luminous judgments,

\* See *Burdett v. Abbot*, East, 14.

the monuments remain in the 'Term Reports' for the last thirty years of his life; of his eminently expressive countenance, at once sagacious, thoughtful, and mild, a likeness remains in Reynolds' portrait and print. It is only speaking the sense of all Westminster Hall, to add, that, as his loss was deeply felt by the profession, so it will be very long indeed, in all probability, before such a great luminary of the law shall arise, to shed a light over its dark precincts, and to exalt the glory of the bar.

Contemporary with this great lawyer, and for many years his associate upon the Northern Circuits, and afterwards for nearly as long his brother upon the bench, was the late Mr. Justice Park, a Scotchman by birth, but who early in life settled in England, where he was called, when young, to the bar, formed his connexions, and spent his whole life. His diligence as a student having attracted the regards of Lord Mansfield, his natural kindness, and his national regard for Scotchmen, made him patronize the candidate for practice; and, under his encouragement, he wrote a useful book upon the law of Marine Insurance—a subject on which at that time some such work was not a little wanted both by mercantile and by legal men. This task he performed very respectably; and perhaps the success of the work, and the consequent rise into professional notice of its author, were not impeded by its plainness and want of all pretension, except to explain the subject, and record the points fixed by authority—claiming no praise for originality or profoundness of views, or for any very acute line of remark, either upon the cases or the principles. The same unambitious character marked the author's professional exertions; distinguished him on all occasions from those who affected loftier flights, and attempted the more difficult paths of the ascent; and contributed eminently to the favour which he soon gained and long enjoyed amongst the body of clients.

The plan of writing a Law-Book, as it seems one of the most natural, so it is found to be among the most certain means which an unemployed barrister can take to make himself known, and obtain the emoluments of his profession. After he shall have studied the various departments of our jurisprudence generally, it seems an easy transition to fix his attention upon some one subject which has never been fully illustrated; or never accurately discussed in any separate work; or which has only been handled in books of former days—books which the changes in the law, and the multitude of more recent decisions in the courts, have now made out of date, and comparatively useless either to the student or the practitioner. Time at this period of a professional life is of no value, for the party has no business to occupy it; books are accessible in various ways; the practice of the courts is open to his daily observation; and he can profit by the suggestions and the ex-

perience of his brethren; by his intercourse with others both of his own standing and of his seniors;—an intercourse so easy, by the social habits of the English bar, both in town and on circuit, as to prevent any difference of age or professional rank from interposing obstacles to the fullest communication of doubts or difficulties, and the readiest solution of them. It is equally certain that a successful legal work powerfully assists the rise of the writer at the bar. He is known to have studied one subject at least, and to understand that thoroughly. In cases connected with it, he is taken in as a useful helpmate for the leader, whose knowledge of any branch of law is often comparatively scanty or superficial; nay, the author of such a treatise will often be preferred to much abler and even more eminent men, by the ill-judging zeal of attorneys, or added to them somewhat unnecessarily, by their excessive anxiety for the success of the cause. Hence this species of authorship has become, like attendance at sessions, or pleading below the bar, one of the avenues to practice; insomuch that the old saying, 'There be three roads to success in the common law—sessions, pleading, and miracle'—may well be amended by adding a fourth, hardly less certain than either of the first two—authorship. Of circuit we have said nothing; going any but the very smallest circuits being as little attended with certain success as attendance on the Courts of Westminster; and a young barrister, on the Northern, or Western, or Oxford Circuits, being as little likely to obtain briefs if he comes among his ninety competitors for the business done by the remaining ten, unless recommended by pleading connexions, or by sessional practice, or by authorship, as if he took his seat at once on the back rows of the King's Bench or Exchequer.

It thus happens that this Law-book Writing has become a kind of traffic; and has on the part of some dealers been subject to expedients and contrivances incident to other branches of business, and more bluntly than courteously denominated 'tricks of trade.' The choice of a subject is the first matter of important consideration; and herein it is to be observed, that the motives which guide other authors in their preferences, do not much operate in this department of letters. Thus the novelty of the subject is no ground at all of choosing it; on the contrary, it rather is an impediment; because the more new, the less it is connected with matters of frequent occurrence in actual practice. So its difficulty, from the older books and the cases decided in courts being nearly silent upon it, is no ground of preferring any subject. This is, no doubt, a very good reason why some book should be written, because it proves the demand for it; but it is no kind of reason why any given candidate for practice should be the person to supply that demand. For why? His object is not to write a book, but to gain clients, by

making himself known as having much studied a particular branch of the law; and business is his object, not book writing, which he only takes as he does his post-horses, to help him on his way to briefs; and unless he shows his knowledge on a subject which is frequently brought into court, he might as well have dead horses, or travel by the stage wagon. Again,—as the book is wholly a secondary, and, as it were, accidental matter in the speculation, it signifies little whether it be very well executed or not, so it be reasonably well done, and without any glaring omissions or errors; for literary fame is no part of the thing sought after,—hardly professional fame,—but only just so much notoriety as may lead to the opportunity of acquiring professional emolument and reputation; and if that can only be obtained through the medium of the authorship, whether the work be a first-rate or very moderate performance, signifies no more than the colour or the pedigree of the horses that shall afterwards take to York the author whom his book has converted into a leader of the Northern Circuit.

It is not very difficult to perceive, that all these circumstances together, derived from the nature and object of this department of literature, have a direct tendency to lower the excellence of the law books which are now given to the profession; and to explain their great inferiority to the older works which we possess, handed down from the lights of other days. Instead of a Littleton, a Coke, a Plowden, a Blackstone, a Fearn, all, except one, men who had attained the heights of their profession before they took upon themselves the office of instructing mankind upon its mysteries, the student now becomes our teacher, and lawyers write law books before they have held half-a-dozen briefs. These books, too, being written to gain practice by pleasing the attorney, rather than to gain fame by pleasing the critic, are far, indeed, from being elaborated with diligence, or from displaying the utmost force of their authors; not to mention that time being of incomparably more value than excellence, the object is rather to bring out a middling performance soon enough, to suit the plan of appearing on a particular circuit at a time certain.

We have said nothing of a yet less creditable practice which has flowed from pursuing the same course. As the object is to make a kind of advertisement of the author, to announce him for a person who has attended much to one branch of the law, if this can be effected without any book at all ever appearing, so much the better; the existence of the book being wholly immaterial, except as tending to notify its author to what is technically termed 'the other branch of the profession.\*' Hence many works upon important

branches of the law are from time to time advertised as about to be published, which yet never appear. But none of these advertisements are anonymous; the names of the learned authors are affixed in large characters, very legible, on the blue covers of the 'Term Reports' and other books which are wont *colitare per ora* of legal men. It would be more easy than gracious to give specimens of this very humble species of legal book-making, if, indeed, it can with any propriety be so termed—

If book it might be called which book is none,  
Distinguishable in volume, page, or line,  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed.

Some men have lived a while on such compositions; their whole authorship being confined to writing four lines of an advertisement, and its direct profits, to the payment of a few pounds for the printing of treatises, of which the conciseness is more remarkable than the honesty.

The work of Mr. Park on 'Marine Insurance' is not exposed to all these observations; although unquestionably it was greatly above his, or any other young and inexperienced hand to undertake so large, important, and, in some respects, difficult a subject. Accordingly his book is at the most respectable; it is by no means an excellent performance; and as for its usefulness, although it is the best we have upon the subject, its appearance has in all probability prevented us from having one more adequate to the exigency and importance of the branch of law which it handles. But though a middling work, it had an eminent success. The subject was admirably well selected; the execution was *par negotio neque supra*; and it soon lifted the author to a certain consideration among practitioners. Having now obtained, by Lord Mansfield's favour, the rank of King's counsel, he joined the Northern Circuit, which at that period offered a favourable opening to his business-like talents. Lee had just left it; Wallace was soon after made Solicitor-General, and quitted it also; Scott, afterwards so famous under the name of Lord Eldon, had already given up the eastern half, and only came to Lancaster; Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, and Cockell, were rising into the lead; and Topping was beginning to make himself known, although he then confined his practice to the circuit, nor had come regularly to Westminster Hall. In a short time Mr. Park obtained a sufficient share of practice to justify his having taken rank,

profession—are eminently absurd; and how attorneys themselves should be pleased with them, or otherwise than offended at them, it is hard to conceive. In like manner, 'solicitor' is often used as more grateful to the ear than plain attorney. Not so thought T. Lowton, who, being examined as a witness, when the soft-spoken counsel asked, 'You are a solicitor, sir, I believe,' would answer somewhat gruffly—'No, I am an attorney.' In fact, a solicitor is in Chancery—an attorney in courts of law.

\* The circumlocution of 'the gentleman near me'—'the professional gentleman'—'the respectable gentleman by whom I am instructed'—'the other branch of the pro-



and he soon after began to lead with Cockell, Law, and Chambre. When Law became Attorney-General in 1802, Mr. Park succeeded to the lead, which he retained without a rival, until, in 1815, he was made a puisne judge: for many years, too, he divided that of London and Middlesex with Gibbs and Garrow.

He was a person admirably well qualified for conducting all ordinary business; any thing which required no great display of eloquence—that is to say, the vast bulk of the advocate's multifarious duties. He was no great lawyer, yet possessed abundant knowledge of the common points that occur at *Nisi Prius*; quite enough to become master at consultation with such men as Holroyd, and Richardson, and Littledale, of any thing beyond the matters, chiefly relating to evidence, which occur without notice or the means of preparation; and he had the qualities necessary for taking up at the moment the suggestions of his more learned juniors, in meeting any unexpected objections in court. He had no considerable general knowledge, except that which all men acquire at *Nisi Prius*—the useful knowledge of men; and, accordingly, he was never for an instant above his audience, when he addressed even a country common jury. To eloquence he made slender pretension; but he had an easy flow of plain language, which, if it never rose high, nor even was always very correct, yet never sinned against good taste; while his voice was agreeable, neither low nor loud, and yet not monotonous; and his action singularly easy, natural, and good. Without any wit, or even humour, he would occasionally make the court laugh; and succeeded in casting ridicule upon an adverse cause or hostile witness, by a broad, laughing, staring kind of treatment, rather set off and borne out by his own good-humoured and animated visage accompanying his words, than by any thing in those words themselves which could lay claim to affect the hearers. Of the pathetic he was, if possible, yet less a master; and could no more touch the feelings than arouse the passions, or excite terror by declamation. But, in the stead of eloquence, he had that in which eloquence mainly consists—the power of being, or of seeming to be, himself strongly affected; he was earnest, anxious, agitated; his client was the best and most amiable of men, and the most injured by far;—if plaintiff, injured by the advocates of the defendant's conduct—if defendant, by the unexampled atrocity of an action being absolutely brought against him, and dragging the good and dear man into court. The shadow of a suspicion never could cross the jury's mind, that the shadow of a doubt crossed the advocate's, of his case being the very best and clearest that ever came into a court of justice; and such is the magic of real emotion (for in him it could hardly be said to be put on), that a juror who had smiled during half the harangue, while not yet inclosed in the box, at

seeing this continually renewed display of confident feeling in the counsel, no sooner 'came to the book and was sworn,' than he too in his turn, with all his fellows, unless some retired barrister should happen to be among the twelve, fell a victim to the earnest manner and confident and wheedling tone of this eminently successful performer.

In dealing with evidence his *forte* chiefly lay; and he did this with much success, whether in examining witnesses or commenting upon their testimony. Without the extensive talent for examination in chief which distinguished Mr. Topping above almost all men, and enabled him to paint, through the mouth of his witnesses, a complete, coherent, and vivid picture of his case, Mr. Park could obtain nearly all he wanted; while he almost equalled Mr. Topping in his other great and useful faculty of comforting, restoring, and setting up again his witnesses, damaged by the fire of a successful cross-examination. Without the brilliant cross-examination of Mr. Garrow, in one particular line perhaps the most remarkable at the bar, he yet could shake an adverse witness very powerfully; and often in the other department of getting round and surprising a witness, or seducing him into admissions, could obtain from him more than Mr. Garrow himself could by such a stratagem; of which he was a less skilful master than of fierce assault.

His discretion in the conduct of a cause was great; his judgment being sure, and his command of himself, generally speaking, perfect; and his devotion to the cause—the single object of getting the verdict—absolute and entire. With the Court he always endeavoured to make friends, and for the most part with success; with his clients his decorum was becoming, not harsh or supercilious, nor yet crouching; with his professional brethren his manner was unexceptionable,—showing neither fear of his superiors, jealousy of his equals, nor haughtiness to his inferiors. His temper, partly through long and painful disease, was occasionally irritable, but never violent, nor ever testy, or even peevish. He had his little weaknesses, like other men, which at the bar, and still more afterwards on the bench, afforded matter of good-humoured merriment; nor was he himself apt to be offended when the laugh resounded 'at his own proper cost and charge.'

As he was in Westminster-Hall, so he proved when he became a judge—excellently suited to the ordinary demands of business; though occasionally found less equal to great occasions, chiefly of a legal kind. He could dispatch the business of a heavy circuit with great satisfaction to both the bar and the suitors; and even in his latter days, when nearly threescore and ten years of age, in trying a great Will cause,\* he showed a vigour of body and acuteness of mind, extraordinary certainly for any period of life;—summing up the evi-

\* Wright v. Tortham.



dence, after six or seven day's trial, in an address which lasted with unbroken fluency from mid-day to past midnight. This cause also exhibited one of his worst weaknesses, that of taking an early and unalterable bias, arising from an amiable belief in some party's good faith, or, it might be, a laudable indignation at some other party's misconduct. He suffered this to influence him, and throughout the long trial, made every thing bend to it; and really mistook, perversely though most unintentionally, the drift of the proofs adduced, in order to make the whole chime in with his scheme of the transaction. He was at heart a just man, however; and never suffered himself to be led away by any partiality towards counsel; neither showing the least apprehension of the most powerful leaders, nor the least prejudice in favour of one over another. No advocate, were he ever so powerful in himself, or so popular in his following, could hope to intimidate him; none, be he ever so obsequious, might expect to wheedle him into an act of unjust favour.

The opinions of Mr. Justice Park were all along those of a high Tory in church and state. He never mingled in politics, and therefore could be only indirectly and accidentally known as a party man. But his religious principles were strong, and the fervour of his devotion great. He seemed to love the Church as by law established, fully as much as he did the religion to preach which it is maintained; and he regarded a departure from the doctrines and discipline of the hierarchy, with feelings of as much alienation, not to say repugnance, as one from the creed of the dispensation itself. The only occasions, out of the profession, on which he appeared as an author, were connected with his religious or his ecclesiastical feelings. He published a tract exhorting to the Sacrament, called, 'The Benefit of Frequent and Early Communion;' and he printed, for private circulation, a biographical sketch of an old gentleman, long secretary of Queen Anne's bounty, and chiefly remarkable for that which assuredly obtained for him the somewhat equivocal blessing of so learned a biographer,—his old-fashioned, steadfast, dogged adherence to the Establishment in all its parts, and his aversion to all forms and shades of dissent.

The contemplation of Mr. Justice Park's rise and success in life is calculated to be of material service; and to exercise a salutary influence over the minds of by far the most numerous class of well educated society. His talents were not above mediocrity,—unless that he was endowed with natural quickness, and had some power of steady application. He had nothing profound in the cast of his thoughts; nothing remarkably perspicacious; no fury, no fire, no natural dignity or grace, except what a good voice and an unconstrained action bestowed. He had amassed no store of legal learning; he had no classical, no scientific

attainments; he was without fortune, without rank, without any political or other powerful connexions. Yet did he live as happy and as respectable a life for above half a century that he was in the profession, as any man could desire; and after having been one of its leading members, he sat for four-and-twenty years on the bench, with the just reputation of being a good judge. He enjoyed large emoluments, high rank, and general respect. To what did he owe these valuable possessions? To no rare genius, or even great talents, or extraordinary accomplishments, but to prudent conduct; sufficient but not excessive industry; steady attention bestowed upon one object—that object being his profession; from which nothing either in politics, or in literature, or in amusement diverted him; to uniform suavity of demeanour; to constantly making in business the success of his cause the paramount object; and never being drawn aside from the point of his clients' interest by any selfish feeling of feeding his own vanity, or making any sacrifices either to amusement or to display. Such sacrifices, such gratifications, may with more safety be indulged, when the gifts of genius or commanding eloquence accompany the more homely powers which common business requires. Even then they are perilous relaxations from the severity of forensic discretion. But where such rare endowments are wanting, their place being supplied by prudence and by conduct, the ample measure of success which Mr. Justice Park reached may be pronounced as of tolerably certain attainment.

Among those whose names have been incidentally mentioned in portraying Mr. Justice Park, is Mr. Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden;—a man of great legal abilities, and of a reputation which, though high, was by no means beyond his merits. On the contrary, it may be doubted if he ever enjoyed all the fame that his capacity and his learning entitled him to. For he had no shining talents; he never was a leader at the bar; his genius for law was by no means of the depth and originality which distinguished Mr. Helroyd; nor had he the inexhaustible ingenuity of Mr. Littledale; nor perhaps the singular neatness and elegance of Mr. Richardson. His style of arguing was clear and cogent, but far from brilliant; his opinions were learned and satisfactory, without being strikingly profound; his advice, however, was always safe, although sometimes, from his habitual and extreme caution, it might be deficient in boldness or vigour. The course of publication, so successfully pursued by Mr. Park, was likewise adopted at a subsequent period by Mr. Abbott, but after he had secured his place among special pleaders: it accelerated his rise in the profession, but did not cause that rise. His subject, the 'Law of Shipping,' was well calculated to interest both lawyers and traders; and the merit of the work is much superior to that of Mr. Park. It displays far greater

learning; is better arranged; more fully handles the subject, and is better written. It is to be classed amongst the standard works in our law; whereas Mr. Park's only receives the humbler praise of having filled up reasonably well an acknowledged blank in the legal library.

With these qualifications for the profession, with the respectful demeanour towards his superiors, and especially the court, which he always maintained in some excess, and with the principles of an Oxford Tory, as well as the standard accomplishments of an Oxford scholar, also in considerable excess, it was to be expected that he should make his way steadily at the bar. He was first a successful pleader; then a barrister well employed in the junior departments of the profession; a favourite first in the Oxford circuit, and afterwards in Westminster Hall; finally, the standing council to all the great Government departments; and besieged late and early by clients desiring his advice both upon their cases and their pleadings. As a leader, he very rarely, and by some extraordinary accident only, appeared; and this in a manner so little satisfactorily to himself, that he peremptorily declined it whenever refusal was possible. Indeed he showed none of the capacity which distinguished Mr. Holroyd, where the same unwelcome chance befell him; for he seemed to have no notion of a leader's duty beyond exposing the pleadings and the law of the case to the jury, who could not comprehend them with all explanation. His legal arguments, of which for many years the books are full, were extremely good, without reaching any very high pitch of excellence; they were quite clear, abundantly full of Case Law; betokening some dread of grappling with principle, and displaying none of the felicitous commentary that marked Mr. Holroyd's.

Like most English lawyers, he married early in life, and lived wholly in his own family; associating less with his brethren at the bar than any man of the day. But his hours of relaxation were not passed in idleness. The classical acquirements, in which he surpassed most men, formed the solace of his leisure; and to the end of his life he not only had a high relish for such pursuits, but wrote Latin verses with peculiar elegance and perfect ease. What is far less rarely met with,—especially added to such tastes and such acquirements,—he was well versed in natural philosophy, particularly in the various branches of mechanical science. Nor did any one out of the trade better understand all the details of machinery, in examining which his accurate mind took a peculiar pleasure.

Although his reputation at the bar was firmly established for a long course of years, it was not till he became a judge, hardly till he became Chief-Justice, that his merits were fully known. It then appeared that he had a singularly judicial understanding; and

even the defects which had kept him in the less ambitious walks of the profession,—his caution, his aversion to all that was experimental, his want of fancy,—contributed with his greater qualities to give him a very prominent rank, indeed, among our ablest judges. One defect alone he had, which was likely to impede his progress towards this eminent station; but of that he was so conscious, as to protect himself against it by constant and effectual precautions. His temper was naturally bad; it was hasty, and it was violent; forming a marked contrast to the rest of his mind. But it was singular with what success he fought against this, and how he mastered the rebellious part of his nature. It was, indeed, a study to observe this battle, or rather victory; for the conflict was too successful to be apparent on many occasions. On the bench it rarely broke out; but there was observed a truly praiseworthy feature, singularly becoming in the demeanour of a judge. Whatever struggles with the advocate there might be carried on during the heat of a cause, and how great soever might be the asperity shown on either part, all passed away—all was, even to the vestige of the trace of it, discharged from his mind, when the peculiar duty of the judge came to be performed; and he directed the jury, in every particular, as if no irritation had ever passed over his mind in the course of the cause. Although nothing can be more manifest than the injustice of making the client suffer for the fault or the misfortune of his advocate,—his fault, if he miscondacted himself towards the judge—his misfortune, if he unwittingly gave offence; yet, whoever has practised at *Nisi Prius* knows well how rare it is to find a judge of an unquiet temper, especially one of an irascible disposition, who can go through the trial without suffering his course to be affected by the personal conflicts which may have taken place in the progress of the cause. It was therefore an edifying sight to observe Lord Tenterden, whose temper had been visibly affected during the trial (for on the bench he had not always that entire command of it, which we have described him as possessing while at the bar), addressing himself to the points in the cause with the same perfect calmness and indifference with which a mathematician pursues the investigation of an abstract truth; as if there were neither the parties nor the advocates in existence, and only bent upon the discovery and the elucidation of truth.

His eminence as a judge was great and undeniable: it was in a short time confessed by all, even by those who had some prejudice against him at first, from marking the extreme contrast between him and his more brilliant predecessor; and from the impression, generally prevailing, and in general well founded, that men who never have led causes at the bar make indifferent judges, and are unequal to the despatch of judicial

business. Lord Tenterden from the first displayed great judicial capacity; yet it is certain that, for some time, he formed no very remarkable exception to the rule. He took no general and comprehensive view of a case; he examined its details part by part; he did not, like a leader, get up on an eminence, and from thence survey the subject in all its bearings; nor was he aware of the relative importance of its different portions. But in order to perform his office, he would select one particular compartment, and he would choose not the most difficult. To this he bent his attention, and seemed a good deal troubled, and even impatient, if it were drawn away to other points not within the limits which he had chosen to trace. It is remarkable not only how this habit wore off, instead of being confirmed and extended; but also how great a start he made in improvement after he had been five or six years chief of his court; and, on the occasion of a long and severe illness, that seemed to render his retirement from the bench inevitable. His temper was softened; his attention became more comprehensive; he viewed things more upon an enlarged scale; his industry was not relaxed,—increased it could not be; and during the last seven or eight years of his time he exhibited a very eminent instance of great judicial capacity. At all times his law was safe, and accurate, and ready; but he could now deal far more ably with facts. He never was without great influence over the jury; but as he now could enlighten their minds more fully, his weight was increased. His patience became greater as his sway over the bar was extended; and as men compared the somewhat violent despatch of the preceding reign with the more deliberate march of justice while he was her minister, they deemed the greater vigour and more manly capacity of his celebrated predecessor well exchanged for the fuller and more satisfactory discussion of all causes during his rule. It is true that fewer cases were despatched, and the Paper fell into arrear; but there is something better than speedy decision; and that is substantial justice, which requires full hearing before judgment.

It may, indeed, well be questioned if ever Lord Ellenborough could have despatched the business of the Guild-Hall Sittings with the same celerity that marked his reign, had he survived to the later times. The suitors as well as the bar were no longer the same body, with whose interests and with whose advocacy he had to deal. In his time, the whole city business was in the hands of Gibbs, Garrow, and Park; with occasionally, as in the cases of the Baltic risks, the intervention of Topping;\* and it was a main object

\* The mention of this most honourable man, in connexion with those cases, recalls an incident so creditable to himself, and to the renowned profession to which he belonged, that it ought not to be passed over in silence. A general retainer of a thousand guineas was brought to him, to cover the Baltic cases then in progress. His

with them all to facilitate the despatch of business. This they effected by at once giving up all but the arguable points of law, on which they at once took the judge's opinion; and the maintainable questions of fact, on which they went to the jury. Fifteen or twenty important causes were thus disposed of in a morning, more to the satisfaction of the court and the benefit of the counsel, than to the contentment of the parties or their attorneys. It is true that no real loss was, in the vast majority of instances, sustained by any one through this kind of arrangement, while the time of the public was saved. But it is equally true that every now and then a slip was made and a benefit lost; and that nothing can guard against such accidents but the right course of thoroughly sifting each case, as if it were the only one in which the advocate was retained, or which the judge had to try. Nor must it be forgotten that the right decision of causes is only one, though certainly the most important office of justice. Another, only second in importance to that, is the giving parties satisfaction,—such satisfaction as is enough for reasonable persons. Now, as every person is impressed with the idea that there is but one cause in the world, and that his own, however unmindful of this the court and the counsel may be, discontent, heart-burnings, feelings of injustice suffered, desire of redress in other ways, and among these, oftentimes by means of other suits, is sure to be left in the train of Themis, when the pace she moves at is too rapid for ordinary eyes to follow, and breaks through the surrounding ties and feelings of interest too rudely. Hence, the despatch effected is frequently more apparent than real; of which a remarkable example used to be afforded by Sir John Leach, whose swift decisions, without hearing, only produced appeals to the Great Seal. But in whatever way these opinions may be disposed of, one thing was certain;—the kind of arrangement which has been described as prevailing among the leaders in Lord Ellenborough's time could only be found practicable as long as the lead should be confined within a very few hands. When it was at all scattered, such a thing was altogether out of the question; and in Lord Tenterden's time this distribution undeniably took place.

It may be supposed from what has been said of his scientific as well as classical acquirements, that, in trying causes where these accomplishments could be displayed, he rose above the ordinary level of his great merit. To see him preside over a complicated Patent case was a very great treat, whether to a lawyer or a man of science. It was a singular exhibition answer was, that this indicated either a doubt of his doing his duty on the ordinary terms known in the profession (one guinea particular, and five guineas general retainer,) or an expectation that he should do something beyond the line of his duty, and therefore he must decline it. His clerk then accepted of the usual sum of five guineas, and he led on these important cases for the defendants.



of legal combined with mechanical skill,—each keeping within its own proper sphere, but each conspiring with the other to obtain the full investigation of the cause in all its bearings, and its clear elucidation to the jury. He it was, too, who first leant against the absurd, unjust, and mischievous refinements by which almost all former judges conceived it fit that they should display a constant astuteness to defeat the claims of a Patentee, upon the unreflecting notion of his right being a monopoly, and the public interest being damaged by it; wholly forgetting that his genius and labour had been first given to the public in reversion to purchase the temporary possession of that monopoly.

The merits of this distinguished judge having been recited, it is fit that we advert to his few defects. These were borrowed from his temper in part; and in part transferred from the professional habits of his limited walk while a practitioner. He never could endure the 'trick' of the bar, as displayed in its leading advocates; nor was there any great harm in this, had it stopt here. But he seemed always to suppose that an address to a jury could be framed on the model of a special plea, or the counts of a declaration, only without the prolixity and repetition habitual with pleaders; and to forget that the surest way of bringing out the truth in any case is to let the conflicting feelings and interests of parties come into their natural collision. His impatience was thus very manifest; and had his nerves been in the same proportion firm as his dislike to declamation and illustration was strong, a struggle would have ensued in which the eloquence of the bar would either have been extinguished, or have silenced and discomfited the bench. In like manner, when, during the interlocutory discussions with the counsel, whether on motions in Banc, or on objections taken before him at *Nisi Prius*, he was uneasy, impatient, and indeed irascible, at nothing so much as at cases put by way of trying what the court had flung out. Being wholly void of imagination to supply cases in reply, and even without much quickness to sift the application of those put, he often lost his temper, and always treated the topic as an offence. But it was chiefly in obstructing cross-examination, which he wholly undervalued, from his utter incapability of performing his part in it, that his pleader-like habits broke out. Had he been submitted to in this matter, cross-examination would have been only known as a matter of legal history. His constant course was to stop the counsel, by reminding him that the witness had already said so; or had already sworn the contrary, and this before the question was answered; to which it was natural, and indeed became usual, for the counsel to make answer that this was the very reason why the question had been asked; the

object being either to try the witness's memory or to test his honesty.

It must be admitted that, in all these respects, the position of a judge while sitting at *Nisi Prius*, is somewhat anomalous. He presides, indeed, over the whole proceedings; but the jury holds *divisum imperium*; and he sits there as the nominal chief while the advocate is sometimes dealing with the witness as if no judge were present, and sometimes addressing the jury, careless whether the judge hears him or not;—equally indifferent whether he approves or disapproves what he says. Princes, it is said, cannot allow any one to address another in their awful presence; nay, the code of etiquette has embodied this feeling of sensitive royalty in a rule or maxim. The ruler of the court has as little love of a proceeding which, in the prefatory words, 'May it please your lordship,' seems to recognise his supremacy; but in the next breath leaves 'his lordship' as entirely out of view as if he were reposing in his bed, or gathered to his fathers. Few judges, accordingly, are so considerate as to be patient of eloquence, whether in declamation or in witty illustration; few regard these flights otherwise than as in derogation from the respect which is their own especial due. To address passions which they are forbidden to feel—to contemplate topics that must be suited to any palate rather than theirs—to issue jokes by which they ought not to be moved while all others are convulsed—seems incompatible with their station as the presiding power, or a violation of that respect which it ought to inspire. Lord Tenterden, more than most judges, appeared to feel this; and it was a feeling wholly founded in a forgetfulness of the very nature of jury trial, as it was unworthy of his solid sense and great sagacity. In the distribution of criminal justice the case is widely different. The anxiety necessarily attendant upon the judge's highly responsible office here leads him to court all help from the ingenuity of counsel. Before the addressing the jury was allowed in cases of felony, the chances of collision were of course more limited; but even now nothing of the uneasy feeling to which we have been adverting has been found to have taken place since the recent change of the practice in criminal courts.

It was a considerably greater fault than any we have noted, and proceeded from a much less creditable cause, that Lord Tenterden showed no little variety of firmness and of temper on different occasions, and towards different persons. Of him it might be said that he had a different measure of patience and courtesy for different classes,—even for different individuals. It could not be said of him that he was no respecter of persons. The bar felt this somewhat; the witnesses felt it more; the parties never felt it at all. Its scope was confined to the mere accident of outward behaviour and man-

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ners; nothing beyond that. When on one occasion he had, with some roughness, addressed to a witness, who was looking another way, an advice not unusual with him, and not very delicately couched, 'to hold up his head, and speak out like a man,' it was amusing to observe the fall of both countenance and voice when the witness turned upon the judge the face of the Chairman of the Honourable East India Company.

If from this, and from his known opinions in Church and State, it should be inferred that he was obsequious to power,—or made himself more an instrument of convicting libellers than all, or nearly all, have done who have filled his exalted station,—a great mistake would be committed. That he acted up to the general standard of dislike towards the licentiousness of the press; that he overstept with them the true bounds of that dislike, and with them confounded free with criminal license—is as certain as that he did by no means outstrip them in his warm affection for tame and decorous writing. But although this is undeniable, it is equally certain that he performed his part more successfully than Lord Ellenborough; because more skilfully and more temperately; nor could any thing have been more unfortunate for the press in this country, than that, under his administration of the criminal law, attempts should have been made to put it down by prosecutions; because few things which never happened can be more certain, than that he would have obtained many a verdict of conviction where his vehement predecessor would have failed.

We have omitted to mention one quality that eminently distinguished Lord Tenterden; and the omission has been designed. We allude to the regularly correct, succinct, and appropriate language in which his statements and his reports were clothed. In this kind of diction he was surpassed by none; and hardly equalled by any. No doubt his success in expressing his ideas was in part owing to his avoiding all large or venturous matters; and confining himself within limits not difficultly surveyed and scanned. But within that range his diction was extremely happy. When he, for the first time, appeared in political affairs, this distinguishing excellence was shown with considerable effect. The judges attending the scandalous mockery of justice, falsely called the Queen's Trial, in 1820, were represented by Chief-Justice Abbott, he not then having been raised to the peerage. Many occasions arose for putting questions to those learned persons, and their answers were returned through their learned chief. The correct and luminous language in which these opinions were couched drew forth universal applause; the soundness of some of the opinions may well be doubted; nor can the most remarkable decision to which the cause gave rise—that upon questioning a witness as to what he had before written,

without showing him the paper, if any there were\*—be defended upon any principle, or regarded as otherwise than founded on a gross fallacy. This seems now to be pretty generally admitted, although unfortunately the rule is still acted upon as law by all the judges.

Here began and here ended the success of this eminent lawyer in political life. When raised to the peerage in 1827, he took no part in public affairs, beyond entering his strong protest in the debate, and giving his vote in the division against the Reform Bill.

But he was the author of some improvements of much value in that important part of the law which relates to limitation of actions. By two bills which he introduced and carried through, the statute which limits actions, has first received a truly beneficial application, a new promise in writing, being required to evade the statute; and the claims of the church were, by his other bills, for the first time, made subject to any limitation at all. Other rights are also required to be prosecuted within a specific time; though the structure of this portion of his second bill is liable to many objections. It is known that he particularly valued himself upon his skill and diligence in framing statutory enactments. His title to the latter praise is unquestionable, for he bestowed on his draughts the greatest pains. His skill is much less conspicuous; although one might have expected him to display uncommon excellence in this department, who had pronounced so severe, and, it must be admitted, so just a sentence upon the works of the legislature; as to declare that though not '*inops concilii*, it seemed to be *magnas inter opes inops*.'

It is not possible to find a more marked or a wider contrast between two men in any department than was presented by the two succeeding Chief-Justices of England, one of whom we have just been endeavouring to describe; and the task of describing his predecessor, is in consequence of this great diversity far easier. Instead of the cautious circumspection which we have been tracing in all its forms and consequences, Lord Ellenborough despised even much of what goes to form ordinary discretion; and is so much overrated by inferior natures as the essence of wisdom, but so justly valued by calculating ones as the guarantee of success. Of compromise, whether regarding his opinions or his wishes, he knew not the meaning; of fear, in any of its various and extensive provinces, he knew not even the name; or, if he saw its form, yet he denied its title, held its style in mockery, and would not, even for an instant, acknowledge its sway. Far, indeed, from cradling himself within the details of a subject, he was wholly averse to such narrow views of

\* This if, were there no other argument against the rule laid down, completely destroys its foundation.

particulars; and took a large and commanding survey of the whole, which laid open before him all its parts and all their relations. Bred a pleader, he, however, on coming to the bar, early showed that he only retained the needful technical knowledge which this preparatory practice had bestowed on him; and he at once dashed into the leading branch of the profession. The famous case of Mr. Hastings—the opprobrium of English justice, and, through mismanagement and party violence, the destruction of the greatest remedy afforded by our constitution,—soon opened to Mr. Law the highest walks of the bar. He was the defendant's leading counsel; and his talents, both as a lawyer and a speaker, shone forth conspicuous even upon that great occasion of oratorical display;—the only fruits produced by this proceeding, so costly to the country, so much more costly still to the free constitution of England. He soon rose to the unrivalled lead of the Northern Circuit, to which, by birth, he belonged; his father being Bishop of Carlisle, and himself born at the village of Salkeld,\* in Cumberland. In Westminster Hall he had also good success, though he never rose there into the first lead; having indeed to contend with able advocates, and among them with Erskine, the greatest of all. Lord Kenyon, whose favour for this illustrious ornament of his court we have already had occasion to remark, was supposed, or was felt by Mr. Law, to be partial more than became him to this formidable antagonist; and a quotation to which this feeling gave rise, is often cited, and justly, as singularly happy. Mr. Erskine had been, somewhat more than was his practice with any adversary, triumphing over him, when Mr. Law, first addressing him, and then Lord Kenyon, thundered forth these fine, and expressive, and singularly applicable lines, with the volume of tone which he possessed beyond most men—

—Non me tua fervida terrent  
Dicta feror; Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis.

Here he bowed sarcastically to the Chief-Justice, while he dwelt and paused upon the name of the heavenly archetype.

As a lawyer, without being very profound, and confining his learning to the ordinary matters of common law, he yet knew quite enough for ordinary occasions; and afterwards, as generally happens with able men, greatly extended his information when raised to the bench. As an advocate he was vigorous, impressive, adventurous; more daring than skilful; often, from his boldness, not a safe leader; always despising the slow progress, the indirect avenues to victory, which the

\* This village is now remarkable as the residence of Mr. Gaskin, a man of the most sterling merit as an astronomer and maker of exquisite telescopes; father of the tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, so well known for his mathematical accomplishments.

rules of art prescribe;—always preferring to vault over obstacles, follow the shortest line, and cut the knot rather than waste time in untying it. But he could powerfully address the feelings, whether to rouse indignation at cruelty, or contempt at fraud, or scorn at meanness. For his own nature had nothing harsh in it, except his irascible temper, quickly roused as quickly appeased; his mind was just, abhorring any deviation from equity; his nature was noble, holding in utter contempt every thing low or base; his spirit was open, manly, honest, and ever moved with disgust at any thing false or tricky; his courage was high, leaving him more scorn than compassion for nerves less firm than his own. Nor was it only the thunder of his fierce declamation—very effectual, though somewhat clumsy, and occasionally coarse—with which he could prevail against an adversary, and master an audience. He had no mean power of ridicule,—as playful as a mind more strong than refined could make it; while of sarcasm he was an eminent professor, but of the kind which hacks, and tears, and flays its victims, rather than destroys by cutting keenly. His vigorous understanding, holding no fellowship with any thing that was petty or paltry, naturally saw the contemptible or inconsistent, and so ludicrous aspect of things; nor did he apply any restraint on this property of his nature when he came into stations where it could less freely be indulged. His interrogative exclamation in Lord Melville's case, when the party's ignorance of having taken accommodation out of the public fund was alleged—indeed was proved—may be remembered as very picturesque, though perhaps more pungent than dignified. 'Not know money? Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it chinked?' On the bench, he had the very well known, but not very eloquent Henry Hunt before him, who, in mitigation of some expected sentence, spoke of some who 'complained of his dangerous eloquence'—'They do you great injustice, sir,' said the considerate and merciful Chief-Justice, kindly wanting to relieve him from all anxiety on this charge. After he had been listening to two Conveyancers for a whole day of a long and most technical argument, in silence, and with a wholesome fear of lengthening it by any interruption whatever, one of them in a reply to a remark from another judge said, 'If it is the pleasure of your lordship that I should go into that matter.'—'We, sir,' said the Chief-Justice, 'have no pleasure in it any way.' When a favourite special pleader was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers, as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic—'An't we, sir, rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes now?'

It was observed with some justice, that his periods occasionally, with his manner, reminded men of Johnson. When meeting the defence of an advocate for a libel on the Prince Regent, that it had been provoked

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by the gross, and fulsome, and silly flattery of some corrupt panegyrist—'What,' said he, 'an offence against the law of the land, provoked by an offence against the laws of taste! How frail is the tenure by which men hold their reputation, if it may be worn down and compromised away between the mischievous flattery of fulsome praise, and the open enmity of malignant abuse.' But it was observed with much less correctness that his sarcasms derived adventitious force from his Cumberland dialect. From his manner and voice, both powerful, both eminently characteristic, they assuredly did derive a considerable and a legitimate accession of effect. But his dialect was of little or no avail; indeed, except in the pronouncing of a few words, his solecisms were not perceivable. It was a great mistake to suppose that such pronunciations as Marchant, Hartford, were provincial; they are old English, and came from a time when the spelling was as we have now written the words. He was of those, too, who said 'Lunnun' and 'Brummagem;' but this too is the good old English dialect, and was always used by Mr. Percival, who never crossed the Trent except twice a-year going the Midland Circuit. Mr. Fox, a lover of the Saxon dialect, in like manner, always so spoke—and preferred Caees, and Sheer, and Groyne, to Cadiz, Shire, and Corunna.

When his powerful mind was brought to bear upon any question that came before him, whether sitting alone at *Nisi Prius*, or with his brethren in Banc, the impression which he made upon it was immediate, sure, and deep. Sometimes it required the modification of the whole court revising what he had done alone; sometimes the interposition of his fellows sitting with him; but its value was always great, and no man doubted the energy or could avoid feeling the weight of his blows.

The Books are perhaps not the only quarters, whither we should resort to find the memorials of a Chief-Judge's learning or talents for transacting judicial business. All that relates to sittings and circuits—that is, nearly two-thirds of his judicial labours, and by far the most important portion of them—leaves no trace whatever in these valuable Repertories of legal learning. Yet the Term Reports bear ample testimony to the vigour of this eminent individual's capacity, during the eighteen years that he filled the first place among the English judges.

His manner has been already mentioned in one particular. It was much more faulty in another. He was somewhat irascible, and occasionally even violent. But no one could accuse him of the least partiality; his honest and manly nature ever disdained as much to trample overbearingly on the humble, as to crouch meanly before the powerful. He was sometimes impatient; and, as his mind was rather strong than nimble, he often betrayed hastiness of conclusion

more than he displayed quickness of apprehension. This slowness was shown by his actually writing his speeches for many years after he was a leader; and to the end of his professional life, he would occasionally commit to paper portions even of his intended reply to the jury. It was a consequence of this power of his understanding, and of his uniform preference of the plain, sound, common-sense views which vigorous minds prefer, that refinements or subtleties were almost as little to his liking, as to the taste of his more cold and cautious successor. But he was not so much disturbed with them. They gave him little vexation, but rather contributed to his mirth, or furnished fuel for his sarcastic commentary. 'It was reserved (said he, respecting a somewhat refined and quite a new gloss upon a well known matter)—'It was reserved for the ingenuity of the 'year 1810, to hit upon this crotchet.'

In his political opinions, Lord Ellenborough was originally like the rest of his family, a moderate Whig. But he never mingled in the associations or proceedings of party; and held an independent course, with, however, considerable disinclination, at all times, to the policy and the person of Mr. Pitt. He joined Mr. Addington's Administration as Attorney-General, and came into Parliament, where he did not distinguish himself. Lord Kenyon's death soon after made way for him on the bench; and he was, at the same time, raised to the peerage. The quarrel between that administration and Mr. Pitt did not reconcile him to that minister; and against Lord Melville he entertained a strong personal as well as party prejudice, which broke out once and again during the proceedings on his impeachment. The accession of the Whigs to power, in 1816, was accompanied by their junction with Lord Sidmouth; and, as he required to have a friend in the strangely mixed cabinet, the unfortunate choice was made of the first Criminal and Common Law Judge in the land, of whom to make a political partizan;—he whose high office it was to try political offences of every description, and among others the daily libels upon himself and his colleagues. This error has ever been deemed one of the darkest pages of Whig history. Mr. Fox made a dexterous and ingenious defence, quoting a few special precedents against the most sound principles of the constitution; and defending an attempt at corrupting the pure administration of criminal justice by appeals to instances of Civilians and Chancery lawyers sitting in Parliament. But Lord Ellenborough's own son lately took occasion honestly to state that his father had told him, if it were to do over again, he should be no party to such a proceeding.

On the bench, it is not to be denied that he occasionally suffered the strength of his political feelings to break forth, and to influence the tone and temper of

his observations. That he ever, upon any one occasion, knowingly deviated one hair's breadth from justice in the discharge of his office is wholly untrue. The case which gave rise to the greatest comment, and even led to a senseless show of impeachment, was Lord Cochrane's. We have the best reason to know that all who assisted at this trial were in truth convinced of the purity with which the judicial duties were discharged, and the equality with which justice was administered. Lord Ellenborough was not of those judges who, in directing the jury, merely read over their notes and let them guess at the opinions they have formed;—leaving them without any help or recommendation in forming their own judgments. Upon each case that came before him he had an opinion; and while he left the decision with the jury, he intimated how he thought himself. This manner of performing the office of judge is now generally followed and most commonly approved. It was the course taken by this great judge in trying Lord Cochrane and his alleged associates; but if any of those who attacked him for it, had been present at the trial of the case which stood immediately before it or after it in the Paper, he would have found Lord Ellenborough trying that case in the self-same way—it being an action upon a bill of exchange or for goods sold and delivered.

Of the Government under which Lord Ellenborough made his entry into political life, Lord Liverpool was one of the most distinguished, useful, and respectable members. But before proceeding to record his merits and his defects, after having so long dwelt upon great English lawyers, we shall naturally enough be asked, if the ancient kingdom of Scotland has produced no lights of the law in later times—no worthy successors of the Stairs, the Hopes, the Dirletons, the Mackenzies, the Erskines of former times—that we must resort to the sister kingdom for our examples of judicial or of forensic renown! This warns us to do justice by our own countrymen—to look at home—and at least to make a small selection from, and portray one or two favourable specimens of native, before continuing our sketches of foreign talent. Let it not be thought, that in only sketching Erskine and Blair, the list of distinguished Scottish lawyers is limited to these two. No one who knows any thing of Lord President Campbell, of Lords Kames, Hailes, Monboddo, Braxfield, and Eldin, or of Mr. William Tait, and Mr. Matthew Ross, can entertain any doubt that the bench and the bar of those times were adorned by many men of vigorous and varied ability, profound learning, extensive capacity, and penetrating acuteness. But other reasons than the want of subjects, oblige us to limit ourselves to two whose very different characters and talents present some favourable points for contrasted delineation.

Exaggeration is ever hurtful to its object. It is

foolish, then, to pretend that there was any equality between the two celebrated brothers who, for so many years, filled the first stations at the Scottish and the English bar. But, as their talents were so different, that it is more easy to say in what they differed than where they were alike, so a just comparison can hardly be said to place one over or under the other, any more than if their pursuits had been wholly diverse. Henry Erskine had nothing whatever of the genius which marked his illustrious brother; it might not, indeed, be incorrect to say, that he was not a man of genius at all. But he was a man of splendid talents. The finest wit would have been his, had it only been trained in a more refined school, and exercised in a larger sphere, instead of being confined to a provincial one. Of a most ready as well as retentive memory; of a miraculous quickness of apprehension, if not always as sure as rapid; of perfect judgment and discretion, above all in the management of causes, in the absolute prudence of conducting which he resembled—and in that almost alone resembled—his celebrated relation; of learning, such as our Scotch law learning is, quite enough to meet the ordinary demands of practice, though never making pretensions to the fame of a first-rate lawyer; of versatility much greater than his brother's, inasmuch as he could handle his subject in any way, and rather preferred the gay, the humorous, even the droll, to the serious and the pathetic; a great master of argument, greater than his brother, but diversifying it much less with the flowers of imagination, his fancy being confined to happy allusion or effective jest; this eminent person enjoyed, for many long years, the undivided supremacy of our bar; rose rapidly to the place of Dean of Faculty, bestowed by the elective voice of the profession; and became Lord Advocate at one step, when his political friends acceded to power, upon the overthrow of Lord North's administration and the consequent removal of Mr. Dundas.

As men will never allow any one to possess two qualities of an apparently incompatible kind, and when they must make their election, find it easier to concede the faculty that pleases them best, it was the custom to say, 'The Dean is witty, not a reasoner;'—'he can joke, but is no great orator.' He was witty, but he was a close and a logical reasoner; he could joke, no man better, but he was an orator of a very high order. Full of life and vigour; actively searching and penetrating through his whole subject; ever keeping the cause in view, and never deviating from what could best serve its interests; abounding in happy illustrations from apt cases, strong analogies, striking comparisons; a very great master of the passions, when, which but rarely happened, he had occasion to work by them, or to play upon them—rarely, because in those days jury trial was confined to criminal cases;

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at all times a most subtle, close, and powerful arguer, with a force of language in which he resembled his brother, and far, very far, surpassed all his brethren of the Scottish bar—it is in vain to deny him a very high place among reasoners and among orators, merely because he had no talent for declamation, and had the good sense never once in his whole life to attempt it. But who ever heard his brother declaim, as far as energy of voice is concerned? and yet, who denies him a place amongst the greatest orators of the day, when the only doubt amongst orators is, whether or not he was the first of them all? It is true, however, that Henry Erskine, beside the want of a declaiming voice, was without the topics of which declamation is composed. So it is, if possible, yet more absurd and senseless to withhold from him his just place among reasoners and orators of a graver kind, merely because somewhat excited by his exuberant fancy, still more by the inferior taste of the audience whom he addressed, or of the provincial society in which he mixed, he, far more than was becoming, or expedient, or accorded with correct taste, indulged in jests, and particularly in a kind of merriment well enough suited to society, but impossible even to be attempted in the courts or the senate of our southern neighbours—the relating of merry tales, more or less applicable to the subject in hand. It is quite certain, that much of his wit was, like Mr. Fox's, closely connected with the argument, and bore upon it, and helped it onward. It is equally certain, that although none of it had touched the arguments, this surplusage, intended for mere amusement and relaxation, did in no wise prevent the rest of his discourse from being considered, as it was, a piece of close reasoning or happy illustration. Partly spoiled by the habits of society, partly by the indifferent taste of the court in which he practised, partly, too, seduced by his excellent and social nature to gratify those whom he saw delighted to hang upon his lips, and wishing every deviation from severe taste augmented and prolonged tenfold, he certainly did lower the standard of his oratory to suit inferior natures; and, though an universal favourite, failed to attain the celebrity of a first-rate orator, even among his own admiring countrymen.

As Henry Erskine did not come into Parliament until very late in life, it would be unfair to make any comments upon his political exhibitions. He did not, certainly, there much distinguish himself, less, indeed, even than his brother. In the debates of our General Assembly of the Church he loved to bear a part; but the nature of the subjects there discussed was rarely such as to excite or to reward the exertion of great debating powers. Nevertheless, a most acute and sagacious judge of such talents,\* and one as severe as discerning, affirmed that he never heard him speak and

miss any of the points of the question; and that when he had handled any subject, though he might have said a good deal that could well have been spared, he had left nothing to any one who followed him in any view of the subject.

On the whole, it may safely be affirmed, that this eminent person wanted only a metropolitan theatre earlier in life, to rank him amongst the first orators of his time. But there wanted no such change in his position to make him a more delightful member of society, for that change was quite impossible. He was in all respects one the charms of whose social converse was unbounded. Of a demeanour that every instant showed his noble birth; in manners, of perfect ease, polish and grace; of a temper the most sweet, and of spirits the most joyous and gay, without ever being turbulent, boisterous, or obtrusive; of conversation the most various, never refusing a serious turn, though delighting in every species of mirth, from refined comedy to broad farce—he was the life and soul of every circle with which he mixed. Affable to those below him; full of firmness and independence to his superiors; altogether without a particle of envy, or jealousy, or gall in his whole composition—no wonder that he was the darling of the age and the country in which he lived; and was most happily and most justly described by one who knew him well, as ‘the best beloved man in all Scotland.’\* It is truly painful to think, that the violence of political animosity should ever have interfered to darken the career of such a man. But the French Revolution had created almost a madness of party on opposite sides of the controversy which it engendered; and as those dismal times are past, far be it from us, by any word of ours, to revive their sad recollection.

The other great lawyer whom we have named, as cotemporary with Henry Erskine, eminent as he was, offers incomparably fewer points of description, because his endowments, however remarkable, were far less various. Mr. Blair, so long Solicitor-General, and afterwards, during three years, Lord President of the Court of Sessions, had a mind singularly framed for the successful study and practice of the law, to which he devoted all his days; and, as far as an indolent nature would permit, all his faculties. His indolence, however, was rather the *vis inertiae* that often attends genius, than the ordinary listlessness or aversion to labour that marks little minds. For he had been a steady and diligent student; had mastered all the principles of our jurisprudence in a manner little known among our professional men; and never failed to show whatever powers of application were required by any amount of business that could devolve upon

\* The late Lord Kinnaird in the House of Commons, himself amongst the most quick and delightful, as well as honourable of men.

\* The late Rev. Sir Henry Moncrief.

the advocate most trusted and most followed by clients. His talents were peculiarly fitted for legal pursuits. His understanding was bold and masculine; his sagacity penetrating; his reflection profound. With much less quickness of perception than many others,—without any of the subtilty that distinguished such men as Matthew Ross—with little of that quick and piercing acuteness for which William Tait was famous—with no fancy in discerning topics, and hardly any nimbleness in meeting or escaping objections—he yet brought to bear upon each subject a plain and homely vigour, to which all ordinary difficulties yielded, and before which almost all antagonists gave way. He thoroughly comprehended every portion of his subject, and he impressed his hearers with the intimate belief, that he both understood it and could master it. Despising the vulgar arts of ordinary advocates, he unfolded it to all as he saw it himself; and he commented upon it with such force, so plainly yet so strongly, so earnestly, yet with so much gravity and sustained dignity both of thought and of expression, that it rather seemed as if a Daniel had come to judge, than an advocate to address his judges. Accordingly his sway over the bench was supreme; and there are many now alive who may recollect, that when the court found themselves compelled to decide against him, they faltered, paused, would fain have avoided the hard necessity,—seemed distrustful of their own opinion, and all but apologised for taking so extraordinary a liberty with such a great legal authority.

Of external qualities he had none, or next to none, that were calculated to deepen or even to sustain the impression which his matter was fitted to make. His diction, though quite correct and plain, was somewhat meagre and jejune; his ideas were constantly more and greater than he had the means of expressing; often matter apparently good, struggled for birth, and was denied access to the mind of the hearer; much hesitation obstructed the flow of the discourse; and though the personal presence was fine, and the countenance expressive, the voice was guttural and harsh. When he ascended the bench, his talents for despatching business were thought by some to have been rather overrated; but his high and dignified demeanour commanded universal respect, whilst his judgments were marked by that great learning and ample capacity for which he had so long been famed.

We have been turned aside from our sketch of those with whom Lord Ellenborough came into political life, by the wish to render Scotland justice, and to show that she can boast of great men among the luminaries of her ancient republican bar. We now resume the thread where it was broken off, and recall to the recollection of our readers a distinguished person, who presided over the councils of this country for a longer period than any other minister, excepting Walpole

and Pitt; and for a period incomparably more glorious, in all that is commonly deemed to constitute national renown.

Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister of England for fifteen years, after having filled in succession almost every political office, from under-secretary of state upwards; and passed his whole life, from the age of manhood, in the public service, save the single year that followed the death of Mr. Pitt. So long and so little interrupted a course of official prosperity was never, perhaps, enjoyed by any other statesman. But this was not his only felicity. It happened to him, that the years during which the helm of the state, as it is called, was entrusted to his hands were those of the greatest events, alike in negotiation, in war, in commerce, and in finance, which ever happened to illustrate or to checker the annals of Europe. He saw the power of France attain a pitch altogether unexampled, and embrace the whole of the continent, except Russia alone, hitherto believed safe in her distant position and enormous natural strength; but he saw her too invaded, her numerous armies overthrown, her almost inaccessible capital destroyed. Then followed the insurrection of conquered Germany—the defeat of victorious France—the war pushed to her territory—the advance of the allies to the capital—the restoration of the ancient dynasty. By a singular coincidence, having signalized his outset in political life by a supposition which he propounded as possible—a march to Paris—this was then deemed so outrageous an absurdity that it became connected with his name as a standing topic of ridicule; yet he lived to see the impossibility realized, was Prime Minister when the event happened, and did not survive the dynasty which he had mainly contributed to restore. Peace was thus brought back, but without her sister plenty; and intestine discord now took the place of foreign war. He saw the greatest distress which this country had ever suffered in all the departments of her vast and various industry; agriculture sunk down, manufactures depressed to the earth, commerce struggling for existence, an entire stop put to all schemes for lightening the load of the public debt, and a convulsion in the value of all property, in the relations of all creditors and all debtors, in the operation of all contracts between man and man—the inevitable effects of a sudden and violent alteration of the currency, of which his colleagues, twenty years before, had interfered to change the standard. Gradually he saw trade, and agriculture, and industry, in all its branches, again revive, but public discontent not subsiding; both in Ireland, which he mainly helped to misgovern, and in England, where he opposed all political improvement, he witnessed the tremendous effects of a people becoming more enlightened than their rulers, and the last years of his life were spent in vain efforts to escape from a sight of the torrent

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which he could not stem. It made an interlude in this long and varied political scene, that he consented to the worst act ever done by any English monarch, the persecution of his Queen for acts of hers and for purposes of his own, connected with a course of maltreatment to which the history of conjugal misdemeanour furnishes no parallel. Yet, prodigious as is the importance, and singular as the variety of these events, which all happened during his administration,—and although party ran higher and took a far more personal turn during those fifteen years than at any other period of our political history,—no minister, nay, few men in any subordinate public station, ever passed his time with so little ill will directed towards himself, had so much forbearance shown him upon all occasions, nay, engaged uniformly so large a share of personal esteem. To what did he owe this rare felicity of his lot? How came it to pass that a station, in all other men's cases the most irksome, in his was easy—that the couch, so thorny to others, was to him of down? Whence the singular spectacle of the Prime Minister—the person primarily answerable for any thing which is done amiss, and in fact often made to answer for whatever turns out unluckily through no possible fault of his own, or indeed of any man—should, by common consent, have been exempted from almost all blame; and that whoever attacked most bitterly all other public functionaries, in any department, should have felt it no business of his to speak otherwise than respectfully, if not tenderly, or if not respectfully, yet with mild forbearance of him, who, having been all his life in high office, a party to every unpopular and unfortunate proceeding of the government, and never a changeling in any one of his political opinions, even in the most unpopular of all, was now for so many long years at the head of the national councils, and in the first instance, by the law of the constitution and in point of fact, answerable for whatever was done or whatever was neglected?

This question may perhaps be answered by observing, that the abilities of Lord Liverpool were far more solid than shining, and that men are apt to be jealous, perhaps envious, certainly distrustful, of great and brilliant genius in statesmen. Respectable mediocrity offends nobody. Nay, as the great bulk of mankind feel it to be their own case, they perhaps have some satisfaction in being correctly represented by those who manage their affairs. Add to this, that the subject of these remarks was gifted with extraordinary prudence;—displaying from his earliest years a rare discretion in all the parts of his conduct. Not only was there nothing of imagination, or extravagance, or any matter above the most ordinary comprehension in whatever he spoke (excepting only his unhappy flight about marching to Paris, and which for many years seemingly sunk him in the public estimation)—but he

spoke so seldom as to show that he never did so unless the necessity of the case required it; while his life was spent in the business of office, a thing eminently agreeable to the taste, because closely resembling the habits of a nation composed of men of business. 'That's a good young man, who is always at his desk,' the common amount of civic panegyric to a virtuous apprentice, was in terms, no doubt, often applied to Mr. Robert Jenkinson. 'Here comes a worthy minister whose days and nights have been passed in his office, and not in idle talking,' might be the right transformation by which this early eulogy was adapted to his subsequent manhood and full-blown character. Nor must it be forgotten that a more inoffensive speaker has seldom appeared in Parliament. He was never known to utter a word at which any one could take exception. He was besides (a much higher praise) the most fair and candid of all debaters. No advantage to be derived from a misrepresentation, or even an omission, ever tempted him to forego the honest and the manly satisfaction of stating the fact as it was; treating his adversary as he deserved; and at least reciting fairly what had been urged against him if he could not successfully answer it. In these respects, Mr. Canning furnished a contrast which was eminently beneficial to Lord Liverpool, with whom he was so often, absurdly enough, compared; for no better reason than that they were of the same standing, and began life together, and in the same service. But, in another respect, he gave less offence than his brilliant contemporary. A wit, though he amuses for the moment, unavoidably gives frequent offence to grave and serious men, who don't think public affairs should be lightly handled, and are constantly falling into the error that, when a person is arguing the most conclusively, by showing the gross and ludicrous absurdity of his adversary's reasoning, he is jesting and not arguing; while the argument is in reality more close and stringent, the more he shows the opposite picture to be grossly ludicrous,—that is, the more effective the wit becomes. But though all this is perfectly true, it is equally certain that danger attends such courses with the common run of plain men. Hence all lawyers versed in the practice of *Nisi Prius*, are well aware of the risk they run by being witty, or ingenious and fanciful before a jury; unless their object be to reduce the damages in an absurd case, by what is called laughing it out of court; and you can almost tell, at a great distance, whether the plaintiff or the defendant's counsel is speaking to the jury, by observing whether he is grave, solemn, and earnest in his demeanour, or light and facetious. Nor is it only by wit that genius offends; flowers of imagination, flights of oratory, great passages, are more admired by the critic than relished by the worthy baronets who darken the porch of Boodle's,—chiefly answering to the

names of Sir Robert and Sir John; and the solid traders,—the very good men who stream along the Strand from 'Change towards St. Stephen's Chapel, at five o'clock, to see the business of the country done by the Sovereign's servants. A pretty long course of observation on these component parts of Parliamentary audience, begets some doubt if noble passages (termed 'fine flourishes,') be not taken by them as something personally offensive.

Of course, we speak not of quotations—these, no doubt, and reasonably, are so considered,—especially if in the unknown tongues; though even an English quotation is not by any means safe, and certainly requires an apology. But we refer to such fine passages as Mr. Canning often indulged himself, and a few of his hearers with; and which certainly seemed to be received as an insult by whole benches of men accustomed to distribute justice at Sessions—the classes of the

—Pannosus vacuis ædilijs Ulubris.—

—him whom Johnson called (translating)

The wisest justice on the banks of Trent.

These worthies, the dignitaries of the empire, resent such flights as liberties taken with them; and always say, when others force them to praise—'Well, well—but it was out of place. We have nothing to do with King Priam here—or with a heathen god, such as Æolus;—those kind of folks are very well in Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil;—but, as I said to Sir Robert, who sat next me, what have you or I to do with them matters? I like a good, plain man of business, like young Mr. Jenkinson—a man of the pen and the desk, like his father before him—and who never speaks when he is not wanted:—let me tell you, Mr. Canning speaks too much, by half. Time is short—there are only twenty-four hours in the day, you know.'

It may further be observed, that, with the exception of the Queen's Case, there was no violent or profligate act of the Government, nor any unfortunate or unpopular measure, which could not, with some colour of justice, be fixed upon some of Lord Liverpool's colleagues, in ease of himself, if men were thus favourably disposed. Lord Castlereagh was foreign minister, and had conducted our whole negotiations abroad in person. He was, therefore, alone held accountable for all the mistakes of that department; and especially for the countenance given to the designs of the Holy Allies. So, notwithstanding his known liberality upon Irish questions, and his equally certain opposition to the cruelties by which the history of the Government during the rebellion of 1798 had been disfigured, he had committed the sin, never by Irishmen to be forgiven or forgotten,—the carrying through of the Union; and abating the greatest public nuisance of

modern times, the profligate, shameless, and corrupt Irish Parliament. Hence, all the faults and all the omissions of the Ministry, in respect of Irish affairs, were laid upon his single head by every true Irishman; while Lord Liverpool, himself a party to the worst policy of past times, was, in his own person, as head of the Government for so many years, the main obstacle to the repeal of the Penal Code; and yet he escaped all censure in the perspicacious and equitable distribution of Irish justice. For obstructing all Law Reform, and delay in the administration of justice in practice, Lord Eldon offered a convenient object of attack; and on him all the hostile fire was directed,—being thus drawn off from the favourite premier. Even the blunders committed in finance, though belonging to the peculiar department of the First Lord of the Treasury, were never marked in connexion with any name but Mr. Vansittart's: the boast of prosperity,—the schemes of bank discount which accompanied it, exacerbating the malady of speculations one year, and the misery of the panic the next,—were as much Lord Liverpool's as Mr. Robinson's; but the latter alone was blamed, and even named in reference to these great calamities. Nay, even the violent revolution suddenly effected in the currency, and effected without the least precaution to guard against the country repaying twenty-five shillings for every twenty shillings borrowed,—was reckoned exclusively the work of Mr. Peel, as if he, being out of office altogether, had been at the head of the Government; while the whigs stepped in to claim their share of the public gratitude and applause for this great, but not very well-considered, operation.

It was curious to observe the care with which, all the while, these selections were made of parties on whom to lay the blame. No popular outcry ever assailed Lord Liverpool. While others were the objects of alternate execration and scorn, he was generally respected, never assailed. The event that befel him was that which might have mortified others; but well suited his tastes, to be little thought of, less talked about—or if, in debate, any measure was to be exposed—any minister to be attacked—means were ever found, nay, pains were taken, to 'assure the House that nothing was meant against the respected nobleman at the head of His Majesty's Government, for whom we all entertain feelings of *et cetera*, and of *et cetera*, and of *et cetera*.'

Such was the happy lot of Lord Liverpool; such are the comforts which a respectable mediocrity of talents, with its almost constant companion, an extreme measure of discretion in the use of them, confers upon its possessor in lieu of brilliant reputation, with its attendant detraction and hate. While the conqueror mounts his triumphal car, and hears the air rent with the shouts of his name, he hears, too, the malignant whisper appointed to remind him, that the trumpet of fame blunts



not the tooth of calumny; nay, he descends from his eminence when the splendid day is over, to be made the victim of never-ending envy, and of slander which is immortal, as the price of that day's delirious enjoyment; and all the time safety and peace is the lot of the humbler companion, who shared his labours without partaking of his renown, and who, if he has enjoyed little, has paid and suffered less.

Accordingly, it is fit that one thing should be added to what has been recorded of the general forbearance exercised towards this fortunate minister: it was nearly akin to neglect or indifference, though certainly not at all savouring of contempt. There was nothing striking or shining in his qualities, which were the solid, useful, well-wearing ones of business-like habits and information. While great measures were executed, no one thought of Lord Liverpool. When men came to reflect, they found he was still Prime Minister; but he retired so much from public view that he was seldom thought of. Thus, if he had no blame when faults were committed, or things wanting; so he had no praise for what was well done, or gratitude for many signal successes. He was, in truth, hardly ever considered in the matter.

He was a plain, every-day kind of speaker, who never rose above the range either of his audience or his topic; and chose his topic so as to require no strength of persuasion beyond what he possessed. He was clear and distinct enough, without even, in that first essential of business speaking, being distinguished for his excellence above almost any one who is accustomed to state a case or take part in a debate. His diction was on a level with his matter; it had nothing rare, or adorned, or happy; but though plain enough, it was not pure, or more pure than the sources from which he derived it—the Parliamentary debates, the official despatches, and the newspapers of the day. If, adopting the middle style, or even the *humile genus dicendi*, he had maintained in his language the standard purity, he would have passed, and justly, for a considerable artist in that kind;—as Swift is always praised for being a model of one style of writing. But it would be very wide, indeed, of the truth to say that the three-fold nature of Mr. Jenkinson, Lord Hawkesbury, and Lord Liverpool, ever presented a model of any thing,—except perhaps safe mediocrity: of a pure or correct style, he assuredly was no sample. He ‘met the question’—when ‘on his legs’ he would take upon himself ‘to assert, as he had caught the Speaker’s eye,’ that no ‘influential person’ of ‘his Majesty’s actual government,’ had ever ‘advocated liberalism,’ less than ‘the humble individual who now addressed them,’ and whose duty it was ‘to justify the proposed bill.’ In short, he showed plainly enough that a man might avoid lofty flights, and stick to his native earth, with-

out habitually walking in clean places; and that he who is not bold enough to face the perils of the deep, may hug the shore too near, and make shipwreck upon its inequalities.

In council, he was safe if not fertile of expedient. He seldom roused his courage up to bold measures; and was one of the narrow minds whom Lord Wellesley quitted, when he found them resolved neither to make peace nor to wage war with any reasonable chance of success; and whom the prodigious attainments of his illustrious brother, contrary to all probability, and beyond every rational hope, united, with the madness of Napoleon and the severity of a northern winter, to rescue from the position which their puny councils had so well earned, and so richly deserved. He had not the spirit or the political courage required for great emergencies; yet could he be driven, by the fear of losing office, to patronise the most disgraceful attempt ever made in this country by Royal caprice; and thus encountered the imminent peril of civil war. This is, indeed, the darkest spot in his history; and another is connected with it: he lost his head entirely when the people had defeated a body of the troops at the Queen’s funeral; and is understood to have given orders for resorting to extremities—orders to which the cooler courage of the military commanders happily postponed their obedience.

The candour which he ever displayed in debate has been already marked. It was a part of the natural honesty of his character, which power had not corrupted, and no eagerness of Parliamentary warfare could interrupt. His general worth as a man was always acknowledged; and this added very justly to the prevailing good opinion which he enjoyed among his countrymen, almost without distinction of party. It may be gathered from our former observations that we regard this good opinion to have been somewhat overdone; and that justice did not at all sanction the distribution of praise and of blame which the country made between him and his colleagues.

As it is difficult to find a more correct representation of the Addington ministry than the noble person of whom we have just been speaking; so the popularity of that government was like his, very much owing to the moderation of both its talents and its principles. After the somewhat violent and overbearing, as well as warlike and arbitrary administration of Mr. Pitt, they who both made peace with France, composed the internal dissensions of the country, and restored its free constitution, presented at the same time to its confidence only second-rate genius in every department save two;—a genius diluted and lowered to the moderate standard which suits the public taste. These two exceptions were the Law and the Navy. Of Lord Eldon we have already spoken; the present sketches

would be imperfect if Lord St. Vincent were passed over in silence; for he was almost as distinguished among the statesmen as the warriors of his age.

This great captain, indeed, presented a union as rare as it was admirable, of the brightest qualities which can adorn both civil and military life. He early distinguished himself in the naval profession; and was associated with Wolfe in those operations against Quebec, which crowned our arms with imperishable glory, and loaded our policy with a burden not yet shaken off; though, as Lord St. Vincent early foresaw, becoming every day more difficult to bear. An action which he soon after fought with the *Foudroyant* line-of-battle ship, was the most extraordinary display of both valour and skill witnessed in that war, so fertile in great exploits; and it raised at once his renown to the highest pitch. The peace then came; and it was succeeded by a war, the only one, in which the fleets of England reaped no laurels; until just before its close the bravery and seamanship of Rodney retrieved our naval honour. For near twenty years Sir John Jervis was thus unemployed; and in part this neglect must certainly be ascribed to the side in politics which he took,—being a Whig of Lord Shelburne's school,—highly prized and unreservedly trusted by that able, sagacious, and consistent statesman; than whom none ever entered into the combats of public life with an ampler provision of combined capacity and information, and none ever sustained the useful part which he acted, with more unsullied honour. This tribute to truth and justice is due from Whigs to one whom it suited the policy of 1783 to run down by every species of slander,—partly in the prose of pamphlets, partly in the verse of pasquinades, partly in the mixed fiction and prose of speeches,—merely because, not belonging to the party, he was audacious enough to act for himself, instead of making himself a tool of those who boasted that they never had confided in him, at the moment they were complaining of his deserting their councils.

While Sir John Jervis remained during this long and eventful period on shore, and unemployed in any branch of the public service, he accomplished himself by constant reading, by much reflection, by the intercourse in which he ever delighted with men of learning and talents, as a statesman of profound views, and of penetration hardly equalled by any other man of his time. His natural acuteness no obstacle could impede; his shrewdness was never to be lulled asleep; his sagacity no man ever found at fault; while his provident anticipations of future events seemed often beyond the reach of human penetration. We shall give a remarkable example of this in a matter of deep interest at the present moment. When Lord Shelburne's peace, (1783,) was signed, and before the terms were made public, he sent for the Admiral, and

showing them, asked his opinion. 'I like them very well,' said he, 'but there is a great omission.' 'In what?' 'In leaving Canada as a British province.' 'How could we possibly give it up?' inquired Lord Shelburne. 'How can you hope to keep it?' replied the veteran warrior. 'With an English republic just established in the sight of Canada, and with a population of a handful of English settled among a body of hereditary Frenchmen.—It is impossible; and rely on it you only retain a running sore, the source of endless disquiet and expense.' 'Would the country bear it! Have you forgotten Wolfe and Quebec?' asked his Lordship. 'Forgotten Wolfe and Quebec? No; it is because I remember both. I served with Wolfe at Quebec; having lived so long, I have had full time for reflection on this matter; and my clear opinion is, that if this fair occasion for giving up Canada is neglected, nothing but difficulty, in either keeping or resigning it, will ever after be known.' We give the substance of this remarkable conversation as we have it from more sources of information than one; and the recollection of the parties is confirmed by the tone of the Earl's letters in 1813, which we have seen. There was then no question of a surrender; but he plainly shows the greatest distrust of our being suffered to retain the colony.

When the war broke out in 1793, Admiral Jervis was soon employed on the Mediterranean and Lisbon stations. What wonders he effected with an inadequate force is well known to the profession. All the world is aware of his glorious victory over the Spanish fleet in February, 1797, when he defeated an enemy of nearly three times his force. Nor is there any one who has not heard of the steady determination of purpose, so characteristic of the man, by which his fleet was made ready to sail from the Tagus in as many hours as all but himself said days would be required for the preparation; after overland advices had arrived at Lisbon of the enemy having put to sea. But the consummate vigour and wisdom of his proceedings during the dreadful period of the Mutiny are no less a theme of wonder and of praise. It was the practice to despatch mutinous vessels to serve under his orders, and he soon, by his masterly operations of combined mercy and justice, reduced them to order, restoring discipline by such examples as should be most striking, without being more numerous than absolute necessity required. The humane ingenuity of his contrivance, to make one execution produce the effect of many, by ordering it on an unusual day (Sunday morning) is well known. His prompt measures of needful, and no more than the needful severity, were as effectual to quell a formidable mutiny which broke out in the fleet, that had just returned from foreign service, and was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to watch the French expedition there. The revolt was

at once subdued; the fleet set sail; and there never again was heard the whisper of discontent respecting the painful disappointment to which the men were thus subjected.

When the Addington ministry was formed, he was placed at the head of the Admiralty; and now shone forth in all its lustre that great capacity for affairs with which he was endued by nature; and which ample experience of men, habits of command, and an extended life of deep reflection had matured. He laid the foundation of a system of economical administration which has since been extended from the navy to all the departments of the state. But it was bottomed on a searching scrutiny into the abuses of the existing system. The celebrated 'Commission of Naval Inquiry' was his own work, and it both led to numberless discoveries of abuse and extravagance, and gave the example to all the similar inquiries which soon after followed. It did more: it introduced the whole subject of Economical Reform, and made it become, both in and out of Parliament, the principal object for many years of all our patriotic statesmen;—an object which alone they carried through in spite of those ministerial majorities, omnipotent upon every other controversy among the parties in Parliament. It is impossible to calculate what would have been the saving effected to the revenues of this country had Lord St. Vincent presided over any great department of national affairs from the beginning of the war, instead of coming to our assistance after its close. But in proportion to his services in this line of reformation, was the clamour which his operations excited against him. His unsparing rigour, his inflexible justice, his fixed determination to expose delinquents how high soever—to dispense with useless services, how many hands soever might be flung out of the superfluous and costly employment,—raised against this great and honest statesman a host of enemies, numerous in exact proportion to the magnitude of the objects he had in view, and exasperated in proportion to the unjust gains of which he was depriving them: in other words, the hostility to which he was exposed was in an exact proportion to his merits. Nor did the gratitude of the country, whom his courage and disinterestedness was thus serving so essentially, at all keep pace with the great benefits which he bestowed. The spirit of party interposed with its baleful influence; and when the Pitt and the Fox parties combined to forget their animosities, for the purpose of unseating Mr. Addington, the ground chosen by the new allies upon which to celebrate their union, and to commence their joint operations, was an attack upon the naval administration of the only great man whom the ministers could boast of having among their number;—the illustrious warrior who, after defeating the enemies of his country by his arms, had waged a yet more successful war against

her internal foes by his vigour as a reformer, his irreconcilable enmity to all abuses, and his resistless energy in putting them down.

It is hardly necessary to add, that of eloquence, or debating power, Lord St. Vincent had nothing whatever; nor to such accomplishments did he lay any claim. Indeed, he held the arts of rhetoric in supreme contempt; always contenting himself with delivering his own opinion when required, in the plainest language—and often expressing what he felt in sufficiently unceremonious terms. Not that he had any thing at all of the roughness often found in the members of the naval profession. On the contrary, his manners were those of a highly polished gentleman; and no man had more of the finished courtier in all his outward appearance and demeanour. His extreme courtesy, his admirable address in managing men, the delicacy with which he could convey his pleasure to inferiors, or his dissent to equals, or his remonstrance to superiors, being the external covering of as firm a determination as ever guided a human being, were truly remarkable; and gained for him with persons of superficial observation, or imperfectly acquainted with his character, the reputation of being cunning and insincere; when, in truth, it only arose from a good-natured desire of giving as little needless uneasiness as possible, and raising as few difficulties as he could upon matters foreign to his main purpose. When he went to the Tagus at the head of the expedition and the commission in 1806, the object being, in case Portugal proved indefensible against the threatened French invasion, to make the royal family and principal nobility transfer the seat of government to the Brazils, the proceedings of this chief, in his twofold capacity of captain and statesman, were justly remarked for the great talents and address which they exhibited. He began by cutting off all communication between his fleet and the land; this he effected by proclaiming an eight days' quarantine. His colleagues in the Commission having joined him, he still prevented his officers and men from landing; but threw open all his ships to the natives of the place, whose multitudes never ceased pouring through those gallant vessels, lost in admiration of their beauty, their resistless force, and the discipline of the crews. With the court his intercourse now began; and the terror of his name, even without his armament, would there have made him supreme. The reluctance to remove was, of course, universal and deep-rooted; nor could any arrangement the expected conqueror might offer prove less palatable, than expatriation and banishment for life across the Atlantic to pampered voluptuaries; the extent of whose excursions had hitherto been the distance between the town and country palaces. But he had arranged every thing for their voyage; and he was quite ready to compel their embarkation. His plan



would have exposed his own person to some danger; but would have required no application of military force, if nothing was attempted against the fleet. It seemed to have been borrowed from the celebrated seizure by Cortez, of the Emperor Montezuma's person, in his capital of Mexico; and the very few to whom he communicated it, while struck with the boldness of the design, saw that it was as happy as it was bold, and had no doubt whatever of its perfect success.

Although we have noticed his contempt for the artifices of oratory, it is remarkable that some of his most intimate friends were those who chiefly owed their renown to its practice. Among these was Lord Erskine; and he enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Fox and Lord Grey. But he made a great difference between the eloquence of the senate and the bar—a difference not perhaps marked by his accustomed sagacity and liberal views, yet sufficiently easy to account for. Parliamentary speaking he regarded as mere 'talk.' He saw the noblest exertions of the orator, and also the speeches of longest duration (a circumstance much fitted to rouse his impatience) end, as he phrased it, in wind. The decision came, which he reckoned the result of the battle, and he could trace no connexion between that and the preceding debate. Hence, he deemed the whole 'nonsense,' a 'farce,' a 'child's play;' without reflecting that in the long run discussion produces, directly or indirectly, its effect; as he probably would have done had he viewed the scene from what he would call 'a safe distance;'—that is, so far off as not to have his early hours interfered with, and his patience assailed by length of speech. The trial of causes he viewed with other eyes. That he considered as business—as acting and not talking; and, having the highest admiration for the skill of an advocate, there was no society in which he delighted so much as in that of the bar. To hear his acute and even profound remarks upon the conduct of a cause,—and the play of adverse counsel, every point of which, to the most minute and technical, he clearly comprehended and highly relished,—was one of the things that impressed the listener with the greatest opinion of his extraordinary capacity. He viewed it as a fine operation of attack and defence; and he often said that there was nothing which he ever more regretted than not having been able to attend the proceedings in the Queen's case.

In recounting the triumphs of his military genius, we have not adverted to the extraordinary promptitude, and powers of combination which he displayed, when he equipped the finest expedition that ever was detached from a fleet, and sent it under Nelson up the Mediterranean. That illustrious hero always acknowledged, with the most affectionate gratitude, how much his victory of the Nile was owing to this grand operation of his chief, for whom he felt and ever testified the

most profound veneration. Nor was any thing ever more disgusting to his truly noble and generous nature, than the attempts of that tribe, the worst kind of enemies, (*pessimum inimicorum genus, laudatores*),—the mean parasites who would pay their court to himself by overrating his services at St. Vincent in 1797, and ascribing to him the glory of that memorable day. Their affection became thus grounded upon thorough knowledge of each other's merits, and the admiration which these commanded was mutual; nor did the survivor once omit an opportunity of testifying the love he bore his illustrious friend, and his grief for the blow which took him from his country. On board his flagship, on all those great occasions when he entertained his numerous followers, Nelson's *Dirge* was solemnly performed while they yet surrounded the table; and it was not difficult to perceive that the great warrior's usual contempt for displays of feeling here forsook him, and yielded to the impulse of nature and of friendship.

So little effect on exalted spirits have the grovelling arts of little souls! He knew all the while, how attempts had been made by Lord Nelson's flatterers to set him up as the true hero of the fourteenth of February; but never for an instant did the feelings towards Nelson cross his mind, by which inferior natures would have been swayed. In spite of all these invidious arts, he magnanimously sent him to Aboukir; and, by unparalleled exertions which Jervis alone could make, armed him with the means of eclipsing his own fame. The mind of the historian, weary with recounting the deeds of human baseness, and mortified with contemplating the frailty of illustrious men, gathers a soothing refreshment from such scenes as these; where kindred genius, exciting only mutual admiration and honest rivalry, gives birth to no feeling of jealousy or envy, and the character which stamps real greatness is found in the genuine value of the mass, as well as in the outward splendour of the die; the highest talents sustained by the purest virtue; the capacity of the statesman, and the valour of the hero, outshone by the magnanimous heart, which beats only to the measures of generosity and of justice.

Nor let it be deemed any abatement of this praise if the undeniable truth be stated, that no two men in the same professional career, and both of consummate excellence, ever offered more points of marked diversity in all the particulars which distinguish character and signalize the kinds of human genius. Alike in courage, except that the valour of the one was more buoyant, more constitutional—of the other, more the steady result of reflection, and the produce of many great qualities combined, than the mere mode of temperament;—alike without any difference whatever in that far higher quality, moral courage, and political, which is the highest pitch of it; alike in perfect nautical skill, the

result of talents matured by ample experience, and of the sound judgment which never disdains the most trifling details, but holds nothing trivial connected with an important subject;—yet, even in their professional abilities, these great captains differed: for the more stern mind of the one made him a severe disciplinarian, while the amiable nature of the other seduced him into an habitual relaxation of rules whose rigorous enforcement wounded, or at least galled his kindlier feelings. Not that either Jervis stooped to the fopperies by which some little minds render the service entrusted to their hands as ridiculous as themselves; or that Nelson failed to exact strict compliance with rules, wherever their infraction would be manifestly hurtful; but the habits of the two men upon ordinary occasions were opposite, and might be plainly seen by an inspection of the ships that bore their flags. So, too, Nelson was less equal to the far-seeing preparation, and unshaken steadfastness of purpose required to sustain a long-continued operation; and would, therefore, ill have borne the monotony of a blockade, such as that which kept Collingwood for years on shipboard, or that which Jervis maintained off Brest with the Channel fleet. It is also undeniable, that, although nothing could exceed the beauty and perfect fitness of his dispositions for action when the whole operations were reduced to their ultimate point, yet he could not, like Jervis, have formed the plan of a naval campaign; or combined all the operations over a large range of coast and sea, making each part support the other, while all conduced to the main purpose. Thus, too, it may be doubted if St. Vincent would have displayed that sudden, almost intuitive promptitude of decision, the result more of an ardent soul than a penetrating sagacity, which led Nelson to his marvellous course from the old world to the new in 1805; when he in an instant discovered that the French fleet had sailed to the West Indies, and having crossed the Atlantic in chase of them, again discovered that they had returned; and appeared in Europe almost as soon as the enemy arrived, whom the mere terror of his tremendous name had driven before him from hemisphere to hemisphere. That the movements of his illustrious master would have been as rapid, and his decision as prompt, had the conjecture impressed itself on his mind with the same force, none can doubt; and it may be further admitted, that such a peremptory will as the latter showed, such a fixed resolution to be obeyed,—such an obdurate, inflexible, unteachable ignorance of the word “impossible,” when any preparation was to be made,—formed no part of Nelson’s character; although he showed his master’s profound and crass ignorance of that word—the mother tongue of little souls—when any mighty feat was to be done, such as souls like these cannot rise to comprehend. He who fought the great fight with the *Poudroyant*, would

have engaged his Spanish first-rates, had his flag off St. Vincent’s floated like Nelson’s over a seventy-four; but Nelson could not have put to sea in time for intercepting the Spanish fleet; any more than he could have cured or quelled the mutinous contagion which infected and distracted Jervis’s crews on the eve of the action.

If, even in a military view, these great warriors thus differed, in all other respects they are rather to be contrasted than compared. While it was hard to tell whether Jervis excelled most in or out of his profession, Nelson was nothing on shore—nay, had weaknesses, which made the sea air as necessary, if not to his mental condition, at least to his renown, as it is to the bodily health of some invalids. The great mind of the one was the natural ally of pride; the simpler nature of the other became an easy prey to vanity. The latter felt so acutely the delight of being loved and admired by all—for to all he was kind himself,—that he could not either indulge in it with moderation, or conceal it from others. Severely great, retiring within himself, occupied with his own reflections, the former disregarded the opinion of those whom he felt destined to command; and only descended to gain men’s favour that he might avail himself of their co-operation, which he swiftly converted into service. While Nelson thought aloud, Jervis’s words were little apt to betray the feelings that ruled, or the meditations that occupied his mind. The one was great only in action; the other combined in a rare, perhaps an unexampled manner, all the noble qualities which make counsel vigorous and comprehensive, with those which render execution prompt and sure. In the different temper of the men’s minds, you could easily tell that the one would be generally popular, from the devotion which the multitude always pay to brilliant valour, and the affection which a gentle, kind, and innocent nature is calculated to win; while the other, with courage as undaunted, though eclipsed by greater and rarer qualities, stood too far removed from the weaknesses of ordinary men to appear in such an amiable light; and by the extent of his capacity and his habits of command, secured the respectful submission of others more than he won their love. Yet, while of Nelson it was justly said that no serious breach of discipline was ever overlooked by him; of Jervis it was as truly observed, that all good officers—all men employed under him, whether in the civil or military service—spoke of him as they felt, with admiration of his genius, approaching to enthusiasm; although the followers of his illustrious friend adored their idol with yet more fervent devotion. In his political opinions, this great commander was liberal and free, ever preferring the humane and enlightened side; and though loyally attached to the constitution of his country, yet careless what offence he might give to exist-

ing rulers by the unrestrained openness of his sentiments upon public affairs. Accordingly, he was even less a favourite with George III. and his court, than his great master, whose party was always opposed to that narrow-minded and bigotted prince.

It is truly painful to fling in that shade, without which this comparative sketch would lose all likeness to its original. The conduct of Lord St. Vincent was always high and decorous; and although he had a singular aversion to cant of any kind, nor to any more than that of an overdone and pharisaical morality, he never lowered, in his own person, the standard of private any more than of public virtue; wisely holding all conspicuous men as trustees for the character of the people, and in some sort representatives of the people's virtues. Lord Nelson, in an unhappy moment, suffered himself to fall into the snares laid for his honour by regal craft, and baited with fascinating female charms. But for this, he might have defied all the malice of his enemies, whether at sea or on shore, in the navy or at the court; because nothing is more true than that great merit is safe from all enemies save one—safe and secure, so its possessor will only not join its foes. Unhappily, he formed this inauspicious junction, and the alliance was fatal to his fame. Seduced by the profligate arts of one woman, and the perilous fascinations of another, he lent himself to a proceeding disfigured by the blackest colours of treachery and of murder. A temporary aberration of mind can explain though not excuse this dismal period of his history. The sacred interests of truth and of virtue forbid us to leave the veil over these afflicting scenes undrawn. But, having once lifted it up, on seeing that it lays bare the failings of Nelson, we may be suffered to let it drop over a picture far too sad to dwell upon, even for a moment!

#### NOTE RESPECTING LORD PRESIDENT BLAIR.

After the foregoing was printed, we happened to learn that a brief character of Lord President Blair, written by the late Professor Playfair, who for many years had lived much in his society, appeared in the newspapers immediately after his Lordship's death; and having succeeded in procuring a copy of it, we here reprint it entire, as an appendix to the sketch contained in the article; thinking that as the production of so very eminent a writer, and one devoted to such different pursuits, it could not but be viewed as both interesting and curious in no ordinary degree.

'It is with the deepest regret that we perform the painful task of announcing to our readers the irreparable loss which the country has suffered by the death of the Right Hon. Robert Blair of Avontoun, Lord President of the Court of Session. His Lordship entered upon the duties of the present Session, with every symptom of health and vigour, and at no time, for a

number of years, did his appearance indicate a longer continuance of his valuable life. He complained of some slight disorder on Sunday, which appears to have gone off in the course of that day. But on Monday, while returning from his ordinary walk, his appearance was observed to be less regular and steady than usual. He was able, however, to reach his own door, which had just been opened to receive him, when he fell into the arms of his servant and expired in a few minutes.\*

'In consequence of this public calamity, a meeting of the Faculty of Advocates was held early on Tuesday morning, when, upon the motion of the Hon. Henry Erskine, seconded by John Clerk, Esq., it was unanimously resolved, that the Dean of Faculty should move the court to adjourn till Thursday. The court having soon after met, and the chair of the first division having been taken by Lord Craig, as the senior judge, who expressed in strong terms, his sense of this national loss, both divisions of the court adjourned till Thursday. The meeting of the Faculty of Advocates was afterwards resumed, when it was unanimously resolved to attend the funeral as a body.

'To those who had the happiness of intimately knowing the late Lord President Blair, and of seeing him in the intercourse of private life, enjoying and promoting all the innocent relaxations from severer duties, it may seem unnecessary to dwell upon other causes of regret. But the calamity which will be long and deeply felt by the country, is the loss of that rare union of great qualities which, after calling him forth into early notice, conducted him to the highest honours of his profession, and exacted the palm of distinction from the common suffrages of his brethren, during the whole course of a long and unblemished life. Of the first years of that life, or of the course of severe study by which he prepared himself to be what he became, little is known beyond the circle of his private friends; but never surely was there exhibited upon the great theatre of public business a more profound erudition, greater power of discrimination, nor a more stern and invincible rectitude, combined with a degree of personal dignity that commanded more than respect, even from his equals. If any one, indeed, were to be selected from many great features as peculiarly distinguishing his character, we should certainly be apt to fix upon that innate love of justice, and abhorrence of iniquity, without which, as he himself emphatically declared, when he took the chair of the court, all other qualities avail nothing, or rather they are worse than nothing; a sentiment that seemed to govern the whole course of his public duty. In the multiplicity of transactions, to which the extended commerce of the country gives rise, cases must occur to illustrate the darker side of the human character. Such questions seemed to call forth all his energy, and they who heard the great principles of integrity vindicated and enforced, in a strain of indignant eloquence, could scarce resist the impression, that they beheld, for a moment, the earthly delegate of Eternal Justice.

'During the short period for which his Lordship filled the chair of the court, it seemed to be his object to settle the law of Scotland upon great and permanent foundations. Far from seeking to escape from the decision of points of law under an affected delicacy, which he well knew might be a cloak for ignorance, he

\* Lord President Blair died on Monday, the 20th of May, 1811.



anxiously dwelt upon such questions; and pointed them out for discussion, that, by means of a deliberate judgment, he might fix a certain rule for the guidance of future times. With all his knowledge of law, his opinions upon these subjects were formed with singular caution, and what was at first thrown out merely as a doubt, was found, upon examination, to be the result of profound research, matured by the deepest reflection. But to enter into the merits of such a character, to describe the high sense of decorum, and the opposition to all affectation and insincerity, which carried him through the straight line of professional duty, not seeking the applause of men, but consulting only the spotless rectitude of his own mind, would carry us far beyond our present limits, even if it were possible. His true value is best estimated by the general gloom which his death has cast over the profession and the country.

His Lordship was within a few months of 70 years of age. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Blair, minister of Athelstonford, author of the celebrated poem of "The Grave." He entered Advocate in 1764, and on the appointment of President Campbell to the Bench, he succeeded the present Lord Chief-Baron\* as Solicitor-General, in which office he continued till the year 1806. On the promotion of Mr. Robert Dundas to be Lord Chief-Baron in 1801, he was unanimously chosen by the Faculty of Advocates to be their Dean, in which honourable station he continued till 1808, when he received the appointment of Lord President of the Court of Session, on the resignation of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart. He married Miss Isabella Halket, one of the sisters of Lieutenant-Colonel John Halket, by whom he has one son and three daughters.

From the Quarterly Review.

#### LETTERS ON PARAGUAY.

1. *Letters on Paraguay, comprising a Four-Years' Residence in that Republic, under the Government of the Dictator Francia.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. London. 1838.
2. *Francia's Reign of Terror: Sequel to Letters on Paraguay.* By the Same. 1839.
3. *The Reign of Dr. Joseph Gaspardo Roderick de Francia in Paraguay; being an Account of a Six-Years' Residence in that Republic, from July 1819, to May, 1825.* By Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps. London. 1839.

Some fifty years ago, we happened to be acquainted with the captain of an East Indiaman—a keen, shrewd Scotchman—who, when any of his passengers had related something bordering on the marvellous, was in the habit of stopping the narrator short, exclaiming—"Show me the book; I won't believe it unless I see it in print!" If being in 'the book' were the test of truth now-a-days, even the old captain would have quite enough to believe.

It is far from our intention to impugn the veracity

\* The late Right Hon. Robert Dundas.

of Messrs. J. P. and W. P. Robertson; but we must suspect, with all deference, that many of their pages are much too highly coloured. Baffled as they were in their mercantile speculations, and expelled from the country where a fine field had opened to their prospects, it is natural enough that their hatred of the tyrant, who had persecuted them and their friends, should have survived even twenty or thirty years; but undoubtedly Mr. Rengger knew Francia much longer and later than they did, and we incline to prefer his more sober statement of facts, as well as of opinions.

The territory of Paraguay, according to Arrowsmith's map, lies between 21° and 27° S. lat. and 54° to 58° W. long.; or, roughly, is 400 English miles from north to south and 200 from east to west. This fine tract of country is shut in by two magnificent rivers, the Paraguay on the west and the Paraná on the east, the latter of which, taking nearly a right-angled turn at the southern extremity of the province, joins the former at Corrientes, whence the united flood, continuing its course to the southward, under the name of Paraná, falls into the mighty Rio de la Plata: thus three of the sides of Paraguay are completely inclosed by two noble and navigable rivers. 'With respect to the northern frontier,' says Mr. Rengger, 'no one could attempt to pass in that direction without being amply provided for the journey, for there is a desert of more than one hundred and fifty leagues to be crossed.' The course of the Paraguay, from its source in Matto Grosso, in Peru, to its confluence with the Paraná, is about 1200 miles; that of the united waters to the La Plata 750 miles—in all about 2000 miles. The numerous branches of the Paraná rise in the mountains of Brazil. The Uruguay, to the eastward of the Paraná, has also its sources in those mountains; and it also falls into the La Plata, after a course about equal to that of the Paraná. These two rivers include the province immediately to the southward of Paraguay, called Entre Rios, or the interfluvial country.

The inhabitants of Paraguay, estimated by some at 200,000, but by others at 300,000, are composed of the old Spaniards, Creoles, and Indians. A very few of the latter are the descendants of those who formed the population of the Jesuit missions, which were dissolved, and the whole fraternity expelled from South America in 1767,—and whose place was supplied by Franciscan friars—a most unfortunate change for the Indians. But the Franciscans themselves were in their turn either secularised, or expelled the country, by Francia.

The soil of Paraguay is generally good—intersected by numberless tributaries of the great bounding rivers. The climate also is delightful, and would be still better if the people were to drain the swamps. The products are various, but commerce has nearly been annihilated, between the caprice of the Dictator and his just-enough

jealousies of the Buenos Ayres republic. The chief productions are tobacco, coffee, sugar, Indian corn, yuccaroot, lemons, oranges, pine-apples, grapes, apricots, and grain of different kinds; but the most valuable is the *yerba*—the herb—(as it is called *par excellence*), and known generally by the name of Paraguay tea (*Ilex Paraguayensis*). It is chiefly met with in its native state among thick woods, just as the Assam tea, recently discovered, was found intermixed. One of the Robertsons visited the *yerbales*, and gives a long account of the process of preparation, which consists chiefly of roasting quickly the tender branches and twigs over a fire till the leaves are crisp, when they are crushed or pounded into a powder, and rammed into hide bags of 200 lbs. each. This tea, or *maté*, is in eternal use throughout the whole of South America.

Another prime article is the *lapacho*, the most magnificent of all trees, in Mr. Robertson's estimation—superior even to English oak. The trunk of one, scooped out, formed a canoe, which carried eight men, a hundred bales of yerba, twenty packages of tobacco, and a great number of other articles. The grain of the wood is said to be so close, that neither worm nor rot can assail it; vessels built of it, when fifty years old, may still be called young. What name this remarkable tree may bear, in systematic botanical nomenclature, we are not aware. But we must hasten to the two brothers.

Mr. J. P. Robertson sailed from Greenock in December, 1806, then fourteen years of age, anxious, he says, like other ardent young men, to visit a land so often described in glowing colours. His destination was Buenos Ayres; but on reaching the coast, he found the Spaniards had regained their ground there, having taken General Beresford and his army prisoners. The vessel, therefore, made the best of her way to Monte Video, then in possession of the English. Here the youth was well received in the best society, and invited to their evening *tertulias*—to get home from which, after he had torn himself from the señoras, was still, it seems, rather difficult. For, he says,—

'Around the offals of carrion, vegetables, and stale fruit, which in huge masses accumulated there, the rats absolutely mustered in legions. If I attempted to pass near those formidable banditti, or to interrupt their meals or orgies, they gnashed their teeth upon me like so many evening wolves. So far were they from running in affright to their numerous burrows, that they turned round, set up a raven cry, and rushed at my legs in a way to make my blood run chill. Between them and myself many a hazardous affray occurred; and though sometimes I fought my way straight home with my stick, at others I was forced to fly down some cross and narrow path or street, leaving the rats undisputed masters of the field.'—vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

He left Buenos Ayres in December, 1811, being now about nineteen years of age. The expedition was pure-

ly mercantile, and the ship that carried his adventure had before her 1200 miles of laborious navigation up the river Paraná, in sailing and warping alternately against a stream running at the rate of three miles an hour. As her passage, he was told, would occupy three months, while the distance might be performed on horseback in fifteen or sixteen days, he determined to travel by land. His equipment was something of the same nature as that of Sir Francis Head when he scoured the Pampas, and his fare on the road was not much different. He also had to pass through the *cardales*, as they are called, 'higher than the horse with the rider on his back;' but his brother found the 'thistleries' of the Pampas, compared with those of Scotland, as the serried ranks of the Brobdignagians, to a few scattered Lilliputians; 'they hemmed you in on either side as completely as if you were riding between walls fifty feet high.' But, according to him, the thistles are quite in keeping with everything else; which he illustrates by the reply of General Paroissien, a provincial officer, to a cockney, who asked him what sort of a country South America was! 'Sir,' said he, 'everything in these parts is on a grand scale. Their mountains are stupendous—their rivers are immense—their plains are interminable—their forests have no end—their trees are gigantic—their miles are three times the length of yours—and then' [here the General took a gold doubloon out of his pocket and laid it on the table] 'look at their guineas!'

Though the face of the Pampas was not very inviting, the curate of Luxan, on his arrival, gave Mr. J. P. Robertson a good solid dinner, consisting of an *olla podrida*, followed by *carne con cuero*, or beef roasted in the skin, which he pronounces to be one of the most savoury dishes he had ever tasted. Proceeding from this place at the rate of ninety miles a day, he came to Santa Fé, distant from Buenos Ayres 340 miles.

'If asked what I saw after I left Luxan, I saw two miserable villages, three small towns, one convent, containing about twenty monks; and the post-house huts. I saw thistles higher than the horse with the rider on his back; here and there a few clumps of the Algarroba tree; long grass; innumerable herds of cattle, wild and tame; deer and ostriches bounding over the plain; bearded biscaehras (a sort of rabbit) coming out at evening by groups from their thousand burrows: now the whirling partridge flying from under my horse's feet, and anon the little mailed armadillo making haste to get out of the way. Every now and then I came within sight of the splendid Paraná. But its broad pellucid surface was undisturbed by any bark. I saw a stream two miles broad and ten feet deep at the place from which I surveyed it, and that place was one hundred and eighty miles from the mouth of the Plate and two thousand from its source. There was no cataract to impede navigation—no savages sought to interrupt traffic. The land on both sides was as fertile as Nature could make it. The climate was most salubrious, and the soil had been in undisturbed possession of a European power

for three hundred years. Yet all was still as the grave.'—vol. i. pp. 194-196.

All the inhabitants of Santa Fé were sitting in the porches of the doors, or in the street on the shady side, the gentlemen in shirts, white trousers, and slippers, the ladies in 'primitive chemises,' a low vestment, and some loose and transparent upper garment, scarcely at all confining the body; every man, woman, and child either smoking cigars, sipping *maté* through a tube, or eating water-melons. 'Conceive,' he says, 'how much I must have been shocked to see, for the first time, a great proportion of the ladies openly and undisguisedly not only smoking, but smoking cigars of a size so large that those of their male companions bore no comparison with them. The *maté*, the melon, the shirts, the *chemises*, might have been overlooked, but the large cigar in a female mouth—oh! it was a terrible shock to my nerves!'

Don Luis Aldao, to whom he had letters of recommendation, received him most hospitably, and, after having rested and refreshed himself, a whole party of both sexes set out on a bathing expedition; and here again our young traveller's nerves were as much shocked as he had been at the large cigars in the lips of the ladies.

'Guess, my friend, if you can, my astonishment, when, on reaching the banks, I saw the Santa Fequina Naiads, who had taken to the stream before our arrival, bandying their jokes in high glee with the gentlemen who were bathing a little way above them. It is true they were all dressed, the ladies in white robes, and the gentlemen in white drawers; but there was in the exhibition something that ran rather counter to my preconceived notions of propriety and decorum.'—vol. i. p. 204.

Returning home, a hot supper, with abundance of wine (notwithstanding the heat), was served up, and the same exhibition of water-melons and cigars was repeated by the ladies. We are now to be entertained by a very extraordinary character:—

'One-day, after the siesta-hour, as now half transformed into a Santa Feino, I was sitting, without jacket or waistcoat, with the family party, under Aldao's porch, there came slowly riding up to us on horseback one of the finest-looking, and most gorgeously-equipped old gentlemen I ever beheld. "There," said Aldao, "comes my uncle Candiotti."

'I had often heard of Candiotti: who had not, that had ever been in that country? He was the very prince of Gauchos, lord of three hundred square leagues of territory, owner of two hundred and fifty thousand head of horned cattle, master of three hundred thousand horses and mules, and of more than half a million of dollars, laid up in his coffers, in ounces of gold imported from Peru.'—vol. i. pp. 208, 209.

Two hundred and fifty thousand head of horned cattle! Three hundred thousand horses and mules! Had the old Scotch captain lived to read this passage, it would

have tried his faith in 'the book.' He must have allowed that even the scale of things in Sutherland or Breadalbane was quite outgone. Why, the horses and mules alone, if haltered together and marched in a single file, would reach from John o' Groat's house to the Land's-end.

On the opposite side of the Paraná, which is here about three miles in width, is the *port* of Santa Fé, with its town, Baxada, erected on the summit of a cliff. This *Golgotha of cattle*, as Mr. Robertson calls it, will show in what manner some at least of Candiotti's herds are disposed of:—

'It was quite surrounded by slaughter-grounds and corrales; or rather, instead of these *surrounding* the town, they constituted part of it. The ground was soaked with the blood of the animals; and the effluvia from their offal, from large piles of hides, and from manufactories of tallow, emitted under the hot rays of a burning sun with tenfold intensity, were nearly insupportable. The air over the site of those corrales was almost darkened by birds of prey. Vultures, carrion-crows, and carrion-gulls, hovered, skimmed, and wheeled their flight around the carcases of the slain. Here were a dozen clamorous assailants fixing their talons, and thrusting their curved beaks into the yet warm flesh of an animal, which had yielded its hide and tallow (all for which it was deemed valuable) to the Gaucho executioners of the matadero. There, so many pigs were contending for mastery in the revels; and close by, some ravenous dogs were usurping and maintaining an exclusive right to the prey. Ducks, fowls, turkeys, all seemed to prefer beef to any thing else; and such a cawing, cackling, barking, and screaming, as were kept up by the heterogeneous family of quadrupeds and winged creatures which were voraciously satisfying the cravings of nature, was never heard out of Babel. I wended my way to the house of the governor; was received with the pompous, yet awkward decorum of a village chieftain newly elected to office; got my passport signed; and in two hours from the time of my landing I left, at a hand-gallop, the carnivorous Baxada.'—vol. i. pp. 226-228.

On the second day's journey he was hospitably received by one of the young Candiottis, who, with five and forty servants, superintended thirty thousand head of cattle, and some fifty thousand horses and mules.

Our traveller having at length crossed the Paraná, proceeded to Neembucú, the first establishment in Paraguay. The difference on the two sides of this river was remarkable.

'The open Pampa was exchanged for the shady grove; the pastures, protected by the trees, and irrigated by abundant streams, were in most places beautifully green; the palm-tree was a frequent occupant of the plain; hills, and more gently-sloping eminences, contrasted beautifully with the valley and the lake. Wooded from the base to the top, those hills and slopes exhibited now the stately forest-tree, and anon the less-aspiring shrub, the lime, and the orange, each bearing, at the same time, both blossom and fruit. The fig-tree spread its broad dark leaf, and offered its delicious fruit to the traveller, without money and without price;



while the parasite plant lent all its variety of leaf and flower to adorn the scene. Pendent from the boughs of many of the trees was to be seen, and yet more distinctly known by its fragrance, the air-plant. Squirrels leaped, and monkeys chattered among the branches; the parrot and parroquet, the pheasant, the moigtú, the toocan, the humming-bird, the guacamayo or cockatoo, and innumerable others described by Azara, inhabited, in all their gaudy variety of plumage, the woods through which I rode."—vol. i. pp. 259, 260.

The only torment experienced was from the mosquito, but here necessity has pointed out a simple mode of avoiding its nightly attacks. A roofed stage on the top of four trunks of palm trees, about fifteen feet high, is the general sleeping-place for the whole family; and to this height the insect enemy never rise. The children first mounted up the ladder one by one; then up mounted Mr. Robertson; then 'up came Gomez (his companion); up came the host and his wife; up came three peons; and, finally, up came the ladder, in all eighteen persons,' and thus they defrauded a whole swarm of their feast. Nothing could exceed the urbanity and hospitality of the inhabitants on his route to Assumption, the capital. At twelve miles from this place commenced a road embanked on each side to the height of twelve feet. Trees entwined their branches across it, affording a cool and sylvan passage to the town, all its approaches being of the same kind, originally intended as defences against the Indians.

Our traveller alighted at the house of Dr. Bargas, a lawyer and graduate of the University of Cordova, but who, having a vineyard at Mendoza, was also a dealer in wine at Assumption. His first visit was to the government house, where a junta of three members, with an assessor, and a secretary, transacted all affairs. Two of the junta were military officers, who had been mainly instrumental in defeating Belgrano's army, and deposing the Spanish Governor Velasco; the third was a lawyer. Mr. Robertson was received with cold and formal civility, and after a few questions, told he might retire. The Doctor and Gomez were ordered to remain. On their return home they brought intelligence of some awkward reports having reached the government:—that Mr. Robertson, by his large property, had created great jealousy among the native merchants; that he had in his ship munitions of war; that he had been employed in making a map of the country, and other observations of a suspicious kind, &c.: the result being, that they must look to Dr. Bargas for the care of his person, and vigilant observation of his conduct; and that both he and Señor Gomez, as supercargo, must give security in two thousand dollars for the strict observance of all regulations.

When the ship arrived, the cargo was placed under rigid restrictions, and every package strictly examined. However, by cultivating the friendship of the most influential persons, abstaining from all political and

religious discussions, every thing, he says, went on smoothly, and whatever he undertook prospered. The assessor, Don Gregorio Cerda, became his intimate friend. But our traveller, now twenty years of age, soon made another acquaintance of a more interesting description, whom he introduces with remarkable frankness to his sympathising reader:—

'Don Gregorio introduced me one day to the great-grandmother of one of his comrades or gossips. The old lady was eighty-four years of age; rich, hale, healthy, vigorous, and active; and she was in the habit of riding to Assumption from her country-house and back again on a gallant palfrey, three times a-week. Though a wrinkled skeleton, and brown as an Egyptian mummy, she was erect; she did not totter at all; and her utterance, even in Spanish, was clear, unbroken, and distinct. Her name (and it was a very old family name) was Doña Juana Ysqueib.'—vol. i. pp. 304, 305.

In a few days he received a note from this dowager, intimating that she had heard he wanted a country-house, and that hers, though none of the best ('it was the *very best*,') was open for him whenever he liked:—'I will take no excuse; I shall hold three apartments, and the necessary attendance, at your service.' Mr. Robertson accepted her offer—was entertained *en Prince*—every thing was put at his disposal. Her civility and attentions were quite overwhelming. Among her valuables, and they were numerous, whatever he praised was instantly made over to him in such a way that the acceptance of it was unavoidable. An accident brought out the *dénouement* of all this. He had expressed a fondness for the plaintive airs of the Paraguayans, accompanied by the guitar. One day on returning home, he found his amiable hostess under the tuition of a master, 'endeavouring, with her cracked voice, to sing a *triste*, and with her lank, brown, and wrinkled fingers to manage an accompaniment to it on the guitar.' On hearing and seeing this, our merchant of Greenock, whose education had not been finished off in Mayfair, exclaimed 'For God's sake, Doña Juana, how can you, fourteen years after the time when, according to the laws of humanity, you should have been in the grave, either make yourself such a butt for the ridicule of your enemies, or such an object for the compassion of your friends?'

'Down she flung the guitar; she ordered the singing-master unceremoniously out of the house; the servants she sent out of the room; and then, with a fierceness of aspect, of which I little thought her capable, she astounded me by the following address:—"Señor Don Juan: little did I expect such an insult from the man whom I have loved;" and on the latter word she laid no ordinary emphasis. "Yes," (she continued), "*loved*. I was prepared, I am *still* prepared to offer you my hand and my estate. If I was learning to sing, and to play the guitar, for whose sake was it but yours? What have I studied—what have I thought of—for whom have I lived during the last three months but for you?

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p. 311.

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And is this the return which I meet with?"—vol. i. p. 311.

Next morning a reconciliation took place—the Paraguayan Ninon had recovered her senses; admitted she had been very foolish—but 'that is all over'—and as a proof of her forgiveness, proposed to celebrate the day of St. John at her house on Campo Grande by a *fête champêtre*. This *fête* is then painted with circumstantial minuteness, equal to any thing that could be done by the *Morning Post*; and we may add, it was not inferior, by the description to any *déjeûné à la fourchette* at an English villa.

We must now introduce our readers to a still more important personage than Doña Juana. Not far from her house, Mr. Robertson says, one fine evening, in pursuit of game, rambling into a peaceful valley, he came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. 'Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out "Buen tiro!"—"A good shot."'

'I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet capote, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *mâté*-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same.'—vol. i. p. 331.

On the young man's offering an apology for firing so near the house, the owner said there was no occasion for any excuse; that he was welcome to amuse himself in his grounds with his gun whenever he pleased; invited him to sit down, to take a cigar and some *mâté*. A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico, and Mr. Robertson immediately inferred that the person before him was no other than Doctor Francia. He showed him over his house and his library, talked freely of the state of Paraguay, contemptuously of the members of the junta and their system of government; but Mr. Robertson could neither recognise in his manner, nor deduce from his conversation, a trace of the sanguinary propensities, or of the ungovernable caprice, by which Francia has in the sequel attained so bad a celebrity.

Mr. Robertson having made a good speculation in his first voyage, proceeded down the Paraná to Buenos Ayres, laid in another cargo, and in the course of a month set out again for Assumption. Soon after his second arrival, an envoy was sent from Buenos Ayres to endeavour to arrange a treaty of amity and commerce with Paraguay; but such a hatred existed against that Republic, that the envoy was shut up in the custom-house, and remained there till the National

Congress, then assembled for the election of two Consuls in place of the junta of three, had resolved to reject all intercourse with Buenos Ayres, when he was glad to take his departure after the inhospitable reception he had met with. The choice of first consul fell on Francia. In the course of this year (1814 it would appear, but dates are sparingly given), a younger brother, W. P. Robertson, made his appearance in Assumption, and established himself there as a resident. The elder adventurer now meditated a voyage to England, and the port of Assumption being closed against all egress, it was necessary for him to obtain permission from Francia to leave the country. On this occasion the consul laid open his system of non-intercourse with the other provinces of South America, to preserve Paraguay 'from contamination by that foul and restless spirit of anarchy and revolution, which has more or less desolated and disgraced them all.' He expressed his special hatred of Buenos Ayres, and his great wish to promote an intercourse with England, direct; and, pausing, ordered the serjeant in waiting to bring in, emphatically, '*that*.' In three minutes, four grenadiers entered, bearing among them a large hide packet of tobacco, of two hundred weight, a bale of Paraguay tea, a demi-john of Paraguay spirits, a large loaf of sugar, and several bundles of cigars, tied and ornamented with variegated fillets. These Mr. Robertson doubted not were intended as a present for himself, a parting manifestation of regard; but the doctor soon undeceived our friend:—

'I desire that, as soon as you get to London, you will present yourself to the House of Commons; take with you these samples of the productions of Paraguay; request an audience at the bar; and inform the assembly that you are deputed by Don Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, Consul of the Republic of Paraguay, to lay before it these specimens of the rich productions of that country. Tell them I have authorized you to say that I invite England to a political and commercial intercourse with me; and that I am ready and anxious to receive in my capital, and with all the deference due to diplomatic intercourse between civilized states, a minister from the Court of St. James's: I also will appoint to that Court an envoy of my own. Such a treaty may then be framed as shall comport at once with the dignity and interests of the great empire of England, and with those of the rising state which I now rule. Paraguay will be the first republic of South America, as Great Britain is already the first of European nations. Present yourself,' continued he, 'at the bar of the house, and there deliver my message, as of old the ambassadors of independent states delivered theirs to the senate of Rome. According to the reception which they shall give to you, (one of their countrymen, and above the suspicion, therefore, of being a witness in my favour,) shall be the reception (*acogimiento*) which I will extend to their ambassador to this republic.'—Vol. ii. pp. 283-285.

A fortnight after this, Mr. Robertson left Paraguay for Buenos Ayres; but, finding that the voyage to Eng-

land would be prejudicial to his affairs, he resolved on returning to Paraguay. On this occasion he was consulted by Alvear, the director of Buenos Ayres, as to the probability of Francia's sending men to Buenos Ayres in return for arms and ammunition. As a neutral, Robertson could not accede to be the bearer of a proposal of this kind; but suggested that a sealed letter might go in the same vessel. To conciliate Francia he took with him some swords, pistols, and a few muskets, with the consent of the Buenos Ayres government. These, however, on his arrival at Santa Fé, were taken from him by his old friend Candiotti;—the Prince of Gauchos being now the lieutenant-governor of Artigas, who had overrun the province of Entre Rios. In proceeding up the Paraná he took to his boat one day in quest of game, and was seized by 'a company of tattered and ruffian-looking soldiers,' who forced him on board his own vessel.

'Here I was immediately pinioned, and fastened by a rope to a ring-bolt on the deck. What a scene of desolation presented itself to my eyes! The crew of Paraguayans had been all put on shore; the deck was in possession of between thirty and forty of the very worst class of the marauding soldiers of Artigas; the hatches of the vessel were open, and the cases and bales of merchandise, every one of them more or less violated, lay strewn about. My own poop-cabin, which I had left the picture of neatness and comfort, was rendered desolate by every evidence of spoliation and debauch; my scattered wardrobe was partitioned out among the robbers; wine was spilt and glass broken in every direction; one man was lying on my bed in a state of intoxication; by his side sat three more in wrangling contention over a pack of cards; and, as if gambling were not of itself a sufficient excitement, they were quaffing large libations of raw spirits. Every one of the demon-like gang was, more or less, in a state of intoxication; and while, with frequent reference to me, significant gestures were passing from one to the other, commingled with open threats of instantly taking my life unless I discovered to them all the valuable property, and especially the money, they supposed to be in the vessel, I was left in profound ignorance of the cause and origin of so barbarous a violation of law. As you may conceive, neither enviable nor comfortable were my forebodings of what was likely to be the issue of an outrage so ominously commenced. Night came on; sentinels were placed over the crew on shore; I was more tightly bound; and, after witnessing for hours a scene of license and debauch too frightful to be conceived, and too gross to be portrayed, I was thrust down into the hold of the vessel, and had the hatches closed over my head. Awful as such a predicament was—hearing over my head, as I did, the clanking of steel scabbards, and the loud jar of contentious words as to what should be done with me and my property—my situation was yet tolerable as compared with what it had been upon deck.'—vol. iii. pp. 75, 76.

Having described the horrible treatment he met with from these marauders, he relates an incident of the serio-comic kind, as he calls it, which took place three days after his capture. He happened to have a flageolet on board, on which they compelled him to play.

'There, seated on the poop of the vessel, in my scanty Artigueno habiliments, was I fain to play duets to the satyrs, savages, and imps around me, among whom dancing to my music became a frequent amusement. But there are few evils without their corresponding alleviation in this life; and in the present case mine was to perceive that the intercourse brought about by an unskilful performance on a little reed, had a softening influence on my captors. I can say that thenceforward the only real inconvenience to which I was put by them was that of being obliged, at their pleasure (how little it could be at my own you need not be told), to "play the flute."—vol. iii. pp. 84, 85.

He was now told by the serjeant that his orders were either to shoot him or to take him back to Baxada; and the vessel was steered for that port.

'I was marched to the small and wretched jail appropriated to the reception of murderers, robbers, and other felonious caitiffs of the worst dye. There they sat, each upon the skull of a bullock, in chains, in nakedness, in squalid filth, and yet in bestial debauch and revelry. There was a fire lit in the middle of the floor, amid a heap of ashes which had been accumulating, apparently, for months. Around this fire there were spitted, for the purpose of being roasted, three or four large pieces of black-looking beef, into the parts of which already done the felons, with voracious strife, were cutting with large gleaming knives. "Aguardiente," or bad rum, was handed round in a bullock's horn; and as the fire cast its flickering glare on the swarthy and horrible countenances of the bacchanals, their chains clanking at every motion of their hands or legs, the picture was truly startling.'—vol. iii. pp. 86, 87.

He remained here but one night:—towards the afternoon of the following day,—

'A serjeant entered with a coat, shirt, and stockings, which he said had been furnished by my friend, with Heréu's permission. When I had dressed myself (for I was *all but* in a state of nudity), the same serjeant told me to follow him. I did so, with not very comfortable forebodings, for I had been told a dozen times during the day that the Englishman (that was myself) would certainly be shot. The serjeant, however, conducted me to a separate cell, in which were a chair, hide, and jar of water. He told me his orders were to place me where no one should have access to me; but that my meals should be regularly sent in twice a day. So saying, he took his leave; and again thrown for comfort upon the resource of contrast, I was glad this time to find it in my favour. The solitude and clothing of to-day, as contrasted with the nakedness and society to which I had been doomed yesterday, made me once more think myself a comparatively happy man. Dreary enough was my cell, but still I was *alone*. I looked through the iron gratings upon the flocks of vultures and gulls which hovered over the dead carcasses of cattle all round; and truly I wished that, like them, I had wings with which to fly from my bondage, were I even, as a consequence, to live upon carrion.'—vol. iii. pp. 89, 90.

After eight days confinement, an order for his liberation arrived from General Artigas. It appears that an old servant of Mr. Robertson, named Manuel, hap-



pening to see his master dragged to prison, immediately set off to Buenos Ayres, and told the story to Captain the Hon. Jocelyn Percy, then commanding the squadron there. The Captain had given Mr. Robertson a license to proceed up the Paraná, and without delay he now sent a lieutenant to demand his liberation; but to recover the amount of the property seized, Mr. Robertson saw no chance, but from a personal application, backed by a letter from Captain Percy, to Artigas, then at a village on the banks of the Uruguay, called Purificacion. In the revolutions and disturbances of the southern provinces of South America this man had played a prominent part:—

‘Descended from a good family in Monte Video, he passed his youth amidst smugglers and robbers. The Spanish government, wishing to suppress these marauders, appointed Artigas lieutenant of the chase; and in this capacity he now led the pursuit after his former comrades. During the revolution he was a patriot, and distinguished himself in the war against the Spaniards, and at the siege of Monte Video. He was elected chief of Banda Oriental, and soon kindled the devouring flame of civil war. He made an attack on Buenos Ayres; he invaded Entre Rios; excited a revolt in Santa Fé; armed the savage Indians of Great Chaco, and laid waste parts of Paraguay by acts of unheard-of cruelty. His standard was the rallying point for the dregs of the human race. Brigands, assassins, pirates, robbers, deserters, all were equally acceptable to him.’

When Buenos Ayres could no longer maintain its ascendancy over the interior provinces, Artigas, being the most powerful and popular of the insubordinate chiefs, obtained possession of the whole territory between the Paraná and the Grand Chaco, almost to the eastern base of the Andes. At the different towns, Candelaria, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and others, he had now his lieutenants, more savage and barbarous than himself. Rengger says, ‘it is fair to add, that, had Artigas been left to himself, he would not have acted so ferociously; but he was surrounded by a set of villains, on whom he was obliged to place some reliance;’ and he adds, ‘that the most infamous of those was a monk of mercy, who was secretary and privy counselor to Artigas, and who stifled every sentiment of humanity in his bosom.’ His whole army at and near Purificacion, horse and foot, consisted of about 1500 tattered followers; their camp was made up of hide huts and mud hovels. Mr. Robertson was ushered to the presence chamber, and ‘What,’ says he, do you think I saw there?—

‘Why, the most excellent Protector of half of the New World seated on a bullock’s skull, at a fire kindled on the mud floor of a hut, eating beef off a spit, and drinking gin out of a cow-horn! He was surrounded by a dozen officers in weather-beaten attire, in similar positions, and similarly occupied. All were smoking, all gabbling. The Protector was dictating to two secretaries, who occupied, at one deal table, the only two dilapidated rush-bottom chairs in the hovel. It

was the scene of the Baxada prison all over, except that the parties were not in chains, nor exactly without coats to their backs. To complete the singular incongruity of the scene, the floor of the one apartment of the mud hut (to be sure it was a pretty large one), in which the general, his staff, and secretaries were assembled, was strewn with pompous envelopes from all the provinces (some of them distant 1500 miles from that centre of operations), addressed to his “EXCELLENCY THE PROTECTOR.” At the door stood the reeking horses of couriers arriving every half hour, and the fresh ones of those departing as often. Soldiers, aides-de-camp, scouts, came galloping in from all quarters. All was referred to “HIS EXCELLENCY THE PROTECTOR;” and his excellency the Protector, seated on his bullock’s skull, smoking, eating, drinking, dictating, talking, despatched in succession the various matters brought under his notice, with that calm, or deliberate, but unintermitted nonchalance, which brought most practically home to me the truth of the axiom, “Stop a little, that we may get on the faster.” I believe that if the business of the world had been on his shoulders, he would have proceeded in no different manner. He seemed a man incapable of bustle, and was, in this single respect (if I may be permitted the allusion), like the greatest commander of the age.

‘On perusal of my introductory letter, his Excellency rose from his seat and received me, not only with cordiality, but with what surprised me more, comparatively gentleman-like manners, and really good breeding. He spoke facetiously about his state apartment; and begged of me, as my hams and legs might not be so accustomed to the squatting position as his, to seat myself on the edge of a stretcher, or open hide bedstead, which stood in a corner of the room, and which he desired to be drawn near the fire. Without further prelude or apology, he put into my hand his own knife, and a spit with a piece of beef beautifully roasted upon it. He desired me to eat, and then he made me drink, and presented me with a cigar. I joined the conversation, became unawares a gaucho; and, before I had been five minutes in the room, General Artigas was again dictating to his secretaries, and getting through a world of business, at the very time that he was condoling with me on my treatment at Baxada, condemning the authors of it, and telling me how instantaneously, on the receipt of Captain Percy’s just remonstrance, he had given orders for my liberation.

‘There was a great deal of talking and writing, and eating and drinking; for, as there were no separate apartments in which to carry on these several operations, so neither did there seem to be any distinct time allotted for them. The Protector’s business was prolonged from morning till evening, and so were his meals: for as one courier arrived another was despatched; and as one officer rose up from the fire at which the meat was spitted another took his place.’—vol. iii. pp. 101–105.

By-and-by Mr. Robertson seized what seemed a suitable moment to intimate his claim for compensation:—

“You see,” said the General, with great candour and nonchalance, “how we live here; and it is as much as we can do, in these hard times, to compass beef, aguardiente, and cigars. To pay you 6000 dollars just now is as much beyond my power as it would be to pay you 60,000, or 600,000. Look here,” said he, and, so

saying, he lifted up the lid of an old military chest, and pointed to a canvass bag at the bottom of it—"There," he continued, "is my whole stock of cash; it amounts to 300 dollars; and where the next supply is to come from, I am as little aware as you are."—vol. iii. p. 108.

Though no money was forthcoming, Mr. Robertson says, 'I obtained from the most excellent Protector, as a token of his gratitude and good will, some important mercantile privileges connected with an establishment I had formed at Corrientes; and these privileges, he admits, more than retrieved his loss. Artigas gave him an escort of two of his own body-guard, and a passport to Corrientes, which procured him every thing he wanted—horses, entertainment, lodging, on the whole route of four days' journey. From hence he determined to proceed to Assumption; but on his way thither he received a letter from his brother, entreating him not to come on, as Francia was exasperated against them both, and he, the junior, was ordered to quit Paraguay in two months at farthest. Francia, it would seem, had some cause for this proceeding. It will be recollected that Mr. J. P. Robertson recommended the letter of Alvear, which offered Francia arms in exchange for recruits, to be sent in his ship, the *Inglesita*. Artigas had got hold of this letter, and caused a report to be circulated, that Francia was selling Paraguayans like dogs for muskets, all of which was duly reported to the Doctor. He had expressed to Mr. W. P. Robertson great indignation on hearing that the arms intended for him had been seized at Baxada. He told him, if the English could not guarantee a free trade in arms, he would not allow a commerce in English rags. 'Artigas,' he continued, 'is a scoundrel, a robber, a highwayman; but I know how to make him repent of his rashness in meddling with my affairs. But, sir, both you and your brother must leave the republic. Go to your naval commander—go to your consul, and tell them from Francia that they are fools!' But the finishing blow to the Robertsons was the letter from Alvear:—

"See," said he, "what your brother has had the insolence and hardihood to do! He has trafficked with the vile Alvear for arms against the blood of the Paraguayans! He has offered men for muskets!—he has dared to attempt to sell my people! Let him beware!—let him at his peril tread this republic! Write to him never to set foot on it again!—and, as for yourself, depart immediately with what you have. The world shall still see that, whatever be the provocation, justice and leniency towards neutrals preside over the counsels of Francia."—vol. iii. p. 122.

Mr. W. P. Robertson asked for time to wind up their affairs. 'How long,' he asked, 'would it take?' 'Two months,' was the answer. 'Very well, in two months from this day, or sooner if you can, you will leave the republic.'

The elder brother would not take the younger's

warning—he went on, speedily arrived, and insisted on waiting on Francia to exculpate himself. He was admitted. 'What' (said Francia to him, without further prelude than a scowl) 'has emboldened you to come into my presence, after receiving express orders from me not to dare to set your foot upon my territory?' While attempting to explain, Francia burst forth—'The letter, Sir!—the letter!—what have you to say to that?' The adventurer made some effort to vindicate his conduct, but he was cut short with 'Look ye, Sir!—see that, at the expiration of forty-eight hours, you are no longer to be found in Paraguay, or beware—beware of the consequences!'

Thus ended, in the year 1815, all the mercantile transactions, the flourishing schemes, and promising prospects of the two brothers in Paraguay. Of the occasional profits of a commercial intercourse with this now prohibited territory, Mr. Robertson affords us some extraordinary examples. For instance, a friend of his took to Paraguay, as ballast, a quantity of salt which cost two hundred dollars. Immediately on his arrival he sold it for four thousand dollars. Another merchant, who had an exclusive license from the Dictator to export two cargoes of produce, sold one-third to the other, who had an English passport as a protection against the Artigueños, for which he paid a trifle more than the produce of his salt just sold. On reaching Buenos Ayres, 'the two cargoes sold for the incredible sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars; and, after a variety of heavy charges and duties paid, the two hundred dollars' worth of salt yielded a clear profit of *more than sixty thousand dollars!*' After this statement we may readily conceive the grievous disappointment of the two brothers, and the indignation felt by them at the treatment they received from Francia. And now that more than twenty years have passed over their heads, they have, to be sure, drawn his portrait in characters of blood. Of his caprice and tyranny, we presume there can be no doubt; but still we strongly suspect that the Robertsons have painted the devil blacker than he is.

Francia's Father was a Frenchman; he received his education at the university of Cordova, and was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Theology, but his studies were chiefly confined to jurisprudence. On returning to Assumption he took up the profession of an advocate. 'He distinguished himself,' says Rengger, 'by a degree of courage and integrity which nothing could surmount. Never did he sully his function by undertaking an unjust cause. He readily defended the weak against the strong—the poor against the rich.' An instance is mentioned by the Robertsons of his volunteering the cause of his enemy against his own intimate friend, because he saw it to be a case of oppression and injustice, and he carried against his friend. His habits were retired and un-

social—apparently very studious. ‘He had the misfortune,’ says Rengger, ‘to be subject to fits of hypochondria, which sometimes degenerated into madness. His father was known to have been a man of very singular habits; his brother was a lunatic; and one of his sisters was out of her mind for many years.’—(p. 7.)

Mr. Robertson says this poor brother was subject to fits of insanity of a harmless character; but the Doctor became jealous (of what?), and immured him in one of his prisons; that there the mental malady, heretofore only slight and occasional, became confirmed and incurable; ‘and there his ruthless and most unnatural brother left him to expire.’ But the writer adds, ‘This was many years after my departure from Paraguay.’

When Paraguay had defeated the Buenos Ayrean troops, the inhabitants proceeded at once to assert their independence, and established a triumvirate government, of which Francia was the secretary; but, in point of fact, the prime mover of all their proceedings. Francia, however, retired in disgust; and the reigning junta, or senate, acknowledged the necessity of a change. A congress of one thousand deputies were summoned for the purpose, as already stated, of electing two consuls. Dr. Francia, from his superior intelligence, as Rengger says, but, according to the Robertsons, by intrigue, was elected one of the consuls, and Don Fulgencio Yegros, a member of the late junta, the other, for one year. The new consuls took their posts in the senate-house, where two curule chairs had been provided, on one of which was inscribed the name of Cæsar, on the other that of Pompey. Francia at once sat down upon Cæsar, and left Pompey to Yegros—a tolerably broad hint. In the plan of the constitution, however, they were declared to be equal: all the troops, arms, and ammunition, equally divided between them, they were to preside over the tribunals alternately, for four months at a time each, with the title of ‘Consul in turn,’ and not ‘Consul presiding,’ lest that designation should give rise to mistakes.\* Francia, however, as Cæsar, took the first turn, by which he, of course, got eight months, leaving only four for Pompey. Sir Woodbine Parish, in his lucid and interesting volume on the ‘Provinces of Rio de la Plata’ (and, when *chargé d’affaires* at Buenos Ayres, he had to do with the first consul), says:—

‘Francia, having thus obtained one-half the power he aimed at, was not long ere he secured the other. When the thousand deputies met, in virtue of the 13th article of the Constitution, it was intimated to them that the substitution of one governor for a pair of consuls would be a great improvement; and Don Gaspar was, as a matter of course, elected sole Dictator of the republic of Paraguay. His nomination in the first instance was for three years; at the expiration of which time he took care to have his power confirmed for life. The deputies who passed this act, in their simplicity, returned

to their homes exulting in an arrangement whereby they were saved all further trouble, whilst the tyrant they had set up commenced a reign which, for systematic selfishness, cruelty, and unrestrained despotism is almost unparalleled in the history of any country.’

Having, in fact, thrown out defiance to Buenos Ayres, to Artigas, and to all the neighbouring states, and resolved to play the despot among his own subjects, Francia found himself surrounded by enemies on every side; but, like another Richard, he resolved never to yield:

‘I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.’

One measure, however, which he took during his three years’ dictatorship, gave great satisfaction—he abolished the Inquisition.\* Rengger says, ‘As the bishop of the place was so shocked by the revolution as to have his reason disordered, Francia directed that his vicar-general should perform all the duties of the episcopal office.’ The Robertsons improve on this:—‘Harassed, jaded, insulted, and alarmed by Francia’s daily invasions of the prelatical jurisdiction, by his open ridicule of the church, and by his hostility to its members, the bishop was driven to insanity, superseded by a vicar-general, and died in a state of mournful imbecility and destitution.’ There is no doubt of Francia’s fixed hostility to all monks and friars; nay, he once said to Rengger, ‘If his holiness the pope should come to Paraguay, I should make him merely my almoner.’

We think it just to our readers to give, by way of specimen, one incident as stated by Rengger, who was in the country, and by the Robertsons, who had left it several years. Rengger says that, in order to stimulate their natural ability in the artisans of Paraguay, Francia had recourse to intimidation:—

‘He caused a gibbet to be erected, and he threatened a poor shoemaker to hang him up, because he had not made some belts of the size he required. Thus it was that out of blacksmiths, shoemakers, and masons he created a race of whitesmiths, saddlers, and architects.’

From this brief text the brothers spin the following amusing history: having previously told us that Francia had erected a gibbet before his window, they proceed thus:—

‘In came, according to custom, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers’ belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. “Sentinel!” said he; and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:—

‘Dictator.—“Take this bribonazo” (a very favourite word of the Dictator’s, and which, being interpreted, means “most impertinent scoundrel”)—“Take this bribonazo to the gibbet over the way: walk him under it half a dozen times; and now,” said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, “bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of walking under the gallows, we shall try how you can swing upon it.”’

"Shoemaker.—"Please your Excellency, I have done my best."

"Dictator.—"Well, bribon, if this *be* your best, I shall do my best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you."

"Shoemaker.—"God bless your Excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave; day and night have I served and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; y por el alma de un triste zapatéro" (by the soul of a poor shoemaker), "I will make them to your Excellency's liking!"

"Dictator.—"Off with him, sentinel!"

"Sentinel!—"Venga, bribon!" ("Come along, you rascal!")

"Shoemaker.—"Senor Excelentísimo, *this very night* I will make the belts according to your Excellency's pattern."

"Dictator.—"Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship."

"Sentinel.—"Vamonos, bribon; the Supreme commands it."

"Off was the shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall. Whether the electric shock which he had undergone strung his nerves anew, or whether his genius was quickened by a keen perception of the danger of being a sloven, or an ignoramus, in a vocation so important as that of belt-maker to his Excellency, it is very certain that the shoemaker appeared the next morning before Francia with a couple of belts, so entirely to the Dictator's fancy, as to save the operator's neck from the halter, and to procure for him the station of belt-maker-general to the army.

"The example was so salutary, that blacksmiths, gunsmiths, architects, tailors, tambourers, cap-makers, all became better tradesmen. The "*Tradesmen's gibbet*" was the terror of them all, and a single peep at it, even in the distance, sent every man home to his respective calling, with a combination of alacrity, fear, and dexterity, which I doubt much if any other stimulus, however exciting, would have produced."—vol. iii. p. 314-317.

Sheridan's post-boy from Northamptonshire, with a double knock at the door, fails in comparison with this as a bit of circumstantial narrative.

The Robertsons inform us that a friend of theirs, Mr. Okes, proceeded to Assumption on a mercantile speculation. He waited on the Dictator, and informed him that in his cargo were some very fine mathematical and astronomical instruments. 'Ah, that is good! that is good!' said Francia, with great glee. 'I must see them: do you understand the use of them?' Okes bowed. 'Very good, very good; I am extremely pleased to hear it. Go now, arrange your business; you have perfect freedom to trade here. You appear to be a man of sense and education: meddle not with state affairs; mind your own matters; and, whenever I may send for you, endeavour to come and give me a little of your time.' He did so; gave lessons in mathe-

matics and practical astronomy; and was treated as a friend. In three months Okes wound up his affairs, and obtained permission to return a second time from Buenos Ayres. In parting he said, 'You have no doubt heard, and perhaps are inclined to believe, that my government is despotic and unnecessarily severe; but, believe me, Don Henrique, I had only a choice between this severity and the anarchy of my country. But,' he went on, 'judge by yourself; you have come here freely—freely you depart; and I shall always be happy to see you in this republic.'

Nothing could be more civil and reasonable. Mr. Okes, in a few months after his return to Buenos Ayres, died. On hearing this, Francia sent to seize all the property he had left with one Zelaya, as being that of a deceased foreigner whose estate had lapsed to the treasury. Zelaya's books showed a large property under his charge belonging to a native of Paraguay, then in Buenos Ayres; what more was discovered we are not told; but charges were brought against the stranger in Buenos Ayres and Zelaya as an accomplice. 'Without form or process the unhappy victim, amid the heart-rending cries of his family, was dragged to the front of Francia's window, and there, in his sight, *butchered* by his janissaries. The whole of the property under the murdered man's charge was confiscated to the state by the *murderer*.'

Francia had his public prisons and state prisons, both of which are described by Robertson, and also by Rengger: the latter says:—

'We frequently visited these frightful prisons, either to see some sick prisoner, or to give an opinion on some question of forensic medicine. There might be seen confounded the Indian and the mulatto, the white man and the negro, the master and the slave; there were mingled all ranks and ages, the guilty and the innocent, the convict and the accused, the highway robber and the debtor; in fine, the assassin and the patriot—and in several instances it happened that they were bound by the same chain. But what completes this frightful picture is the ever-increasing demoralization of the great majority of the prisoners, and the ferocious joy which they exhibit on the arrival of a new victim.'

'The female prisoners, of whom there are fortunately but few, occupy an apartment in an inclosure divided from the principal court by a pallisading. They have, however, more or less, an opportunity of communicating with the other prisoners.'

'Women of a respectable rank, who had drawn upon themselves the anger of the Dictator, are there confounded with prostitutes and criminals, and exposed to all the insults of the male prisoners. They are also loaded with irons, an exemption from which is not granted even to those in a state of pregnancy.'—pp. 139, 140.

These prisons had always, according to our authors, a standing gibbet attached to them; but the most common mode of execution was by musketry on a stage, or *banquillo*. Rengger says the Dictator allowed no more than three men for each execution; so that some-



times an unhappy victim was despatched by the bayonet: that Francia was a witness of those scenes of horror—that they took place always beneath his window, and frequently in his presence. W. P. Robertson mentions one Chilabar being shot, mangled, and hung upon a gibbet;—he adds, ‘The Dictator, with his snuff-box in his hand, gazed from the window of his room on the bloody proceedings which went on before him.’ This, we conceive, wants authority. Who would venture to look at Francia, in his window, with his snuff-box in his hand, after the following order, which Rengger says was given by the Dictator to the sentinel, in consequence of a poor woman looking in at his window?—‘If any passenger should dare to fix his eyes upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, this is for a second shot (handing him another musket, loaded with ball); and, if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss you.’ There is no accounting, however, for tastes. The conduct of Francia, in looking at an execution through his window, is not more atrocious than that of Savary, who from the ramparts was a needless and voluntary spectator of the murder of the Duc d’Enghien.

Man is the creature of circumstances, and those in which Francia found himself placed would no doubt, in his own opinion, furnish him with as plausible a plea, as Cromwell and his ‘Praise-god Barebone’s Parliament’ set up for the murder of their sovereign, or for any of the many atrocious assassinations sanctioned and committed by such agents of this canting crew, that had usurped the government, as the brutal Kirke and the sanguinary Jefferies. Francia, the elected Dictator of Paraguay, had some pretext for his severities. Surrounded by enemies within and without, he determined at all hazards and at every sacrifice of friends and foes, to preserve the integrity and independence of the country intrusted to his government.

So early as the year 1820, he was apprised of a conspiracy to effect a revolution in Paraguay, in favour of Buenos Ayres: one of the conspirators, at confession before a Franciscan friar, revealed the plot. Every person named was immediately apprehended—among others, Fulgencio Yegros, formerly Francia’s brother-in-law. At first Francia contented himself with sending the whole of them to prison and confiscating their property. But by-and-by a letter of Ramirez, the lieutenant of Artigas, addressed to Yegros, fell into Francia’s hands, and convinced him of the truth and extent of the plot;—and upon this the prisoners were sent for examination to the ‘Chamber of Truth,’ or, as the Robertsons call it, the ‘Chamber of Torture,’ where confession is said to have been extorted by blows of a leather whip on the back. The examinations being ended, ‘they proceeded to execution, when the accused were shot by four or eight at a time.’ One young man, not mortally wounded, rose up to give orders for

a fresh discharge; another individual resolved to exempt himself from torture and execution by an act of suicide. ‘The following words,’ says Rengger, ‘traced in charcoal, were found on the walls of his dungeon—“I know that suicide is contrary to the law of God and of man; but the tyrant of my country shall not strengthen himself with my blood.”’ Here we have another instance of the high colouring of the Robertsons:—

‘Three demons were alone accessory to the inquisitorial investigations of the Chamber of Torture—Francia himself, a legal functionary, and a registrar. No one but these ever knew the result of the examinations. That result was only revealed to the public by the corpses of the prisoners, as day after day they perished on the banquillo—glutted the eyes of the despot—tempted to voracity the birds of prey—and, after exposure to these for a whole day, were conducted in the evening, often mangled, by their despairing relations, to a dark and silent grave. Poor Don Fulgencio Yegros was first shot and then bayoneted; Don Fernando de la Mora followed in the same way; Galvan, Yturbide, and fifty others, all went in succession.’—vol. iii. pp. 331, 332.

About the same time the Dictator had, or thought he had, reason to suspect the old Spaniards, the most respectable inhabitants of Paraguay, and determined at once to strike a blow that would remove them from all future suspicion. All those who inhabited Assumption, and places within a league of it, were ordered to assemble at the square in front of the government-house. When about three hundred were collected, they were marched to prison—crowded together in fifties—the rooms having one general door and one corridor for all: he called them his *recluses*. After some time those of poor and humble condition were released, but compelled to withdraw several leagues from the capital; the more affluent were kept in prison nineteen months. Many, in the mean time, died in prison—among whom was Velasco, the old Spanish governor previous to the revolution, an inoffensive, humane, and charitable man. In December, 1822, those that remained were set at liberty on condition of paying to the state a fine of 150,000 piastres.

It is not surprising that, after these and many other enormities, the fear of assassination should have seized upon the tyrant. That busy monitor, conscience, is able to shake the nerves of the most hardened criminals—even of those whom the world styles heroes. The description which Hume has given of Cromwell answers so exactly to Francia, that it is only necessary to transcribe it:—‘Each action of his life betrayed the terrors under which he laboured. The aspect of strangers was uneasy to him. With a piercing and anxious eye he surveyed every face to which he was not daily accustomed. He never moved a step without strong guards attending him: he wore armour under his clothes, and further secured himself by offen-

sive weapons, a sword, falchion, and pistols, which he always carried about him. He returned from no place by the direct road, or by the same way which he went. Every journey he performed with hurry and precipitation.'

At home the Dictator was equally anxious as to the persons he allowed to approach him. He never, says Rengger, admitted into his room more than one person at a time, nor must he approach nearer than six paces. His arms must be held close to his body, with the hands open and hanging down. 'At our first audience, as I was not acquainted with this etiquette, it happened that my hands were not in the position required by the Dictator, when he gruffly asked me if I was endeavouring to draw a poniard from my pocket. On my replying that such was not the custom among the Swiss, he became appeased and continued the conversation.' The same writer tells us he is pleased when the person addressing him looks him straight in the face and returns prompt answers. 'Speaking on this subject one day,' he says, 'as I was about opening the body of one of the natives, he told me to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out.'

We strongly suspect that the Dictator, like the rest of his family, is subject to fits of insanity, which Mr. Rengger calls *hypocondria*. The Swiss surgeon says it is during these paroxysms that he is most prone to order arrests, and to inflict the severest punishments; that he then thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death; and he adds that, when the wind is north-east, accompanied by sudden and frequent rains, the Dictator is most subject to such fits; but that his good humour is restored when the wind changes to the south-west: then he sings, laughs to himself, and chats very readily with all persons who approach him. Neither is he deficient in acts of generosity—one of which was displayed towards his great enemy, Artigas. This hero being hard pressed by his lieutenant, Ramirez, who attacked him with eight hundred of his best cavalry in the Entre Rios, had been forced to retire, with about a thousand followers, to the left bank of the Paraná, near which was one of the posts of Paraguay. The once Most Excellent Protector sent, in his distress, begging the Most Excellent Dictator to receive him under his protection. A squadron of horse was despatched to bring him, and such of his followers as remained, into Paraguay; but most of the latter had dispersed to follow their old occupation of plunder. Artigas himself had the treatment of another Themistocles. He was placed in the Convent of Mercy for a few days, and thence sent, without obtaining an audience, to the village of Curuguaty, eighty-five leagues north-east of Assumption. Here his old foe assigned him a house and land and a liberal

stipend in money besides; orders were sent to the governor to treat him with great respect, and to furnish him with whatever additional accommodations he might require. And here, Mr. Rengger says—

'Artigas wished to expiate, at least in part, the course of iniquity in which he had so long wallowed. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor of Curuguaty; he distributed the greater part of the produce among them, gave up all his pay in relieving them, and afforded all the assistance in his power to those of them who laboured under sickness.'

Thus terminated the political and marauding career of the Protector Artigas.

The last alleged atrocity of Francia that we shall mention is his capture and detention of M. Bonpland, the friend and fellow-traveller of the celebrated Humboldt. The French government had not been able, on the return of these two naturalists, to offer to M. Bonpland any situation worthy of his acceptance. He therefore embarked for Buenos Ayres, and from thence proceeded into the interior, and settled himself for some time at Candelaria, on the southern side of the Paraná, in the territory of Entre Rios. Here he set about forming plantations of the *yerba*, to supply the southern provinces with an article difficult at all times to be procured from Paraguay. His little colony of Indians soon became a model of industry, order, and happiness. In the course of two years, however, (at the close of 1821) this rising prosperity was arrested:

'At midnight a body of four hundred men, which had been gradually and silently gathered on the opposite shore, passed over in canoes from Ytapua to Candelaria. With drawn sabres and loaded muskets they rushed upon the colony of M. Bonpland. Amid the cries and shrieks of the inmates, the soldiers massacred all the male Indians of the establishment; they beat and wounded the women; they set fire, in every direction, to houses, implements, crops, plantations, and reduced the whole to a heap of black and smouldering ruins; they stunned M. Bonpland with the blows of their sabres; they loaded him with irons; they dragged him from among the corpses of all the faithful servants, who, three hours before, had surrounded him in health, happiness, and affection; they mocked his mental anguish on witnessing the horrors which surrounded him; they heeded not the agony of his bodily sufferings; but, pushing and thrusting him on board of a canoe, they carried him across the Paraná to the town of Santa Maria.'—vol. iii. p. 278.

So says Messrs. Robertson. The following is Francia's own account given by himself to Rengger, who, on his return from a country excursion, waited on him:—

'After some questions, he informed me that Mr. Bonpland was his prisoner some days. "Mr. Bonpland," said he, "formed an establishment for the preparation of the herb of Paraguay, with the Indians, who, after Artigas's submission, settled themselves in the ruined missions of Entre Rios. He wanted to establish relations with me, and came twice for the pur-

pose to the left bank of the Paraná, opposite Ytapua, with despatches from the Indian chief, written in his own hand. Now I could not allow the herb to be prepared in those countries, which, besides, belong to us—it would injure the commerce of Paraguay; and I was under the necessity of sending four hundred men there, who destroyed the establishment, and brought away several prisoners, among whom was Mr. Bonpland." I endeavoured, adds Rengger, to excuse the celebrated traveller, but he immediately imposed silence on me, adding, in an angry tone, "It is not for attempting to prepare the herb upon my territory that I feel offended with him; it is because he has made an alliance with my enemies, the Indians, whom you yourself, during your captivity amongst them, must have well known. In short, I found amongst Mr. Bonpland's papers two letters, one from Ramirez, the other from his lieutenant, Garcia, who commands at Baxada, both corroborating my suspicions, that this establishment was formed for no other purpose than to facilitate the invasion of Paraguay."

'From what I have since learned, I perceive that the Dictator told me only half the truth—for he suppressed the fact, that his soldiers had massacred a party of Indians—that Mr. Bonpland, without the least provocation, received a blow of a sabre from one of them—that his property was plundered—and that, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria, the chief place of the missions, on the left bank of the Paraná.'—pp. 80, 81.

Rengger adds, that as soon as the Dictator was informed of the treatment which M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, restored the property which had escaped the plunder of the soldiers, and assigned him a residence near the town of Santa Maria, at a spot called Cerrito, or the little hill; and here, with philosophic resignation, he fixed his abode, until the year 1831, when, just as suddenly and unexpectedly as at Candelaria, the Dictator a second time reduced him to beggary. The Robertsons say:—

'He was visited one evening by the commandant of Santa Maria, or one of his officers, with a few men, and he was told that an order had just come down from Assumption to remove him from Paraguay *that very night*. He was allowed to take with him a few clothes, as much money as would pay his expenses to Corrientes, and *nothing more*. All the rest of his property was abandoned, and to this day he has never received a farthing of it. He was conducted in darkness and in solitude to the banks of the Paraná; a canoe lay ready to receive him; he was taken across to the Entre Rios side, under the escort of soldiers; there they landed, and there they left him. Such was the conclusion of M. Bonpland's nine years' detention in Paraguay.'—vol. iii. pp. 288, 289.

But the most extraordinary part of the story is, that in 1832, when Bonpland returned to Buenos Ayres, Messrs. Robertson conversed at length with him, and so far from expressing himself with dread of Paraguay and horror of Francia, the Frenchman spoke of the latter with philosophic serenity, and only regretted, over and over again, that there was no chance of the Dictator's allowing him to return to Paraguay.

Mr. Parish, the British chargé d'affaires at Buenos Ayres, in the early part of 1825, in writing to Francia to acquaint him of the recognition by England of the new American Republics, solicited permission for the English *détenus* to be allowed to leave the country with their effects; in consequence of which, twelve Englishmen removed to Buenos Ayres. Soon after this, passports were given to Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps, accompanied with an order on the public treasury for the services the former had rendered in his medical capacity, with permission at the same time, rarely granted, to take their money out of the country, and also to carry away their collections of natural history.

'We thus (says Mr. Rengger) after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay, during four of which we were forcibly detained, were granted permission to quit it. It is only justice to state, that Dr. Francia never directly threw any difficulties in the way of our researches; but on the contrary, gave us, more than once, proofs of his good will. Would that I could speak as favourably of his administration! To the conduct of the inhabitants of Paraguay, both Creoles and Spaniards, towards us we can only allude in terms of praise; and we shall always recollect with gratitude the hospitable reception which they gave us.'—p. 120.

Mr. Rengger gives a brief account of the private life of the Dictator. He dwells in the house of the ancient governors of Paraguay: his establishment is four slaves, a negro, one male and two female mulattoes, all of whom he treats with great mildness. The negro and mulatto are his valet and his groom; one of the mulatto women is his cook, the other has charge of his wardrobe. His life is extremely regular; he rises with the first rays of the sun; he washes, dresses, and prepares his *maté* himself. He then walks in the interior peristyle, looking into the court, and smokes his cigar, which he always unrolls to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it. At six his barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, who has his confidence. He then puts on his calico dressing-gown, and walks the outer peristyle. At seven he enters his closet; at nine the officers and public functionaries bring their reports and receive his orders. At eleven his secretary attends him, and writes from his dictation till noon. He then dines alone on the frugal fare he has himself ordered: his meal ended, he takes his *siesta*, drinks his *maté*, smokes a cigar, rides out, inspects the public works, visits the barracks, returns towards night, retires into his library, and reads till ten, when he goes to bed, taking care to fasten all the doors himself. When not in one of his paroxysms of insanity, for such they unquestionably are, 'You perceive him,' says Rengger, 'to be a man of great talent: he turns the conversation upon the most varied subjects, evinces considerable powers of mind, great penetration, and very extensive acquirements.' Disinterested and generous, his pri-

vate fortune has not been increased by his elevation: he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear; and Mr. Rengger says that, on several occasions, he has proved that gratitude was not a stranger to his breast.

Such is the outline of the character of this extraordinary personage, drawn by one who, during six years, had frequent access to him, and occasionally in his medical capacity. He must now be about eighty years of age; and great is the wonder that, if half or the tenth part of the stories told be true, he should have managed to live so long. In the course of nature he cannot hold out much longer—and whenever he dies, it is probable that Paraguay will once more join the confederation of her sister provinces—if that confederation be not already dissolved. Meantime, it is only fair to observe that stern as this despot's sway may have been, the country subjected to it has escaped thereby a thousand evils to which the other Spanish colonies have been exposed during the same period. It must be confessed that neither Rengger nor the Robertsons afford us much really valuable information on the internal history of Paraguay, as compared with that of the other states in the same quarter of the globe; but we should not be surprised if it were to turn out hereafter that, *on the whole*, this district, hermetically sealed by its half-crazy Dictator, has made more progress than any of the rest.

*From the Edinburgh Review.*

#### FALSE TASTE—DR. CHANNING.

*Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton.*

By William Ellery Channing, LL.D. Third Edition 12mo. London: 1838.

As the name of Dr. Channing stands high in American literature for several works which have shown much vigour of thinking, some talent for declamation, and generally considerable success in composition, we are bound to observe that, had nothing from his pen ever reached us but the tract now before us, we should have been at a loss to comprehend the grounds of the reputation which he enjoys to a certain degree on either side of the Atlantic. The taste which it displays is far from being correct; his diction is exceedingly affected; and the affectation is that of extreme vigour and refinement of thought, often when he is only unmeaning, contradictory, or obscure. His opinions on critical matters likewise indicate a very defective taste, and show that, in his own practice of writing, he goes wrong on a false theory; and in pursuit of the 'striking'—the 'grand'—the 'uncommon.' That his style should be perspicuous can, indeed, hardly be expected, when he avows the incredible opinion, that a composition may be too easily understood, and complains of the

recent efforts to make science intelligible to the bulk of mankind, that their tendency is to degrade philosophy under the show of seeking after usefulness. The tract before us is, indeed, less obscurely written than the ventilation of this absurd notion by its author might have led us to expect; but, if not so unintelligible, it is fully as shallow in most of its remarks as could well have been imagined of any writing that proceeded from a very respectable quarter.

It seems to be the especial office of sound periodical criticism to watch over the purity of the public taste, and, above all, to prevent it from being tainted, by timely warning against the influence of theoretical errors committed by eminent authors, or the contagion of their evil example in practice. Men of some note, and whose names have risen into a fame beyond their real merits, may contaminate the taste of their age, both by laying down false rules of criticism which the weight of their authority has a tendency to enforce, and by themselves forming their own writings on a false model of excellence. It appears to us quite undeniable that Dr. Channing has succeeded in both these ways on the present occasion.

We had hardly opened the tract, and not proceeded through the second page, when we found such writing as the following; a grievous sample of the havoc made in the works of able and eloquent writers by the determination to say what looks striking rather than what is just, and to strain after effect rather than truth. Not content with describing Milton as 'a profound scholar and a man of vast compass of thought, and imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning'—(which is an exaggeration of the truth, for Milton had little or no scientific knowledge; but still it is like the truth which it exaggerates, and at all events it is quite intelligible)—Dr. Channing must add for effect, and in order to say something out of the ordinary way, that he was 'able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions.' Now, this is saying not only something quite out of the ordinary way, but something beyond ordinary comprehension. A man may master, and he may mould by his intellectual power;—but what is he to master? Dr. Channing says 'his own acquisitions'—as if he had said, 'this man is so wealthy that he is about to buy his own estate.' Nor is this the worst by a good deal. What meaning does the eloquent Doctor attach to the act of 'impregnating his acquisitions with his powers?' These are words—absolutely words only, and devoid of all, even the least meaning;—yet will we hold any one a wagger that the author deems them a piece of fine writing; forgetting the sound old definition of 'that which is natural without being obvious,' and falling into the too common error of fancying that every thing not obvious is worth saying, however little natural or



even intelligible. Next comes a contemptuous dismissal of the commonly received opinion, which he calls 'the superficial doctrine of the day,' that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil—a position somewhat less conclusively put down by Dr. Channing's bare dictum, than supported by the admitted fact, that the poem of an age so rude as to be now unknown even in point of date, stands at the head of all poetry. We next have some writing which, though its meaning may be traced through the words, yet is neither natural, nor graceful, nor at all distinct, even when comprehended; but then it looks showy, and is, as it were, covered with finery, until we examine it closely. Milton was conscious of that within him which could quicken all knowledge, and mould it with ease and might; give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; *bind together by binding ties and mysterious affinities the most remote discoveries*, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.' Though we have admitted the meaning here to be discernible, we believe we have admitted too much; for were the author asked to specify what he really intended to convey by the member of this sentence here printed in Italics, we are quite certain that he would be completely puzzled. He afterwards tells us that 'mind is in its own nature diffusive, and that 'it will see more and more common bearings, and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge.' In any writer who deemed the purposes of language to be the conveyance of distinct ideas, and making the reader know the author's meaning, we should not hesitate to set down '*hidden*' here as an error of the press; but we cannot profess to be sure of this at all in the present instance; nor, indeed, to have any thing like a distinct conception of what the writer would be at.

Nor is it by any unaided efforts of our own that we have been enabled to infer from Dr. Channing's practice, the account of his theory or principle of composition, to which we have just adverted. He has himself betrayed his own secret. The following passage, we verily do believe, stands unequalled among all the follies or affectations (for we can hardly conceive it to be seriously delivered) of all critics:—

'We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones;—such as energy and richness, —and in these Milton was not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries furthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be required to part

with these attributes that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences; and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love too to have our faculties tasked by master spirits. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is radiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and the soul. Such sentences are worthy and noble manifestations of a great and far-looking mind, which grasps at once vast fields of thought,—just as the natural eye takes in at a moment wide prospects of grandeur and beauty. We would not indeed have all compositions of this character. Let abundant provision be made for the common intellect. Let such writers as Addison (an honoured name) "bring down philosophy from heaven to earth." But let inspired genius fulfil its higher function of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven. Impose upon it no strict laws, for it is its own best law. Let it speak in its own language, in tones which suit its own ear. Let it not lay aside its natural port, or dwarf itself that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude. If not understood and relished now, let it place a generous confidence in other ages, and utter oracles, which futurity will expound. We are led to these remarks not merely for Milton's justification, but because our times seem to demand them. Literature, we fear, is becoming too popular. The whole community is now turned into readers, and in this we heartily rejoice; and we rejoice too that so much talent is employed in making knowledge accessible to all. We hail the general diffusion of intelligence as the brightest feature of the present age. But good and evil are never disjoined; and one bad consequence of the multitude of readers is, that men of genius are too anxious to please the multitude, and prefer a present shout of popularity to that less tumultuous, but deeper, more thrilling note of the trump of fame, which resounds and grows clearer and louder through all future ages.'

First of all, though we can with difficulty suppose all this nonsense serious, and more than half imagine it is given as the means of showing what the author thinks his power of fine writing, yet, as he certainly acts upon the principles it contains, we are led to enter our early and decided protest against all and every portion of it. Any thing more pernicious, more hurtful to all good writing, and indeed more prejudicial to accurate thinking, cannot be imagined, than the propagation of such wild absurdities, under the authority of considerable names. For, absurd as such a theory is, it falls very easily in with the careless and loose habits in which shallow thinkers and loose reasoners are prone to indulge. Once persuade them that clearness and distinctness is not an essential requisite of

diction, and there is no end to the propagation of flimsy trash, under the cover of sounding phrases; nor any limit to the prolixity of the ready and wearisome pen. All men beside Dr. Channing have held that perspicuity is the first quality of style; that whatever of ornament it may have besides, shall only be taken cumulatively, and not substitutionally (to adopt in courts critical the language of the courts of law)—as an addition, not a substitute; and whoever would give us fine words for clear ones, the life and soul of composition, does a thing quite as fatal to good writing as the act of depriving a man of air (while you give him fine clothes and rich food), would be fatal to his natural life. All other critics, in all ages, have deemed the sense the principal object, and the language only accessory, or rather subsidiary and ancillary to the meaning it is intended to convey. Accordingly, a great writer or a great orator will not suffer us to think of the words he uses, and by which he effects his purpose. 'No,' says the Quintillian of Boston, 'the language is every thing, the sense nothing; and instead of not detaining us from the ideas, it should always be obscure enough to prevent us from too easily and too quickly getting at them.' All other men had thought that the object of a journey was to reach the end of it:—'No,' says our new guide; 'your true travelling is that which stops you every half mile with the mire or an accident, to make you examine the construction of your carriage or your road.' All other men had supposed that words were used for the purpose of telling one person what another meant—all but Dr. Channing—who conceives that the great object of authors is the same with that of riddle-makers,—to display their own skill in hiding their meaning, and exercise the ingenuity of others in finding it out. His favourite is the enigmatic style, not the lucid, not the perspicuous: his cry is 'riddle my riddle;' he stops you after a period with 'Ha! do you follow me? I'll warrant you can't tell what *that* means?' And certainly, in one particular, he differs from the old-fashioned riddle-monger, who always had a meaning, and only puzzled you to get at it; while the Doctor sometimes puzzles you when he has not much more meaning than the celebrated person of quality had in writing the well-known song recorded by Dean Swift.

As to the senseless, despicable trash about 'literature becoming too popular,' and writers now being in danger of sacrificing solid fame (what he is pleased to call very affectedly the 'deep, thrilling note of the trump of fame') to gratify the multitude and 'catch the present shout of popularity,' there never was any delirium more complete. Why, it is all the other way! Dr. Channing is the person who is running after empty shouts and heedless multitudes; for he wraps up his meaning, which is often so successfully concealed that its existence is very questionable; he is trying to pass

off tinsel for sterling metal—fine sounding phrases for distinct and valuable ideas—flimsy, vague, shadowy, half-formed, half-pursued ideas, for deep thoughts;—as if every thing that looks magnified in the mist he raises round it by his volume of long words were therefore larger than what we see clearly in broad daylight;—and, having thus done, he gravely tells us that it is the attribute of a great genius to be above ordinary comprehensions, and conceal its meaning under such language, until, like the prophetic enigmas of the oracle, their meaning is discovered in some future age of the world.

When we find authors professing, and indeed laying down such absurd and at the same time dangerous principles of taste, we cannot wonder at their practice betraying the corruption of their doctrine. It is as little to be expected that their writings should be of the purity required by a just standard, as that men who hold and proclaim a profligate code of morality should lead virtuous lives. The natural temptations of passion are not more powerful allies of such a vicious system of ethics in seducing men to transgressions, than the natural indolence and carelessness which render labour irksome, and the natural self-complacency which makes severe revision and the 'sæpe stylum vertas' distasteful; or the natural impatience to appear before the world which shuts the ear to all advice about a 'nine years' suppression,' are incentives to sin against the rules of good taste, and fall into that rapid and slovenly style which proverbially makes easy writing hard reading.

To this rule of conduct we have already seen that Dr. Channing's style affords no exception. In every page we trace its evil influence in most careless thinking and most faulty diction—a constant mistaking of strange things for strong ones—a perpetual striving after some half brought out notion, of which the mind had never formed to itself any distinct picture—a substitution of the glare of words for harmonious ideas; and, we are sorry to add, not rarely that worst vice of bad writers, the assuming to use words and phrases in a sense peculiar to themselves, partly in order to strike by novelty, partly in order to save the pains of more legitimate and more correct composition. We have passed without comment such phrases as 'giving freshness to old thoughts'—but how can we allow any one to speak of Milton's poetry 'as always healthful' unless, indeed, a style so affected as this may be termed morbid, and therefore Milton's be considered as the opposite? Can any thing be more useless, and less precise, or even comprehensible, than ambitious writing like the following description of Milton's power over language? 'It belongs not to the musical ear, but to the soul! It is a gift or exercise of genius' (as if a man should say 'that pound you gave me, or spent for me, which is quite the same thing') 'which

has power to impress itself on whatever it touches' (so that genius has been turned from a giver and an exerciser, into a die or mould), 'and finds, in fancies, in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.' No one can tell what it has *now* become. Sometimes the meaning is plain enough, but quite absurd; as where he expounds the object which he has had in view in making these remarks on Milton. It seems, he had 'a higher aim than to assert the dignity of Milton as a poet; that was to endear and recommend his divine art to all who would cultivate and refine their nature.' Had it stood thus, we could have complained but little. This, however, though not a very common-place phrase, is far too much so for Dr. Channing, who must needs sublimate it by saying 'all who reverence and would cultivate and refine their nature.' What nonsense it is to speak of reverencing our own natures as a duty, or a merit of any kind!

If Dr. Channing were the only transgressor of sound critical rules—if he did not belong to a School which has of late years threatened the corruption of all correct taste, and even the subversion of our old and pure English language—we should hardly have dwelt at such length as we have done on his style; and should not have extended our reflections further than a protest against his respectable authority being used to propagate his vicious taste. But, though he is among the most distinguished, he is yet but one of a pretty large class of writers, who, chiefly in affectedly written works of exaggerated sentiment, dictated by a Narcissus-like love of their own fancied charms—in many departments of the periodical press, and still more recently in the *Annals* written by ladies and gentlemen amateurs, are filling the republic of letters with productions all the more hurtful to the public taste, that these great faults of one class cannot be committed, any more than Dr. Channing's, without some talents, though of a showy and shining rather than a sterling kind; while the emptiness of the other is balanced and set off by the arts of the engraver. It is fair to add, that Dr. Channing's language is generally free, as far as the words go, from the barbarisms with which so many of these writers, and chiefly of the periodical caste, are deforming our mother tongue. 'Tis true, his diction has nothing racy or idiomatic to recommend it; it is heavy and pompos, and far enough from the pure Saxon phrase; but it is at least of the standard currency; whereas the others utter a base gibberish of their own coining, which bids fair to supplant all the good and lawful English of the realm. They 'advocate,' and 'compete,' and 'carry out.' They 'call attention' to things which 'transpire' (occur) in all the 'grades' of society. They consider on what a thing is 'based.' Their common friends have become 'mutual.'

They 'respond' when required to answer. They see nothing afar off, but every thing 'in the distance.' Behaviour and demeanour they take no mark of, but are mighty observers of men's 'bearing' and 'port.' They will not condescend to speak of any thing as gotten or obtained; be it ever so trifling, it must be 'achieved;' be it ever so little, it must not be granted but 'conceded;' and conceded, not in spite of opposition, but 'despite' of all 'resistance.' All such words as fine, or fair, or beautiful, or blue, or red, or black, are discarded: we have, in their stead, an endless succession of things, magnificent, splendid, stupendous, azure, crimson, sable—(as if any thing could be more blue than blue, or any thing more black than black). So that really, Swift or Addison, should they come alive, would run some chance of being driven back to their own periodical writings, in order to read something which, though containing little new, was yet in a language familiar to them without the help of a Dictionary. Some of the older writers, indeed, might find themselves more at home. Shakspeare, and even Milton, would be somewhat more surprised than pleased to find certain of their loftiest flights and most violent expressions used as common words, upon every most ordinary occasion, and as if there were no other phrases in the vocabulary to serve the purpose. Thus, none would they see described as changing their mind—but 'a change had come o'er the spirit of their dream;' none as dancing, but all 'tripping it on the light fantastic toe;' none mentioned as sad, but as 'most musical, most melancholy.' They would find, too, that men had wholly ceased to marry and be given in marriage, but that they 'lead one another to the hymeneal altar.' Music, like marriage, they would find to have ceased out of the land; but replaced by 'the concord of sweet sounds;' and as to finding any thing like a pastoral poet, or even a poet at all, it would seem impossible, though at every corner of a street would be found many 'warbling their wood-notes wild.' Nay, the Christian duty of comforting the afflicted would be supposed, by these '*revenans*,' to have fallen into disuse among our community, though some unknown operation seemed in practice by the name of 'ministering to a mind diseased.' From these faults of language Dr. Channing is almost entirely free; but the new, and Narcissus or self-amatory school of writing, has worse faults than these, in which he partakes considerably; and one of the very worst we have seen that he formally and upon a perverted principle vindicates.

How well does the admirable maxim of old Roger Ascham express the principle which we have been endeavouring to inculcate, and which the new school so habitually violates! 'We ought,' said he, 'to think like great minds, and speak like the common people.' The adepts of this new school cannot certainly be said



to reverse while they break this rule; they speak unlike either ordinary or extraordinary men; and it would be far better if their thoughts more nearly resembled those of every-day mortals, than the kind of things which proceed from them,—out of joint, discoloured in their hue, distorted in their proportions,—seemingly reconciled by no one thing but their being what never would have entered any mind in its ordinary and natural state. The perpetually hunting after effect is one vice, the making language an end, not an instrument, is another; nor is there any thing less sufferable in their whole follies than the self-admiration which marks them, and has made us call them the school of Narcissus. They are themselves the centre to which all things are referred—round which all their ideas revolve. In an extatic contemplation of their own perfections, their soul lies entranced. A 'reverence of their own nature' is nearly the only reverential feeling which they know; and this we have seen is in terms inculcated by Dr. Channing. All the moods of their own mind become to them objects of contemplation. All that touches themselves, however remotely, rises into enormous dimensions in their eyes; nor can they ever be brought to imagine that other eyes than their own convey ideas to their readers. Above every thing, all that proceeds from themselves is stamped with the mark that denotes not merely sterling currency, but incalculable value; so that they would not thank you for admitting the coinage of their mint to be genuine, but you must also take it at the denomination they choose to give it; and theirs is a mint which issues nothing under thousands. A really great poet in our own times helped to encourage this absurd fancy of self-contemplation. He seems hardly to have studied any other sample of human nature than himself; and he draws all his pictures after that model. But let not the prose members of the school rock themselves in the delusion that they may with impunity imitate the worst faults of him in whose genius they have no share; else they will surely find what was to be lamented in him, only laughed at in themselves.

The worst of all, however, is the determination that pervades these compositions of never saying any thing that is of every-day use; or, if any such thing escapes them, never saying it, though a plain and ordinary thing, in a plain and ordinary way. To strike and dazzle, at all hazards and costs—at all risks of failure, at all costs of natural beauty and simplicity—is the constant aim of their penmanship, to use Lord Kenyon's happy phrase for designating one subdivision of this class of authors,—the Auctioneers. The reason, too, why all the rest of the class fall into the same error is, that, like the knights of the hammer, their reputation is from hand to mouth; and as, like comedians, they live to please, so must they please to live. Hence the unavoidable temptation rather to seek after,

to think on, and to do whatsoever things are striking or showy, rather than 'whatsoever things are just and true.' Simplicity and nature in the ideas is sacrificed to far-fetched conceits; sobriety and chasteness in the colouring, to glitter and glare; clearness and perspicuity in the language, to what are deemed picturesque expressions; but which, nine times in ten, are only forced and fantastical words, and as often words used in new, and therefore unexplained senses, as in their established meaning. Then, when a broken fragment of a figure is caught hold of, it is mistaken for the production of true genius, while it is most commonly nothing more than a clumsy and shapeless bit of mixed metaphor; or an approximation to some confused image, of which no precise idea had ever any where been formed. Yet surely it requires no argument to prove that the first of all virtues in language is precision and clearness,—precise adaptation to the ideas intended to be expressed, and a plain and certain expression of them. To be sure, this imposes the twofold necessity of having ideas to express; and of perceiving them clearly in the mind before clothing them in words; nor is it doubtful that much of the bad writing we complain of arises from the defect in both these essential particulars; and from a vain attempt to make a string of words supply the thing wanting. Nor is it more to be questioned that simple and just, and, above all, correct images, are infinitely preferable to those which are overstrained and far-fetched. See how the greater painters always did. Far from laying their imaginations under contribution, they always copied nature scrupulously. Appelles formed his Venus by surveying all the most famous beauties of the Greek islands, and selecting the actual features from the whole. Modern painters seek out in nature the very root, or branch, or rock, or rill, which they would paint; and are always manifestly uneasy and disturbed when they have to depart from their actually existing models. Sir Walter Scott, whose great art lay in exact descriptions of nature and of character, was continually in pursuit of some piece of natural scenery, or some existing character, or some real display of passion or feeling; and he would only draw on his own fancy for filling up the interstices, or supplying vacancies in the models which nature furnished. So, when the painter has covered his canvass, he spreads over it a clear, pellucid, almost colourless varnish, to soften and harmonize its tints, never to distort or obscure them. But our most clumsy and most inventive artists, despising nature and her works, will have square blue trees, amidst round green rocks, and scarlet lawns watered by yellow streamlets, as far more striking and surprising; and, having so filled in their picture, they must cover it over with a varnish which, by way of giving it expression, is so troubled as to let but little of the outline be seen through it.



And so they conceive that, as Dr. Channing hath it, 'they are following the laws of immortal intellect;'—'blending into new forms, and according to new affinities;'—'fulfilling their higher functions of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven;'—placing generous confidence in other ages—uttering oracles which futurity will expound.'

If any one thing can be more preposterous than another in all this, it is the notion taken up by Dr. Channing that plainness and simplicity are inconsistent with force. He says in the passage—the incredible passage above cited—that though 'simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style, there are vastly nobler and more important ones,—such as energy and richness;' as if a man were to say, 'Air is good for health, but perfume is far better.' This is exactly the blunder our author has here fallen into. The perfume is useless to men who are stifled for want of air; and the access of the air, far from excluding the perfume, is required to waft it. Who ever heard before of clearness and simplicity being incompatible, of all things, with energy? Why, common parlance almost weds the two together. Thus, we say, 'simple energy'—'simple and energetic'—and did our critic ever hear of one Dante? or, peradventure, of one Homer? Who ever thought that he was solving a riddle, as far as the diction was concerned, when he read the energetic passages of those great masters of the sublime? Not only do the combinations of the words all present the correct solution of the meaning, but the plainest words are always employed in all the passages of greatest energy. To give instances would be endless. We are stating things of proverbial truth, and of every day observation. A learned divine like Dr. Channing must have often made the same remark on the more powerful passages of the Scriptures. The writings of the Greek orators and Greek tragedians, as well as the finest passages of both Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy are full of similar instances.

Much of the evil taste of which we complain, no doubt arises from the prevalence of periodical writings, and the daily demand of the reading public for matter of amusement or excitement. The reader's appetite gets thus to be somewhat depraved, by being jaded; so that it requires incessant stimulants; and then the demand is to be supplied by those who, being allowed a very limited time in which to cater for the propensity they have helped to create, must be content to do the best they can; so they drug the potion high which they have not the leisure to make delicate; and, above all, they take the materials nearest at hand, and which may be compounded with the least labour or skill. As ever happens in such cases, things act and re-act on one another; and while the constant and easy supply of highly, though coarsely seasoned matter, vitiates the appetite more and more, this degradation

renders it necessary to make the stuff more coarse and more stinging to the palate.

The necessities of the Quarterly Purveyor are considerably less urgent and less hurtful in this respect; but we are very far indeed from standing aloof, taking ourselves out of the caste to which we belong, and, with folded arms and self-satisfied aspect, thanking God that we are not as other writers are. Nay, we know, we lament, and we complain, that we have often had the charge,—the awful charge—of dullness, or heaviness, brought against Numbers of this Journal, containing various papers of the utmost ability, the greatest originality, the purest composition, on subjects of the highest importance,—but,—not variegated or set off by what are called *brilliant* or *striking* articles. We hope that we have not often yielded to such clamours in the exercise of our functions; but we are conscious, upon the retrospect, of having been sometimes compelled to surrender our own better judgment to the prevailing taste; although, upon the graver charges which we have been discussing, our principle has uniformly been to abide by the standard, long established, of correct taste; to make head against all innovations in it; and to cry down all base coin by whomsoever uttered.

Yet, let us add, that as evil example is eminently contagious, the corruption of which we are complaining has extended to works, the composition of which offered no such excuse as the necessities of Periodical publication; and the subject of which rendered the offence far more inexplicable. The scientific writings of later years have been debased by the vitious taste, the foolish vanity of running after ornaments on matters that deny themselves to the ornamental; and *should be* content with the didactic. The yearly assemblages of scientific men—professedly to argue and confer, where investigation or even consultation is utterly impossible, really to display themselves before multitudes wholly incapable of appreciating any valuable matter uttered before them, and only likely to comprehend the trash unavoidably spoken upon such occasions—have greatly lowered the standard of taste among our men of science. There lies before us a book in which you can perpetually trace an unnatural twisting of the subject under consideration for a page or more, and cannot tell what it is the author is running after; till behold a long quotation in blank verse or rhyme makes its appearance, and shows that all the effort was to introduce it. Another really writes on some of the stricter sciences in trope and metaphor; nor he among the least of our mathematicians. A third, and one the greatest of all, will have it that Laplace's great work is a 'kind of scientific poem.' Let us hope that the contagion will spread no further; or, if it does, that we shall no longer speak of French tinsel; for, assuredly, no name of any renown, amongst our

neighbours, can be cited as giving the least countenance to aberrations like these. The offenders should learn to be content with their own domains, and bear in mind, that even if they possessed the arts, the inferior arts, of the orator and the poet, to use them on their own subjects or in any connexion with these, would be just as absurd as if Mr. Wordsworth or Mr. Campbell were to put Euclid into a ballad, or an orator at some public meeting were to declaim upon the principles of dynamics.

It remains that we say something respecting the substance of Dr. Channing's tract; although we have already stated that it is the faulty style and the heterodox critical matter which induced us to undertake this discussion. Some, however, of the same errors also pervade the opinions which he delivers respecting Milton, although here we find far more that is valuable and deserving of unqualified commendation. He has a strong and lively sense (as who, indeed, in these days has not!) of the prodigious merits of that great man, both as a poet and a citizen; nor are these, as might be expected, lessened in his eyes, by the accident which makes the modern and the ancient republican, the Unitarians of the nineteenth and the seventeenth century, the Independents who abhor church establishments on either side of the Atlantic, coincide in all their opinions, religious as well as political. Our author's, however, is a discriminating and sober, not a blind admiration; he feels the beauties of the illustrious poet as a critic, not as a partizan; and if he sometimes misplaces his praise, and sometimes fancies he is discovering beauties long since well known and universally admired, we can pardon these little excesses, proceeding, as they do, from a laudable fondness for so noble and so inspiring a theme.

Thus, after describing his almost unrivalled sublimity and immense power—though somewhat as if neither Homer nor Dante had ever lived—he adds, 'His sublimity is in every man's mouth: it is felt that his poetry breathes a sensibility and tenderness hardly surpassed by its sublimity!' After some not very happy remarks, and, truth to say, not very intelligible, on 'great minds, being masters of their own enthusiasm,' and 'having a sensibility more intense and enduring,' and 'being more self-possessed and less perturbed than those of other men, and therefore less observed and felt, except by those who understand, through their own consciousness, the workings and utterance of genuine feelings'—he gives instances to prove that Milton could write with pathos and tenderness. Two are from 'Comus;' and the discovery made by Dr. Channing through this 'congenial feeling and consciousness' to other men denied, is the *unknown* passage beginning, 'Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould.' After this we are the less surprised at the other *unknown* passage of 'Paradise Lost,' now brought

to light, painting our first parents meeting in the morning, in which every other line is still as much the subject of constant quotations as Hamlet's soliloquy—e. g., 'Heaven's last best gift,' the bee 'extracting liquid sweet,' 'temperate vapours bland,' &c. &c. But it is as well to note that he does not quote a far better instance, and one very much less hackneyed by the followers of Dr. Pangloss, namely, Adam's address to Eve, beginning,

'Sweet is the breath of morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds,' &c.

There is a great deal said, and certainly not too much, on the character of Satan; but of all the magical power displayed by the great bard, we believe there is none more transcendent, and none where his truly original genius more appears than in his picture of Death,—by Milton first made awful and horrid, without any mean or low association,—because by him first severed from the picture of a skeleton, and involved in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which for that very reason, we may add in passing, Fuseli never should have committed the gross blunder of endeavouring to paint, because, for that very reason, the subject was necessarily withdrawn from the dominion of the pencil. Indeed, nothing is so remarkable as the manner in which Milton always sustains the same idea as often as he has occasion to mention the dreadful and hated being—never delineating one trait by which a picture can be formed in the imagination—never realizing a lineament in any material form, but ever keeping up the fear and the hatred which he had associated with the idea. He is the 'grisly horror'—'the execrable thing'—the 'grim feature;' as when he paints, or seems to paint him, delighted at the Fall, after describing the joy of vultures over a distant battle which they scent from on high—

'So scented the grim feature, and upturned  
His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.'

But we are falling into Dr. Channing's error—'smit with the love of sacred song:' only it is singular that he should make no allusion whatever to this extraordinary portion of 'Paradise Lost.'

We think, too, that no sound critic of a manly understanding should have treated of the subject without entering his protest against the pedantic, affected displeasure shown by Addison upon one famous passage, and all the more strange in an acknowledged wit and even humorist, as well as man of undoubted taste; but it is plain that the 'parson in the tye-wig' got the better of the author of the 'Drummer.' We allude to his somewhat sharp censure on the striking and happy picture of the fiends' mirthful joking, perhaps imitated from, or at least suggested by, Dante's famous dialogue between Sinon and Adamo in the 'Inferno.' It

is remarkable that Addison seems really unable to find any other matter of blame in the whole twelve Books; though assuredly the harshness of some parts, and the dulness of others, which have, as Johnson truly observed, given '*Paradise Lost*' so many more examiners than readers, might have furnished better scope for criticism.

From the poetry, Dr. Channing turns to the prose writings of Milton; and he at once pronounces it to be a lesson long known to the initiated, and which the public are now learning, that they contain passages hardly inferior to his best poetry, and that they are marked throughout with the same vigorous mind which gave us '*Paradise Lost*.' Now, as we are not amongst the initiated, we must take leave to pause upon this dictum, which prefaces the eulogy upon obscure composition already cited and discussed. We entirely deny the superlative merits of Milton's prose compositions; without, of course, doubting that they have great beauties of a certain kind, and contain occasionally fine passages. Nor is our denial grounded, as Dr. Channing would suppose, from his defence of obscurity, upon that or upon their difficulty, for indeed we do not see any obscurity or difficulty in them; but they are written in a style the reverse of natural; the matter is always, or almost always, very inferior to the stilted diction; the author is ever labouring to look big; he is making a vast noise, and you cannot tell why; he is writing about it, and about it, without coming to the point. Nor is his diction, either in the arrangement, or the words, any thing like English. Does any one really believe that we should use a language such as the following—only remarkable for its involution, and for being pompous, whilst it says nothing? It is part of a passage cited by our author as exemplifying Milton's 'noble style.'—'Conceiving, therefore, this wayward subject against Prelaty, the touching whereof is so distasteful and disquietous to a number of men, as by what hath been said I may deserve of my readers to be credited, that neither envy nor gall hath entered ever upon this controversy, but the enforcement of conscience only, and a preventive fear lest the emitting of this duty should be against me, when I would store up to myself the good provision of peaceful hours.' Nor do we much more admire the description of poetry ending with 'Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtilties or refluxes of man's thoughts; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe.' So where he alludes to his immortal work then planned, possibly begun, he describes it as 'not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourant, or the trencher

fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the provocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters.' Again, he speaks of 'God and his secretary, conscience,' and 'a conscience that could retch.' The prayer at the end of the '*Reformation in England*' has been always much admired; and its impressive and solemn magnificence is not denied, any more than that so great an occasion as prayer to the Most High justifies lofty diction. Yet how does it conclude? 'In supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over measure for ever.' Now, when we humbly venture to reject this style altogether (and we might give far worse samples, for indeed these are taken from the very finest passages), we have on our side no less than the high authority of Milton himself, to set against Dr. Channing's. Who ever could trace the faintest resemblance to such diction in any of those divine compositions, where, being at home, he writes at his ease and naturally—walking without stilts, and thinking not of himself but of his great subject? What line in all the '*Paradise Lost*' ever approaches in the least degree to such turgid inflation? 'There all is simple, and easy, and light, and natural—even where the theme is most lofty, and would excuse, nay, almost demand, a swelling in the diction. The truth is, that Milton wrote Prose upon a False system, and Poetry on a True. He seems to have thought that a man must never write as he would speak. Whatever he had got to say must be delivered in an out of the way fashion. Not a sentence can be found in all the prose works which is easy or natural. Not an idea meets us which a person would have expressed in the same way had he followed the simple course of telling us plainly what he thought and meant. It is an eternal labour of language, very sonorous doubtless, but very often out comes nothing, or but little, from all the heavings of the mountain. Ask you an example of the contrast which the poetry affords, so as almost to make us fancy he thought and talked in blank verse, and only composed when he sat him down to write in prose, '*numerus lege solutus*?' It may be found in every line, but certainly in all the finest passages. Take the exquisite address to Eve, already referred to, at almost any part, from the beginning, which we have cited, to the end.

'But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glittering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon  
Or glittering starlight, without thee are sweet!'

So the famous morning prayer—

'Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise!  
Ye mists and exhalations, that ascend  
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling, still advance His praise!  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters sweep,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your heads, ye pines,  
And every plant, in sign of worship, wave!

Nay, the marvellous description of Death is itself as simple in the diction as may be; and can any thing exceed its power? In all this there is nothing inflated, swollen, unnatural; nothing of 'solid or treatable smoothness'—or 'trencher fury'—or 'flowing at waste'—or 'Dame Memory'—or 'conscience God's secretary'—or 'conscience retching'—'and men splitting their faith,'—nothing of 'irrevoluble and dateless' or 'inseparable hands'—or even of 'over measure.' The same language might be used in a speech at this day, where the subject was grave, and the matter was duly wrought up, and the hearers prepared. In all the description of Death, there is not a word above the common standard of conversation—not a phrase out of the ordinary way of speaking. Does Dr. Channing imagine it to be the less powerful because of this plainness? Indeed, even if many inflated passages should be shown in the poetry, what an account of a prose style is it to say, that it is always of the same inflation with certain passages of a poem undertaking to describe Heaven and Hell, and record the battles of devils with the Almighty and his seraphic host? But it is also to be added, that, find out inflated passages when you may, and in whatever numbers, the admiration of ages has been stamped upon the others, as the glory of Milton's name, and that these others are written in a style as plain, as perspicuous, as natural, as the prose diction is turgid and out of nature.

*From the Monthly Chronicle.*

#### DIARY OF A DUTCH DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON.

[CONCLUDED.]

Prince Henry Casimir arrives in London, in order to solicit the post of field-marshal; he is very coolly received.

Dykveld reproaches Witsen at table with the old story of the enlistment of 16,000 men, and the consequent punishment of the gentlemen of Utrecht who were cashiered, although they had been originally instigated by the promises made to them in Amsterdam.

Dykveld is continually holding private conferences with the king concerning the affairs of England and Holland, and writes sketches of letters and other papers for him.

Smith, an English merchant, gained more than

20,000*l.* by diving for silver, which had been lost in ships wrecked on the coast.

All the ambassadors are entertained by the king during the space of three days on the occasion of their public entry. Witsen ridicules all this vanity.

Lord Clarendon, one of the first who had joined the Prince of Orange, now abandons his cause, on account of his aspiring to the crown, instead of resting satisfied with the regency; which Clarendon looked upon as inconsistent with his first declaration.

The address which was usual on the public audience of the ambassadors, was spoken by Van Oyen, and during the delivery, Witsen stood behind him with a written copy of it in his hand, in order to prompt him in case he should become confused, as it had happened to him once before; he afterwards went all wrong while addressing the prince and princess of Denmark.

Dykveld relates at table how important a part he had taken in bringing about the revolution in England, and mentions every thing that had occurred to him. Bentinck is accused by the English of selling public offices. His conduct is very freely canvassed in the coffee-houses.

Witsen hears that Dykveld had treated privately with the princess of Denmark when he was last in London, and had then settled the order of the succession with her, so that even at that early period the crown was the object aspired to. The ambassadors receive instructions to negotiate on the subject of the dispute between Denmark and Holstein.

Odyk is quite silent as to the dispute about the precedence, the king's will being his law.

Great scarcity of money continues to prevail in England, because the question of the crown was carried by a majority, and the party is now become a faction, influenced underhand by the clergy. Much time was also lost in intrigues concerning the crown.

Baron Görts had learned confidentially, through the medium of Straatman at Vienna, that France and England had both solicited the emperor formerly to exert himself in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, and to abandon Holland to its fate; in which case France was to convert the truce into a treaty of peace, to restore Alsatia, and to give up the dispute concerning the Palatinate.

The ambassadors having required of Lord Nottingham that our prizes carried into English ports should be tried before the courts in Holland and Zealand, according to treaty, he replied, "The law here is above all treaties; the king concludes treaties, but he cannot make them against the laws; and there is a law here by which we are empowered to detain and to try before our courts all vessels which we find in our ports."

Bentinck, and even the king himself, endeavoured to prevail upon Witsen to take upon himself the charge



of Van Beuningen, who was become insane; but he positively refused this trust (though it was attended with both honour and profit), as he was of opinion that no one should be deprived of an office on account of any malady.

On the 20th of June a conference was held on the subject of the pending treaties.

Van Citters objects to a treaty offensive and defensive. The king takes little part in the negotiation, in order to avoid giving umbrage to the English.

Several well-meaning Englishmen intreat Witsen to advise the king not to shut himself up alone with Bentinck, and to be more affable. Dykvelde drank Witsen's health at table, and wished him more courage; he took this much amiss, and said he had as much courage as any man.

Hambden reproached Witsen on account of the considerable profits which he said the city of Amsterdam had derived from the sale of arms sent over to England from that city; this was regarded by the latter as a striking proof of British ingratitude.

The king is often gloomy, melancholy, and unwell, and appears very different in England from what he was in Holland; this made Ouwerkerk once observe, "Would it not have been preferable to have kept his honour unblemished, and to have avoided the expense?" Witsen adds, "He misses here the vigorous activity of Fagel." Dykvelde himself observes an alteration in his appearance. Our privateers who have brought French prizes into English ports, have in several instances been arrested here, and the vessels claimed by British subjects on the false pretence of a previous transfer of the property.

Heimskerck is accused of having first adhered pertinaciously to Danish interests and then gone over on loose grounds to the Swedish side.

Malicious people call the king the presbyterian Messiah.

The king is desirous that all vessels whatever coming from and going to France may be captured. Witsen represented to him that this would offend the Swedes and other states, but the king insists upon this measure being carried into effect.

The common people say the king thinks of every thing; the queen tells every thing; the prince of Denmark drinks every thing; the princess eats every thing; the Scotch parliament does every thing, but the English parliament does nothing.

The king laughs at the solicitations of our ambassadors for commercial advantages, and the repeal of the act of the year 1651. The latter, he asserts, is utterly impossible. He wastes many hours of his precious time in attending horse-races.

Witsen thinks that the reason of the king's doing less in England than he did in Holland is, that he is

here under the necessity of carrying his designs into effect himself; whereas in Holland he had but to give his instructions, and they were immediately realised by those about him.

An attempt has already been made to infringe the treaty regarding the union of the two fleets. According to that treaty, all prizes were to be tried before the courts where the captors resided; but the vessels brought by the Dutch into British ports are now daily arrested.

The ambassadors confer with the king on the subject of a mutual stipulation in the treaty, not to conclude a separate peace; but Witsen, in particular, sees many objections to it. "England," he observes, "may hold out much longer than we can do; we could now make peace with France, but England cannot."

When the king made answer to any proposal that he would take it into consideration, this was found to be equivalent to a refusal; the nation was displeased at this.

He repeated to Witsen what he had before observed to him, that the state ran most hazard from the side of France during the winter, which was now, however, gone by. Witsen reminded him in reply that, according to his majesty's opinion, every thing would be settled in England immediately after he landed, which was far from being the case. He further remarked, "We should not have been involved in the war, if the expedition to England had not been undertaken."

Witsen was informed from undoubted authority, that the king had said he would rather be in any situation than king of England, as he now was, and that no one in Holland would venture to hold such language to him, as the parliament of England did.

The English continue to proceed with the greatest injustice against the prizes brought into their ports by Dutch privateers; the laws of England, they allege, must take their course, although, according to information obtained by Witsen, the law alluded to was never enforced against other nations; Odyk, though a Zealander, opposes Witsen on this question, in order to flatter the king.

The king is well aware of the remarks current in the coffee-houses; that the English nation has beheaded one king, dethroned another, and would know very well what to do with the third.

Witsen made great exertions to procure the release of Captain Wildschut, of Rotterdam, and his prize, but he could obtain no other result than an assurance from Nottingham that he would see whether the affair could be accommodated.

He advises the king to be more familiar with his subjects; to dine with the lord-mayor, and to review the train-bands: his majesty expressed his willingness to visit the lord-mayor. Witsen again complained to him

of the jealousy with which the English regarded our commerce and shipping, and the ill usage experienced by our privateers, but it was all in vain.

No progress is made in the treaty, because the English insist upon the condition to make peace and war conjunctly, and to capture every vessel, without regard to the flag.

The king urges the conclusion of the treaty, in order that the crown may be fixed on his head by means of our arms, our men and money, and that we may be kept at war as long as France chooses to assist king James.

The king gives preference to his enemies in bestowing the public offices, thinking that he can always depend upon his friends. Witsen adds, "I have positive proofs of this."

He complains that the Dutch merchantmen are detained many months in England for want of convoy, and one of his own vessels among the rest.

The king said to Witsen, "What would the pensionary say if he were to look up, and to see the fickleness of the people here? I always foretold that it would be the case, but he would not believe me."

The English commissioners refuse to grant any commercial advantages to Holland.

On the 28th of July the king begins to converse with Witsen more freely and confidentially than before, and with the same affability as he did formerly at the Hague.

When the ambassadors mentioned to the king that his ministers often said to them, the king has no power to do this or that, he was very angry.

It was a great advantage for the English that they could appoint convoys for their merchantmen, which the Dutch could not do, because the combined fleet was under the command of an English admiral.

According to what the king told Dykvelt, every member of the ministry and of the privy council, with the exception of Halifax only, were unfavourably disposed towards Holland; some of them even went so far as to say that he should resign the office of stadtholder, as it was not consistent with the royal dignity.

Witsen complains bitterly to Dykvelt of the imposition practised upon him by the assurances given that the trade of Holland by sea should be protected, and the money advanced repaid; and he declares that he would never have come over if he could have foreseen the result: he gives him full permission to report all this to the king.

Witsen refuses to sign the treaty, which all the other ambassadors, except Van Citters, are ready to do. He wishes to wait the receipt of an answer to a letter which he had written to Heinsius on the subject. Danby declares openly that efforts are making here to establish a republic.

Dykvelt censures Witsen very sharply for having

written to Heinsius: "I suffer more here," says he, "than I ever had to endure from my parents or at school. I am constantly reprimanded, and I curse the hour I came over to this country, as well as that when this affair was first broached. Oh that I had never been applied to! the injuries my countrymen and myself have suffered, would then be less bitterly lamented by me."

He informs the king that he receives no letters from Amsterdam; that, having no occupation here, he had read the whole Bible through, and a number of English authors. He laments the loss of a half share in a Surinam trader, which, in the heat of the moment, he says, was gone to the devil.

On the 11th of August the Chevalier Chardin tells him that the king had ruined his cause by accepting the crown. This he had already stated to Dykvelt three days after the arrival of the ambassadors. Dr. Burnet made the same remark to him. The regency might have been obtained, said Chardin, with honour and enjoyed in peace, but the crown had been preferred with civil war; and, to promote this object, Bentinck and Dykvelt exerted their active endeavours, the former particularly, with much zeal, either from the impulse of his own mind, or otherwise. The queen could make long prayers when in the Hague, but at Windsor, when the first sermon was to be preached before her, she did not make her appearance till twelve o'clock. The king was too covetous.

The Dutch ambassadors are recalled without any solicitation on their part, which is an unprecedented occurrence. This was occasioned by Dykvelt's letters to Heinsius.

Manshire is of opinion that Ireland was neglected for reasons connected with state policy, in order that the country might be the sooner involved in a contest with France. Witsen differs from him in opinion on this subject. Witsen thought that the king was more attached to Holland than to England, but he could get little done. His majesty endeavours to prevail on Witsen to sign the treaty: he acknowledges that it was unlawful to capture neutral vessels, but alleged that it was necessary. It was cannon law, he said.

He asks Witsen for information concerning the magistracy of Amsterdam—inquired who was to be appointed burgomaster—in what estimation Hop was held, and whether it was probable that he would maintain his influence there, which Witsen answered in the affirmative. "I shall nevertheless nominate your nephew schepen," resumed the king (a casual vacancy having occurred). Witsen did not know to whom he had alluded, whether Blaauss or Bakker, as he had recommended both to the king in the spring of the year, as friends of Hudde and himself. His majesty added, that it was quite indifferent to him which of them was elected: the choice fell upon Bakker, but

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Witsen would have been better pleased if Blaauws had been appointed; his name, however, had not been distinguished in the usual manner on the list.

Witsen petitioned the king in vain to permit the free importation of Delft earthenware.

Witsen resolved at last on the 22nd to sign the treaty, being apprehensive that if he persisted in his refusal, affairs in England would be involved in difficulties, which the king would be unable to overcome.

Van Citters, however, still refuses to accede.

Witsen is informed that Bentinck's emoluments continue to be considerable, and may be estimated at 30,000 rixdollars, in addition to the 100,000 he has already realised, but, he adds, God knows whether it be true!

In conversation with Dykvelde, the king inadvertently mentioned that the continuance of the war depended mainly upon the city of Amsterdam.

The English commissioners seize every prize brought into Plymouth by Dutch armed vessels, and plunder neutral ships of their cordage.

Dykvelde writes numerous letters for the king, and some even to the pensionary Heinsius; his majesty never speaks to Witsen now about state affairs, so that he adds, I am a complete cypher here, as well as all the other members of the embassy, excepting Dykvelde. On the 3d of September the treaty was at length signed by Witsen, but not without much perturbation of mind, as his tremulous signature testifies. Heinsius advised him to do it, and he received no instructions to the contrary from the government, or from the city of Amsterdam. Van Citters still deferred signing, being ill at the time.

Immediately after this, Nottingham stated that the king would likewise become party to the treaty with the emperor. Nottingham had settled this privately beforehand with Dykvelde.

The Dutch merchants in England declare to Witsen that they never were treated so ill as at present.

On the 11th Witsen endeavours to speak to the king, but in vain. It was Sunday, and his majesty locked himself up in the afternoon with Bentinck, admitting nobody else.

In a conference on the 23d it was determined to confiscate all Hamburg and imperial vessels, which had sailed for French ports previous to the declaration of war. It was at the same time judged proper to release the Swedish and Danish vessels, seizing however all enemy's property on board.

A sketch of a treaty with Denmark was then laid before the ambassadors, but they had received no instructions on the subject from their government. On the 25th Witsen was at last admitted to a private audience with the king, after having requested it five times in vain. He took this opportunity to represent to him the critical state of Surinam. "I now per-

ceive," says he, "very clearly, that every thing here, even justice itself, is venal."

Nottingham, Van Citters, &c. were of opinion that the Hamburg and imperial vessels, which had sailed before the declaration of war, ought not to be condemned; but the king wished it to be so, and it must accordingly be done.

"I now obtained intelligence," writes Witsen, "which convinces me that justice is venal here, even in the courts of admiralty; and several decisions, both for and against our people, had already led me to suspect this." He was informed of the very sums paid.

The king, speaking of the perils attending his passage over to England, related that the whole business would have been marred, had not Captain Van Nes (who commanded the ship in which his majesty was embarked) very imprudently deferred his departure for a whole tide, contrary to the orders he had received: the fleet would otherwise have assembled in the north according to the original plan, and the whole expedition would have miscarried.

Our ships are compelled to pay harbour dues at Plymouth, although the king had relieved them from that charge; but, in answer to every remonstrance made, the English say, the king had no authority to do it.

The English assert that the city of London alone had lost 500,000*l.* by the want of regular convoys, but Witsen proved to the king that Holland had lost a million by the same neglect. Engelburg and Dykvelde now obtain from the king permission to appoint the magistrates in their own towns, "whereas," says Witsen, "I could not obtain the appointment of a single schep en of my own choice."

The king offers, through the medium of Bentinck, to make Witsen a baron; but he declined the honour, fearing to excite jealous feelings in Amsterdam.

The king is surprised to learn that Hop is coming over to England in the character of envoy-extraordinary, as he intended him to come merely as a private individual, to give an account of the state of affairs at the court of Vienna. Witsen disapproved of it, on the ground that, if every envoy did the same, great expense would be incurred. Some idea is entertained of keeping Hop in London as ambassador to the king, in order to prevent his return to Amsterdam.

On the 5th of October the ambassadors had their audience of leave.

The king informed Dykvelde, that endeavours were made to injure Witsen in his opinion.

On the 7th, Witsen converses with the king in the bedchamber; and, among other subjects, he discusses matters of religion, explains to him the doctrines of predestination and free will, and informs him, that Arminianism was losing ground at Amsterdam.

Goderich, admiral Dartmouth's brother-in-law, who

had exerted himself to promote the prince's interest in the north, informed Witsen, that captain Braket, having been driven out of his course, and near to the coast of England, hailed a fisherman, and inquired whether an insurrection had not broken out in the country, informing him, at the same time, that the prince was at sea with a numerous fleet, and would very soon arrive. The fisherman spread the report, which created much uneasiness in the prince's party, especially among the soldiers who had been gained over to his cause; and their anxiety increased when the fleet did not make its appearance.

Dykveld, says Witsen, takes the upper hand in our house, not only of me, but of our premier Odyk. The king, he adds, dissembles greatly, and praised my conduct at the audience of leave.

The English confiscate Dutch goods in neutral vessels coming from France, and restore English property in the same predicament, on the plea that the parliament had not sanctioned the war when the goods were shipped.

Hop is now daily expected, and this creates a great deal of jealousy. Some apprehend that he will stand in their way, others that he will quite upset them.

Dr. Corel, vice-chancellor of Cambridge, harangued the king on his knees at Newcastle. This looked very idolatrous. He had been three years court chaplain at the Hague, and was banished from thence because he had, by King James's desire, engaged with some ladies in a conspiracy to prejudice the princess against the prince, to carry her away privately, and induce her to marry a French popish Prince. He and the ladies were sent back to England on this account. King James made him vice-chancellor; and now he appeared in the presence of King William, without having seen him or spoken to him since the above occurrence, and made a declamatory speech to him, extolling him as a saint and a saviour, and expressing his detestation of the late government. It was however observed, that he never once looked the king in the face.

His majesty spent a merry evening at Newmarket, drinking rather freely, which is not otherwise his custom, and he got a little tipsy; he hereby advanced much in the good graces of the English lords, who were greatly pleased with his excursion to Newmarket.

Dykveld accused Witsen of making complaints against him at court, which the latter said was false. "Never," adds he, "from my earliest years have I heard so much harsh language as here in England, and that without the least cause."

On the 14th of November, the king's birthday, Witsen appeared at court. It is here the custom only to make a bow, without speaking.

The loss suffered by merchants in Holland, in con-

sequence of the detention of their ships at Plymouth, amounted, says Witsen, to 20,000 florins a day.

Bentinck requests Witsen to employ some Cocceian theologians at Amsterdam, to draw up a plan of union between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians.

Such was the zeal of Fagel in the prince's service (according to authentic accounts received by Witsen), that he always followed his opinion, though contrary to his own, saying, that the will and opinion of a prince were always a law to him.

Major Wildman asserts, that the king does nothing without the consent of Bentinck. Witsen observed in reply, that he probably only consulted him. No, resumed Witsen, we have paid particular attention to this.

Some persons assure Witsen that he has lost the favour of the king, and that he is only retained here because his services are required. Bentinck, however, positively asserts the contrary, so that Witsen is quite at a loss what to think of it.

Witsen intimates to the king, that Hop would not produce his credentials as envoy, unless it were perfectly agreeable to his majesty, as he set out for England contrary to the opinion of the gentlemen of Amsterdam.

The king wrote to the elector of Brandenburg, that he trusted to his perseverance in the good cause; but the object of the elector was to gain money, and money could not at this juncture be sent out of England.

Somebody reported to Witsen that the king was displeased with him, because he had not conceded the question of precedence. "This," answered Witsen, "is a pearl in my crown."

The parliament is dissatisfied, because so little has been done this summer.

Some members of parliament express to Witsen their fears that the king will aspire to absolute power; others say, that if the king is desirous of recovering the favour of the nation, he must do something striking, and must remove some lords from his presence.

On the 24th, Witsen set off from London, and arrived in the Hague on the 28th. On the 29th, he made his report to their high mightinesses, the States General, and, a few days after, to the states of Holland; and he concludes his journal with the following words, viz:

"My report occupied more than an hour in the delivery, and thus terminated this deputation and embassy to England, in the course of which I have witnessed many remarkable events, endured much vexation, tasted both of bitters and sweets, beheld the inconstancy and vanity of courts, and finally obtained the conviction, that the private station of the citizen, who lives retired and forgotten, is most eligible."



*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

# UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MARY STUART.

*Lettres inédites de Marie Stuart accompagnées de diverses Dépêches et Instructions, 1559—1587. Publiées par le Prince Alex. Labanoff. 8vo. Paris, 1839.*

The historical world and the reading public of Europe have long before now, we believe, made up their minds upon the oft-mooted question as to the guilt or innocence of Mary Stuart, and even in great measure as to the degree in which she was implicated in the plots of the times. Yet the subject will afford an eternal interest. It was not merely a question of dry historical fact, in which conflicting testimonies were to be examined and weighed together, and the value of each witness calmly ascertained: it was not merely mixed up with a political question, nor complicated only by that most difficult of considerations, the tendency and collision of rival and hostile creeds. Yet this alone might suffice, for in this case the best and holiest feelings of our nature, enlisted in the worst of causes, are so liable to perversion and deterioration in themselves, and so easily warped to the vilest courses under the most sacred of sanctions, half hallowing even while it debases, that the severest scrutiny and soundest judgment of inquirers are continually misled in the examination, of feelings and passions that continually deceived even those whom they actuated at the time.

These causes, however efficient to throw doubt over the subject, are not the sole complications. Historic certainties and sectarian violence do not always maintain their importance; the struggle of a rising against a failing religion, even though its epoch was the era of emancipation from political, through religious, thralldom, is not always a matter of equal interest to all, even of the descendants of those who fought the great fight of its liberty. But in regarding the particular case before us, we find a deeper thread is interwoven throughout the web; a softer pulse is awakened, and in the universal breast, that asks nothing from judgment or devotion. Apart from all other considerations, the difficulties of Mary's position, the passions, prejudices, ambition, the vices and violences of her masters and tyrants, whether followers or enemies, stand out in fearful relief, and excuse, in spite of our judgments, her own unnumbered faults. We view her as the subject of Grecian tragedy, the single victim of unrelenting fates; and her youth, her rank, her sex, her isolation; her utter helplessness, and the unrivalled beauty that provoked and exaggerated yet defied, sustained, and half atoned misfortune, all join to form the halo that sheds light on that corruption. We rise from the

damning tale of evidence as from a painful romance, and drown unwilling censure in sad and sorrowing admiration. We feel by the head and think by the heart: the truth of history fixes the case in our minds, and imagination invests it with a constant though factitious charm. We read the facts and are convinced; yet turn to fancy, and prefer to doubt.

If anything however were wanting to complete the chain of evidence against the ill-judging and unfortunate Mary, it would be the letters published in the volume before us. Yet if they leave no doubt whatever of the reality of circumstances upon which she was condemned, we question much if they will in the least diminish the personal interest in her fate. Nothing but this could have stood out so long against the accumulated and daily increasing proofs of her guilt: but this we conceive will last as long as her name, and ever plead, and plead effectually, the many extenuating circumstances that excuse and perhaps justify her conduct, while they certainly demand sympathy for that hopeless woman, so unequal to the times in which she was placed; whose political guilt was but weakness; whose sin to heaven was only her religion; whose insincerity was adherence to her creed; while her very birth was treason, and her beauty the real crime that could look for no pardon from her triumphant and vindictive rival.

We need not enter more fully upon a subject so often discussed, but proceed to a general abstract of the volume before us.

Prince Labanoff informs us that in making about eight years since various researches in a rich collection of MSS., which however circumstances forbid his naming at present, he met with various letters of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, and which he believed to be unedited. Unfortunately the copies made for him were found incorrect, and he has therefore now published only his previous collection, from the Bibliothèque Royale and the Archives of the Kingdom, at Paris. This consists of thirty-five letters of the queen's, her testament, the warrant and report of her execution, together with sixteen diplomatic despatches and memoirs concerning especially the later years of her life. With the exception of the warrant and four of M. de Chateaufort's despatches, which have appeared in Lord Francis Egerton's *Life of Chancellor Egerton*, a rare book, and unfinished, the prince conceives the rest to be unpublished; for so many and imperfect have been the collections already before the world, and so altered by translation from their original French into English, Scotch, and Latin, and then retranslation, that it is not easy to speak with certainty on the subject.

A fertile source of errors has also been found in the uncertainty of dates, into which two changes were introduced within eighteen years. First by the Edict of

Roussillon, which in 1564 altered the first day of the year from Easter eve to the 1st January; and secondly by Pope Gregory XIIIth's bull, reforming the calendar in Catholic countries, October 5, 1582; while it was not altered in England or Scotland till 1752. Mary Stuart continued, it seems, to date her letters by the old style, while the French king and his ambassadors adopted the new: and the difference of ten days is the exact difference in the two dates of the queen's execution, the 8th and 18th February, 1587; as established by M. de Chateaufort's despatch of February 27th.

A chronology of Mary Stuart's history, compiled from Castelnau, Robertson, Lingard, Raumer, &c. assists the reader's memory in perusing the collection itself.

The contents of the first letter prove it to have been written 1558-9, shortly after the marriage with the Dauphin, and give a first indication of that injustice with which Mary was afterwards so lavishly treated in France, by an attempt in the former instance to deprive "her and her husband of what the king had given them." A subsequent letter, dated Edinburgh 10th August, 1562, and addressed to M. de Gonnor, superintendent of finance, requests his assistance to recover the balance of her dowry and some compensations for other matters.

An Instruction, July 11, 1566, from the King of France to Castelnau, on his journey to Scotland to congratulate Mary on the birth of her son, (James VI.,) after complimenting Elizabeth on his way, recommends him to present letters of congratulation also to the king (Darnley), but only in such manner as shall be pleasing to Mary; and a similar reservation is placed upon the envoy's communications with the Scottish nobles. The same document, referring to the succours in men and money required by the queen, promises the former if the necessity should be found by the envoy to continue; and the passage regarding the money, so difficult for the French treasury, we extract, as curious:

"And farther, as the said Sr. de Mauvissière states that he thinks that the said Lady Queen of Scotland will enquire of him what assurance he brings her of the aid which the king wishes to afford her in her affairs, as well in men as in money, if the said Lady speaks of it to him he will answer:

"That M. the Cardinal de Lorraine having made known to their Majesties that the said Lady was in want of money, and seeing that the King from the necessity of his affairs, could send her nothing from himself, prayed their Majesties to let him be supplied with the 60,000 livres which were due to him of his pensions, which their Majesties did willingly; and because that there was not then enough ready money in the hands of the treasurer of the Espargne to supply the said sum in deniers, they caused the said treasurer to engage in his own proper and private name to those from whom my said Lord the Cardinal should receive the said

amount, which their Majesties conceive he will not have failed to send to the said Lady, knowing as he did the necessity for it. And this said Lady can entertain no doubt that if his Majesty had as much money (deniers) in his treasury as goodwill to supply the sum to the said Lady she would always find his purse open and at her service.

"As for sending her supplies of men, their Majesties have understood from various sources that the affairs of her kingdom are at this time in such peace and tranquillity, and she, to whom God has given so fine and desirable an heir, so revered and obeyed, that they confide that she has no desire but to reconcile her subjects with each other if there remains among them any enmity for the past, and to preserve her kingdom in peace and tranquillity, and this is why they have not thought it needful to give on this head any charge to the said M. de Mauvissière. But if matters are otherwise, which they cannot believe, and that the said Lady has need of assistance, she will let this be known, if she pleases, to the Sieur de Mauvissière, in order that at his return, he may report to their said Majesties, who will always act in favour and for the aid of the said Lady, which she may promise herself and rely upon from princes the firmest and dearest friends to her in this world."—pp. 15-17.

The death of Darnley followed, and the fatal affair of Bothwell; if disgraceful to the queen herself, assuredly far more disgraceful to the nation who suffered and their nobility who connived at, this insult to the royal dignity and their own. Prince Labanoff notices, 1567, the pregnancy of Mary by Bothwell, affirmed by Lingard, and her refusal to disavow him and illegitimize his infant; this was a daughter, born 1568 at Lochleven, and who took the veil at Notre Dame de Soissons. The fact is stated by Le Labreur in his *Memoirs of Castelnau*, and him the prince considers worthy of credit; the more as his confidential situation at the French Court (he was Royal Almoner and Counsellor) allowed him access to state secrets, and to the registers of the Convent of Soissons.

Mary now surrendered herself to Elizabeth (16 May), and the next letter in the collection, October 22, 1568, refers to the appointment of "Rosse, Hereis, and Kilvoun," as commissioners to York, where, according to "Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow," nothing was done, though the Bastard of Scotland was present.

Two succeeding letters from Mary to the Duc de Nemours, May and October 1570, evince her anxiety as to any efforts making in her favour by her family, owing to the difficulty of communicating with them; the letters sent by M. de Pougny being now "old and still here" (Chatsworth).

A letter, June 1578, is to M. d'Humières, once in the service of Mary's first husband, and forwarding the expedition of some seigniorial rights with many expressions of kind remembrance for his services: another letter, September 1580, accompanies a present of two geldings for M. de Guise: and one from Shef-

field, in February 1581, also to Castelnau, and desiring some boxes of dresses to be sent speedily from her tailor, declares also her vexation at being "counteracted by those of her counsel" in the gift of a benefice to this faithful envoy; "not choosing to suffer that her commands should be traversed as they have so often been, even in matters of her own." She owns her want of money for the payment of her attendants, and even for her own comfort:

"My malady has become much worse in the last four or five days, and though it has almost brought me to extremity, I have not been able to obtain any one thing necessary and requisite for my health. I am better now, but still feeble and attenuated. I could wish that the Queen of England, Madame my good sister, (!) would have some little regard to the things needful for the restoration and preservation of my health, and allow me to ride on horseback about this place when I recover. Request this, if you please, and send me an answer by the first opportunity."

Unfortunate queen! Her next letter, September 2, 1582, declares that if some amelioration of her captivity does not take place she has little hope of surviving the winter.

The complaints of Elizabeth against the French King and Court occupy the next letter, a despatch from Castelnau to Henry III.; especially with regard to harbouring the traitors and rebels, "my lord Paget and his brother, Charles Arondel, and some others of their accomplices;" and to the communications maintained by the ambassador with various English nobles and others, and his interference with the affairs of the Queen of Scots. This produced a detailed recrimination on the ambassador's part.

"The said queen perceiving that I spoke in this fashion, and that I knew so much of her conduct by the allegation of infinite cases, she told me that she had thought she had reason to be angry with me, but that my complaints were the strongest. That she had trusted me as a brother in the affair of the marriage; but that now I had taken another course." \* \* \*

The ambassador replied with firmness, alluding to the treatment of Mary in prison, and his duty to interfere.

"The queen, seeing that I spoke in this strain, and with so much truth and reasons so strong that she could not answer one of them, begged me to discontinue these remarks, and speak of something more agreeable: but I wished to obtain one conclusion, (namely) that she was greatly obliged to you and the queen your mother, in all cases, for the frank manner in which you acted towards her in general."

"Archubal Duglas has requested me to lend him a thousand crowns. \* \* \* The said Archubal, a man of quality and great merit, has refused a pension of two thousand crowns from the Queen of England."

We must pass over the letter of Henry III. to his sister and other passages, to extract one from Mary herself to Castelnau. Du Glas (Douglas) had not attended to her wish to remain out of Scotland.

"Especially do not let him know in any shape that you maintain the least secret communication in the world with me, for I perceive that the negotiations carried on by Walsingham between you and him are only to discover, by the replies made by you on my part, whether you have still any means of communicating with me in secret. \* \* \* Let them fancy what they please as to the means by which you learn my intentions."

In another letter she says—

"Beale is gone from here; \* \* \* the report he has made of my replies and negotiations with him, has been most maliciously perverted and interpreted by some of the council. He is no less angry than myself; for I have never said those things as they have been understood, and he has no way reported and related them thus. Walsingham has acted, I imagine, like his peers in matters of religion; he has cut and falsified the text."—p. 97.

On the 30th of October, 1584, she writes to urge Castelnau, on her intended removal from the custody of Lord Shrewsbury, to insist upon a rigorous examination of the reports about that nobleman and herself, spread by the countess; also to procure that her next keeper shall not be one of the pretenders to her crown, as her life would not be safe; and that it should be a personage of sufficient power and authority to guard this in the possible case of the Queen of England's death, &c.

In a letter dated simply the same year, Mary informs the ambassador, in enclosure, of the discussions between the English deputies and herself, which they desired should be kept profoundly secret! She states also that she had written strongly to her son, whom Elizabeth wished to detach from the French league and join in one with England, against this course. She adds—

"Tell Archubal Du Glas from me that I know for certain that this Queen has no desire to send him to Scotland; and hereon, that my opinion is that he should accept from her any appointment he receives, labouring by every demonstration in his power to assure Walsingham of his true attachment to the Queen of England, in order if possible to discover her intention with regard to myself and my son. And henceforth require him, from me, to try in conferring with Walsingham, and casually leading to the question of my freedom, to sound his opinion: and what he discovers pray apprise me of, if you please, by the first occasion."

We pass over Leicester's suspicious protestations of good-will, and the jealousy of Elizabeth towards Talbot, Rutland, and others, supposed to be interested in behalf of the imprisoned queen; and whose accord and friendship had thrown Elizabeth into such distrust and anger, that according to Castelnau, who relates all the foregoing, "if she could ruin them she would do it," (p. 113.) Mildmay and Revel, he adds, were to remove her to the castle of Harford; it was said they wished to be excused the task; but "the

people here are all so double (faced) and false in every word that one cannot place credit in them, nor assume any certainty."

The letters of the Queen of Scots to Mendoza, the Ambassador of Philip II., 30th of May, N. S. 1586, confirm the testament noticed by Robertson. Mary declares that in case her son, James, did not before her death embrace the Catholic faith, of which she saw little chance, she was determined to leave her right of succession to the king his master; as she felt a greater obligation to support the universal right of the Church than the interests of her posterity. She begs the Ambassador Mendoza to keep this resolution a profound secret, as if betrayed, "it would cause in France the loss of her dowry, in Scotland a rupture with her son, and in this country her total ruin and destruction."

In a subsequent letter to the same, Mary rejoices in the rising spirit of the French king against Elizabeth, and proceeds thus—

You cannot conceive how the intelligence of the Earl of Leicester's exploits, and Drake's, have raised the spirit of the enemies of the said king throughout Christendom; and how his so long patience towards this Queen of England had lowered the confidence which all Catholics here have ever reposed in him. Myself, I will freely confess to you, was so disheartened from entering upon new pursuits, seeing the little effect of the past, that I have closed my ears to divers overtures and proposals of enterprises, which have been made me these six months here by the said Catholics, having no means of giving them a satisfactory answer. But in what I have newly heard of the good intentions of the said King towards this quarter here, I have most amply detailed to the chiefs of the said Catholics a scheme which I have sent them with my opinion upon every point to determine on its execution conjointly; and to gain time I have directed them to send to you some one of them fully instructed, and with all diligence, to treat with you, according to the general offers already made you, respecting all things which they will have to require in this affair from the said King your master, you can feel secure of them and their faith and word, which they have passed to me that faithfully and sincerely they will accomplish at the hazard of their lives what they will promise by their deputy, and therefore I beg you to give them all credit in the matter, as if I myself had sent them; they will inform you of the means of my escape hence, which I shall take upon myself to effectuate provided I am beforehand assured of the recourse to arms (*des armes faictes*)."

This letter is dated Chartley, 27th July, 1586, and requests the twelve thousand crowns for her deliverance to be procured from the king, regretting that the last twelve thousand had profited her so little. The postscript is marked, Aug. 2.

It was about April, 1586, that Gifford and Maude obtained the confidence of Ballard and Morgan; and being thus connected with Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador in France, and later, with Savage and Ba-

lington; so soon as the Queen of Scots had fairly committed herself by writing the above letter, Ballard was arrested by Walsingham's orders, August 4; and four days afterwards Mary was transferred to Tixal, and all her papers and jewels seized.

M. de Bellievre set out from Paris, November 17, and arrived on the 27th at Calais, where he received despatches from M. de Chateaufneuf, praying him to use all speed as Elizabeth was urging on the trial of the unfortunate Mary. The wind, being contrary, detained him two or three days, but on the 28th he embarked, at midnight, and reached Dover at nine the next morning. Remaining there one day to recover such of his suite as had suffered from sea-sickness, he reached London, then a two-days journey, on Sunday, 1st of December, at noon. The next day he sent one of his gentlemen to the queen at Richmond, to request an audience. "As the malice of the queen was infinite," this was delayed, though the trial was pressed with activity; and a rumour, first of the plague at Calais, then of an apprehended attempt on Elizabeth's life, afforded the pretext for deferring the ambassador till the 7th of December.

When MM. Bellièvre and de Chateaufneuf came into the presence, they delivered the remonstrances of the French king; to this Elizabeth replied by declaring that her own life had been thrice endangered by the attempts of Mary, and that these had cost her more tears than the loss of all her relatives. To the examples in history cited by the ambassadors, she answered, (and with characteristic vanity,) that she had seen and read more books in her life than a thousand others of her sex and quality, but had never met with so cruel an attempt as that made against herself by her kinswoman. She added, that she had found treason where she had placed confidence, and ingratitude for benefits conferred; and that she should shortly forward the proofs to the king and queen of France for them to judge. After expressing her regret to M. Bellièvre that the object of his mission was not more auspicious, she retired to her chamber.

The promised explanations being withheld, the ambassador had audience of leave the 15th of December; and on the 16th the sentence of Mary was pronounced; the city bells were rung for twenty-four hours, and the inhabitants were commanded to light fires before their doors as on festivals. The rest is well-known.

We translate verbatim the farewell letter of the doomed and unfortunate queen to the Duke of Guise; its sad and earnest solemnity is well maintained by the christian patience of insult recorded at its close.

MARY STUART TO THE DUKE OF GUISE.

24 November, O. S. (4 December, N. S.) 1586.

My good Cousin, he whom I hold dearest in the world, I bid you adieu, being by unjust judgment on the point of being put to death so as none of our race



before God has ever suffered, and least one of my station; but, my good Cousin, praise God for it, for I was useless to the world in the cause of God and his Church, being in the state I was, and hope that my death will testify my constancy in the faith, and readiness to die for the maintenance and restoration of the Catholic Church in this unfortunate island; and though never has executioner dipped hand in our blood, be not ashamed of it, my friend, for the judgment of heretics and enemies of the Church, and who have no jurisdiction over me, a free Queen, is profitable in the sight of God to the children of his Church. If I adhered to them I should not suffer this blow. All those of our house have all been persecuted by this sect, witness your good father, with whom I hope to be received into the mercy of the just judge. I recommend to you therefore my poor attendants, the discharge of my debts, and to cause some annual dirge (obit) to be founded for my soul, not at your cost, but to make solicitation and ordinance as shall be requisite, and you will understand my wishes by these my poor helpless attendants, ocular witnesses of this my last tragedy. May God prosper you, your wife, children, and brothers, and cousins, and especially our head, my good brother and cousin, and all his; the blessing of God and that which I should give to my children, may it be on yours; whom I recommend no less to God than my ill-fortuned and abused (one). You will receive some tokens (rings) from me, in order to remind you to cause prayers for the soul of your poor cousin, devoid of all aid and counsel but that of God, who gives me strength and courage singly to resist so many wolves howling against me, to God be the glory. Believe in particular what will be told you by a person who will give you a ruby ring from me, for I take it on my conscience that you will be told the truth of what I have directed, especially of what concerns my poor attendants, and the share of each. I recommend to you this person for her simple sincerity and honesty, that she may be placed in some good situation. I have chosen her as the least partial and who most simply will report my orders. I pray you that she be not known to have told you any thing in private, as jealousy might injure her. I have suffered much for two years and more, and could not let you know it for an important reason. God be praised for all, and give you the grace to persevere in the service of his Church so long as you live, and never may this glory depart from our race, that men as well as women we be ready to shed our blood to maintain the cause of the faith, all other worldly considerations thrown aside; and for myself, I hold myself born on the paternal and maternal side, to offer my blood thus, and have no intention to degenerate. Jesus crucified for us, and all the holy martyrs render us, by their intercession, worthy the voluntary offering of our bodies to his glory. From Fotheringay, this Thursday 24 November.

"They had, to degrade me, caused my days (dais) to be pulled down, and then my keeper came to me offering to write to their Queen, saying not to have done this act by her command, but by the advice of some of her council. I shewed them instead of my arms on the said dias, the cross of my Saviour. You will understand all the conversation: they have been more kind since.

"Your affectionate Cousin and perfect friend,

"MARY, Q. of Scotland, D. of France."

The volume before us contains, beyond the Testa-

ment of the unfortunate Mary, a Memoir from M. Bel-lièvre's departure till the 25th of February. Also, a letter from M. de Chateaufort to Henry III. on the 27th, wherein he excuses his silence from the fact of the ports being so strictly guarded that he could not contrive to send off a messenger; a passport which he had obtained in a false name having only procured the arrest of the bearer at Dover, where he had been then detained from the 19th to the 27th of February. This document likewise contains the account of Mary's execution. A report of the same follows, and some letters detailing subsequent events bring us to the decree of the parliament of Paris which concludes the volume, except a few papers of minor importance contained in the supplement, and found during the process of printing the work.

A repertory of such papers and documents as were known to the Prince de Labanoff is given at the end, though this does not include the letters said to have been written by the unfortunate queen in July, 1586; to Mendoça and Paget on the 6th, to Babington on the 17th and 25th, and on the 27th of that month to Paget; her supposed love-letters also are omitted. It is, however, the Editor's intention to publish all these, as a supplement, in a complete collection.

Of the 352 pieces that form this Repertory, 164 have been already published; 35 are contained in the present volume, the remainder are believed by the prince to be inédited. The collection, too, to which we have alluded in the outset of this article is not included in the enumeration.

*From the Monthly Chronicle.*

#### FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

"Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,  
Surveying, ordering, jesting, pondering;  
For the man was, we safely may assert,  
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering."  
BYRON.

#### PART THE FIRST.

If history be philosophy teaching by example, then are her lessons never more impressive than when she traces great events distinctly back to the influence of great character, and when she shows us the noble and the high of heart rising above accumulating difficulties, before which feeble and ordinary men would have sunk prostrate to the earth. The impression is deepened and saddened, when, having exulted in the progress of genius and courage, we are forced, in the end, to see their best efforts marred, even within sight of the jail; and that, by the outbursting of some dark passion

which had lain dormant, unknown, perhaps, in a gallant breast, till, at the turn of fate, it arose in might to tarnish the glory of years by one moment's fatal influence. The life of Suwaroff illustrates this so strongly, that we shall here give a short sketch of his history, and of the last great events in which he was engaged. We have the more pleasure in doing so, because the publication of his letters, written during the campaign of 1799, and Smidt's recent account of his life, enable us to represent this extraordinary person divested of the motley coat in which so many authors have arrayed him. With the exception of Peter Czar, Suwaroff was the greatest man Russia ever produced: his noble qualities belonged to himself; and what he wanted of real greatness was owing more, perhaps, to the half-barbarous state of the people among whom all but the two last years of his life were passed, than to any actual deficiency of his own.

Alexander Wasilowitch Suwaroff, was born in 1732 at the village of Suskoy on the Dnieper. His father, a man of noble family, served in the army, and rose, during the seven years' war, to the rank of lieutenant-general. As education had not at that period made any great progress in Russia, it was fortunate for the young Suwaroff that his father had interest enough to get him placed in the military academy founded by Peter the Great. Considering how little was then taught in these seminaries, the young man must have applied with attention to his studies; for he learned at least to speak several languages with great fluency. In 1742 he obtained an ensigncy; the next year he made, against the Swedes in Finland, his first campaign, and from that period his entire life was one continued scene of active exertion. Present in most of the actions fought between the Russians and Prussians during the seven years' war, he particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Zorundorff, where he served as major, and was wounded. But, regardless of his wounds, he rallied, and brought off, in some sort of order, the remnant of his battalion which had shared in the overthrow of the Russian infantry, when the intrepid Seidlitz, like an avenging Avater, sent to punish the crimes and misdeeds of which this barbarous soldiery had been guilty, burst upon their devoted masses with the full force of the Prussian cavalry. After the peace Suwaroff was made a brigadier; and when Russia embraced the cause of Stanislaus Potoky against the confederated Poles, he took the town of Cracow. In 1769 he was made lieutenant-general, and accompanied the armies of Prince Gallizin and Count Romanzow in their expedition against the Turks. In 1774 he put an end to the rebellion of Puggatchew, by capturing that adventurer, and dispersing his followers. During the subsequent peace he governed the countries which he had before assisted to conquer; but was again employed in the field on

the renewal of the war in 1787. And here the brilliant period of his career may be said to have commenced. He first defeated the Osmanli at Kinburn, though he was himself severely wounded at the commencement of the action. Finding, in 1789, that Prince Cobourg was surrounded by the army of the Grand Vizir, and in a very perilous situation, he made a forced march with 10,000 Russians, joined the Austrians, and, in conjunction with them, completely defeated the Turks on the banks of the Rymnick, a rivulet from which he derived his title of Rymniskoy. This victory made Suwaroff a field-marshal, and obtained for him, both from his own sovereign and from the Emperor Joseph, far more rewards than it is here necessary to enumerate. In 1790 he took Ismailow by storm. Glorious as the capture of this fortress was to the general and his army, the ruthless manner in which the victory was used cast a deep stain over the honour of both. Upwards of 30,000 men are said to have fallen in the assault, and in the carnage that ensued after the place was entered.

It is related that Suwaroff gave out the following order on the evening before the attack:—"To-morrow I shall rise an hour before daylight; I shall wash, dress, and pray; I shall then crow like a cock, when the town will be stormed according to the dispositions already issued." Tales of this kind, like the one which describes him as filling, when a very young man, a sack full of the heads of vanquished Janizaries, and of laying the trophies at the feet of his commander, must be received with more than caution. The same may be said of the Kinburn anecdote, which makes the wounded general throw himself off his horse before his fugitive troops in order to arrest their farther flight. It is the fate of all celebrated men to have their names graced, as well as disgraced, by idle stories of this kind. Suwaroff was eccentric, and probably affected more eccentricity than really fell to his share; he also gave the dry and quaint kind of humour for which he was distinguished a pretty fair latitude, even at the expense of others; but the man who spoke and wrote, as we find him writing and speaking, could never act the absolute buffoon. He who exposed the follies and misconduct of others with such stern and unsparing severity, required to keep a guard over his own conduct, and was not likely to act the part of an ordinary mountebank. The following anecdote seems better attested. On the capture of Ismailow a splendidly caparisoned Turkish horse was brought him, which he refused, saying, that "a Cossack hackney had brought him and could carry him away." "It may not be equal to a load of fresh laurels gathered here," was the courtly observation of a by-stander. "It has carried Suwaroff and his fortunes," replied the general.

On the death of that cowardly man of blood and pleasure, Potemkin, Suwaroff succeeded for a time to

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the government of the Crimea, till the war of Polish succession again placed him at the head of the army. He twice defeated Surakowsky and Kosiusko, the generals of the crown; and then carried Praga, the fortified suburb of Warsaw, by assault. It is supposed that 15,000 Poles perished on this melancholy occasion, and their blood leaves a deeper stain on the character of Suwaroff and his troops than the capture of Ismailow itself; for the gallant and desperate resistance of the Turks, which, although it ought to have claimed the esteem and respect of brave adversaries, might well enough exasperate savage and ferocious victors who had seen 10,000 of their comrades fall beneath the well wielded scimitars of the Moslems. But at Praga there was not even this excuse; the place was ill defended, and the Russians did not lose above 500 men. It is humiliating to our nature to think that nothing but the prospect of indulging in the vilest and most infamous excesses can induce the Russian soldier to mount the breach or scaling ladder. To appease his excited thirst for blood it is not enough that vanquished foes should fall before him; women and children must not only be murdered, but they must be martyred, mangled, and cut to pieces. And yet the Russian soldier is the most obedient and machine-like of men. What then must we think of officers who cannot prevent the recurrence of scenes that have actually inflicted a stain on humanity and on Christianity itself? Posterity will hold the fame and honour of the commander responsible for the life of every human being sacrificed by disciplined armies beyond the fair verge of battle; and the dark days of Ismailow and Praga have overshadowed the brows of Suwaroff with more asphodels than all the laurels gained in his many gallant fields can ever conceal.

Deeply as it is to be lamented that this eminent soldier allowed the lustre of his splendid actions to be darkly dyed with blood, the merit of great military qualities can never be denied him. He was in a high degree brave, loyal, and disinterested: he was active and energetic, had a quick and penetrating understanding, and always took a just and accurate view of the operations in progress. In many points he very much resembled Marshal Blücher: but he never gave proofs of that deep sagacity, foresight, and power of calculating and combining movements, for which the Prussian was distinguished. Both made up by subsequent application for their faulty education, and retained all the vigour of intellect till the last period of their lives; and both were, when more than seventy years of age, the most active military commanders of their time. Both affected singularity: but the affectation of Suwaroff was of a lower kind, intended probably to act on the minds of an ignorant soldiery; whereas Blücher affected hussar manners, only in order to conceal, before strangers, what he deemed his want of polish and

acquirements, although he was by no means deficient in either. Both were hasty, irritable, and of fiery tempers. Suwaroff's temper ruined the cause which his sword had so nobly supported, and ultimately brought his grey and laurel-crowned head with sorrow to the grave. Blücher's high sense of duty, on the contrary, kept his temper under control. In the hour of trial, the most passionate of mankind submitted to the vexatious fooleries of that weak vain man, Bernadotte, with the most perfect equanimity of temper; and in moments of the greatest difficulty, even in battle, and when the utmost severity might have been justified, it was his admirable and dignified conduct alone that brought the Russian generals, Langeron and Wizingrode, back to the paths of honour and obedience.

In personal appearance also the Prussian had very much the advantage over the Muscovite. The latter was rather below the middle size and spare of form: it was only by extreme temperance and activity that he had hardened a constitution naturally weak and delicate. His portrait, now before us, represents a keen, open, and animated face, harsh of features, but expressive of considerable humour, with a good deal of cynical indifference to human feeling: we know it at first sight to be the face of a man of high courage and intellect, who would probably be admired in any station, though hardly certain of being beloved by any. His marriage was unhappy, but from his letters to his daughter he was evidently a kind and affectionate father. Blücher, on the other hand, was tall and elegant, and must in early life have been extremely handsome. Even at the time of the battle of Waterloo, when he was 72 years of age, he had still, what physiognomists would call a first-rate countenance; which, though stern and severe, and deeply marked by time, care, and toil, gave evidence nevertheless of the frankness, hilarity, and generous humanity for which he had been distinguished. A passage in one of the Duke of Wellington's lately published letters has given rise to the opinion, that Blücher intended to put Napoleon to death had the latter fallen into his hands. That the old fiery hussar may have thundered out some threat of the kind is more than probable; but his well-known humanity, known indeed to every officer and soldier that served with him, prevents us from believing that he would have carried it into effect had it been in his power. Blücher was a keen patriot, and the sufferings to which his country had been reduced, had made a deep impression on his heart and mind. It is necessary to have known the Prussian army of that time,—and few strangers could have known them better than the writer of these lines,—to form an idea of the rooted hatred which they entertained against their former oppressors, and particularly against Napoleon, as the author of their sufferings. "It is well for you



English to talk of forbearance," was their usual saying; "you have had no enemy in your country; but had you seen your native land trampled under foot, and every species of insult and indignity heaped, for years together, upon friends, kindred, and relatives, you would praise our moderation instead of being surprised at our harshness."

Both of these commanders were extremely beloved by their troops; but Suwaroff was as unpopular with the officers, particularly with those of high rank, as Blücher was cherished and esteemed. Both were celebrated for their wit, and both were authors; though, as far as we know, the Russian only was a poet. Blücher printed the journal he kept during the early campaigns of the Revolution war. The book seems to have disappeared from circulation; but judging from extracts occasionally met with in other German works, it evidently possesses great merit. The general instructions issued by Suwaroff to his army during the Italian campaign, are strongly characteristic of the clear head and energy of the man. Some of his orders are written in a strange doggerel kind of verse, not very intelligible. But though his poetry is as obscure as Cromwell's prose, his own prose, eminently laconic, is as clear and distinct as possible, and his general rules might, with great justice, be termed Golden Rules.

Suwaroff was living in retirement, acting the part of a good landlord, settling disputes among his neighbours and tenants, and never failing to ring the church bell long and loudly if the congregation were late in assembling, when he was called upon to take the command of the allied army in Italy. The campaign of 1799 forms one of the most interesting and instructive acts of the great military drama that originated in the French Revolution. Four generals of the highest reputation—Suwaroff, Moreau, the Archduke Charles, and Massena—appear upon the scene. It shows us seven battles, three forced passages of rivers, and a number of actions of mountain warfare, strongly illustrative of the difficulties of such contests, and of the value, as well as the worthlessness, of mere posts and positions. Its last act presents us with the march of an army over the highest regions of the Alps. It shows us the last effort of a strong, powerful, and energetic mind—a mind that could all things but itself subdue,—placed in novel and most dangerous situations: and the melancholy result of the campaign proves how many evils may result to a good cause, from the inability of commanders to counteract their own, justly perhaps, irritated feelings. Our narrow limits prevent us from giving more than a feeble sketch of the events in which Suwaroff himself was engaged.

The French had opened the campaign in Italy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine, before the arrival of the Russians, though with forces inferior to the Austrians. They had experienced but partial success, and

their brilliant victories in the Tyrol and Grisons were counterbalanced by defeats experienced in Italy and Germany. They had destroyed an entire Austrian corps at Taufers, and achieved other advantages; but in Germany the Archduke Charles had repulsed their main army at Stockach, and General Kray had, in like manner, discomfited their Italian army near Verona. These advantages were not very decisive, and had not been followed up with any vigour when, on the 14th of April, Suwaroff, with the first Russian division of 17,000 men, principally infantry, reached headquarters. His appearance immediately gave a different aspect to affairs.

Only four days elapsed from the time of his arrival till he began his march; and even this short interval was put to some account, for he caused the Austrian infantry to be instructed, by Russian officers, in a new mode of charging bayonets. That this unexpected drilling was not over well received by the Germans may be believed. Some looked upon it as an actual insult, others as a piece of mere folly, though there was probably method in it after all, and the lesson was intended more, perhaps, for generals than for the soldiers, at it intimated pretty clearly the spirit in which operations were expected to be carried on.

The effective force with which Suwaroff took the field, amounted, after all deductions, to 52,000 men. Before setting out, the Austrian chief of the staff, General Chastelear, proposed that a general *reconnaissance* should be made. Suwaroff's answer is far too characteristic and too much to the purpose to be omitted here:—"Reconnoiterings," he said, "I will have none of them; they are fit only for timid people, and for apprising the enemy of your arrival: you can always find the foe when really disposed. Columns, the bayonet, cold steel, to attack and overthrow the enemy, those are my *reconnoissances*." These words which, in most cases, would have been silly bravadoes, were strong and to the purpose, when uttered by one whose "hand was true, and could maintain them well."

The army moved with great rapidity towards the Oglio. General Kray was ordered to storm the citadel of Brescia, and to put the garrison to the sword if they waited the assault. Suwaroff declared that this was indispensably necessary to prevent the allies from losing both men and time before every blockhouse, which might be disposed to hold out, if honourable terms were always granted. This was, no doubt, a good deal in the Russo-Turkish style of proceeding, particularly as the citadel of Brescia, though it was not in good order, is a regular work. The threat, however, produced the desired effect; for General Bouget, seeing that serious preparations were made for the assault, surrendered the same evening, with a garrison of 1,100 men.

While Kray was taking Brescia, Count Melas had



ing got entangled in bad roads which the rain had rendered difficult, his columns having also got into some confusion, halted on the Mella, exactly half way to the place of his destination. It is probable that the Austrians made a good deal of idle fuss about the men having got wet feet, for their delay so exasperated Suwaroff, that he addressed the following most extraordinary letter to the Austrian general; we translate, as closely as we can, in order to preserve, as much as possible, the manner of the original:—"I hear that complaints are made because the infantry got wet feet. Such was the weather of the day. The march was undertaken for the service of two mighty emperors. Dry days are for women, fine gentlemen, and lazy persons. He who, as an egotist, speaks against the high duties of the service will, in future, lose the command. The operations must be carried on without the least delay, so that the enemy may have no time to recover himself. Whoever is ill may stay in the rear.\* Italy must be delivered from the yoke of the unbelieving French; and for this purpose every upright officer must be ready to sacrifice himself. Fault finders cannot be tolerated in any army. Quickness of observation, celerity, and perseverance, that is enough for this time."

Nothing can well be objected to this letter except its extreme rudeness; in all other respects it is admirable.

Moreau, who had succeeded Scherer in the command of the French army, continued to fall back as the allies advanced, and offered only partial resistance, while the latter had again to detach General Kray for the purpose of investing Mantua and Peschera: but this retarded not the progress of Suwaroff. Cremona, where the French had considerable magazines, was invested, and taken before it could be evacuated; and on the 25th of April, the army reached the banks of the Adda, behind which the enemy had taken post with the evident intention of disputing the passage.

The Adda is no where fordable in its course from the Lake of Como to where it falls into the Po, at a distance of sixty-five miles. As the French were in possession of all the remaining bridges, it was necessary to build new ones, to force those guarded by the enemy, or to cross in boats. All three modes of passage were resorted to, and all were attended with equal success. The most severe contest took place at Cassano, where the French had a bridge head of some strength, protected besides by the Ritorto canal. Suwaroff led the main column of the Austrian troops against it: he no doubt took the first opportunity of thus showing himself to his new soldiers; and he did well. The French defended their works with great resolution, and were constantly supplied with fresh troops from the right bank of the river: their com-

mander, General Argod, was killed, fighting sword in hand, on the parapet; but their efforts were unavailing; the Austrians forced the entrenchments, and followed up their success so energetically, that they crossed the bridge along with the fugitives before it could be destroyed. Every attack succeeded: the French were forced back on all points: they fought with their accustomed gallantry indeed, but were so unskilfully commanded, that an entire division, under General Serurier, remained all day perfectly inactive, listening to the battle that raged around, but taking not the slightest share in the contest. It was only next morning that they were accidentally discovered by one of the allied divisions. They were found strongly posted for mere resistance, but—between two swollen rivulets and an inundation—had left themselves no means of issuing into the plain in the face of an enemy. They were forced to lay down their arms; and two generals, 250 officers, and 4,000 men surrendered, with fifteen pieces of artillery, to less than 3,000 Austrians; and all this under the command of General Moreau, one of those officers whom it has pleased modern writers to hold up as a great general.

The allies had done better; in nine days, from the 17th to the 27th, they had marched seventy-five miles, taken a fortress, gained a battle, and crossed five rivers,—the Chiea, Mella, Oglio, Seria, and Adda; and with a loss to themselves of only 3,000 men, they had killed, wounded, or taken 10,000 of the enemy.

Marshal Suwaroff entered Milan on the 30th of April, and with the retreat of the French across the Po, the Cisalpine republic ceased to exist. The Italians proved themselves rather ungrateful on this occasion for the boasted liberty which the French had so generously conferred upon them; for they no sooner saw the allies victorious, than they flew to arms, fell by bands on small French parties, cut off and murdered stragglers, and carried on a fierce and dishonourable guerilla war against their late brother republicans.

But rapid and energetic as Suwaroff's first operations were, he has been blamed for neglecting to follow up his success; for frittering away his forces by the investment of the strongholds; and for losing much precious time immediately after the victory of Cassano. Military critics pretend that the Russian field-marshal ought to have taken immediate steps for rendering impossible the junction between General Moreau and General Macdonald, who was advancing to his aid with the French army of Naples.

These strictures cannot, we suspect, be maintained. The country was every where in military possession of the French. Moreau was master of Genoa, the strong district of the Riviera, and had thus by Niza an open retreat into France, so that he could not be struck at unless disposed to fight; and to push him out of Italy, unless he could be prevented from returning,

\* Melas was ill when he joined the army.

was only so much loss of time. The French occupied besides Mantua, Peschiera, Ferrara, Pizziglitone, the citadel of Milan, Orei, Pavia, Tortona, Alessandria, Turin, Velenza, Ceva, and Coni. All these places, with which the theatre of war was actually studded, were well provisioned, all were of some, and several of first-rate, strength. To leave them all unattacked or unmasked seemed impossible; while to mask them, even in the feeblest manner, required so large a force, as for a time to reduce the main army to a mere shadow. It may also be supposed, that the circumstances of his own peculiar situation influenced Suwaroff's conduct on this occasion. He commanded an allied army, of which only one-third were Russians; the rest were strangers, over whom he exercised but precarious control, which, in extreme cases, might perhaps find limits; and we shall see presently that these limits were much nearer than could have been expected. The political views of the Austrian cabinet led them to urge on the capture of the fortresses in preference to all other measures. They wanted to get firm possession of the country, and thought that this could best be effected by the early occupation of the strongholds. That a reverse in the field would instantly have caused the investments to be raised, was evident to all the world, except to the gentlemen at Vienna: nor need their blindness surprise us, for none know better than the officers of the British army the manner in which high functionaries of state decide on military affairs. Thus placed between the hostile fortresses, the Austrian cabinet, and the French army, Suwaroff had a difficult part to act. That it was boldly and successfully acted is certain; and we are bound to add our conviction, judging from the mass of evidence which we possess respecting the campaign, that it was as skilfully acted as possible, considering the trying situation in which the Russian commander was placed. While at Vienna, Suwaroff solicited permission to address his reports directly to the Emperor, instead of addressing them to the Aulic Council. Francis II. granted the request; but the circumstance is said to have displeased Count Thugut, the prime minister, and the Council, who from that moment became the decided enemies of the Russian field-marshal, and used every effort to thwart his views. To what extent such ignoble conduct may have been carried, it is impossible to say; that jealousies would not be wanting, we may easily suppose; and from the period of which we are writing, the complaints of Suwaroff became daily more frequent, till, as we shall see, he applies officially for his recall.

Writing to Count Tolstoi on the 22nd of May, he says, "The French are much cleverer at offensive war than many other nations. Owing to the defensive system of the Archduke Charles, they had concentrated their forces, and very nearly, quick as I was, devoured

my liver near the lake of Como: things are now going on better. The defensive system lost Italy, and brought the French army almost to the gates of Vienna. By offensive operations, the Archduke drove the armies of Jourdan and Moreau out of Germany (1796). The Archduke Charles might, in regard to our operations, not only have kept the French in check, but with the aid of the Swiss, to whom he should have given liberty, he might have made us masters of the Rhine. The frontiers of the imperial states are no where better defended than at the gates of Paris."

But though already displeased, the Russian field-marshal was not inactive, as the leading features of the campaign will show; the minor details we are, of course, obliged to pass over.

The occupation of Turin was evidently of great importance to the allies, both in a military and political point of view, but the attack had to be made under circumstances of peculiar hazard. The sieges of Tortona and Alessandria had to be left uncovered, the march of Macdonald unattended to, or watched only by a detached corps, while, in the advance upon Turin, Moreau's army in the Riviera would be allowed to remain unchecked in rear of the left flank of the allies. Nothing but extreme celerity, and the most accurate combination of movements, could justify so bold an undertaking; but it succeeded nevertheless. Suwaroff appeared so suddenly before Turin, that the town was carried on the first day; and by aid of the vast stores which it was found to contain, the siege of the citadel was pressed so vigorously, that it was reduced to extremity, before the approach of Macdonald called the army back to the foot of the Appenines. Hurrying on the troops on this occasion, Suwaroff writes to General Belgrade,—"money is precious, human life is precious, but time is the most precious of all."

And here we come upon one of those strange transactions, for which co-operations and alliances are so constantly distinguished. The advance of General Macdonald, who, by means of his light troops, was already in communication with General Moreau, rendered an immediate march with all disposable forces towards the Appenines indispensably necessary, in order that a decisive blow might be struck against one of the hostile armies, before the two could form their junction. As the siege of Mantua had not yet begun, Suwaroff sent directions to General Kray to leave only so many troops before the place as were necessary to keep the garrison in check, and instantly to join him with the remainder in the plain of Alessandria. Kray, who was a gallant soldier, expressed great regret at not being able to comply, producing at the same time the emperor of Austria's direct commands not to raise the blockade of Mantua on any account, unless by his, the Emperor's, own orders! The old field-marshal

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was indignant, and wrote to Count Rosumowsky, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, that he was determined to go home. "This cabinet order," he says, "deranges all my plans; and it is evident that they do not require me here any longer, and I am determined to go home. . . . Every individual general addresses himself to the Aulic Council, not only about his own particular affairs, but about general affairs also; and has thus a right to intrigues for his own pleasure and advantage, which gives the council power to direct and to bind him. If the Aulic council would only leave me alone, their one or two campaigns would not cost me more than so many months; but with their hyperstrategy and generalship, one month of their operations will extend over entire campaigns."

But if the Aulic council defeated one plan, it did not prevent Suwaroff from quickly forming and executing another; and the incapacity of his adversaries helped, in a great measure, to atone for the mischievous conduct of his allies. Moreau and Macdonald were already in communication, but instead of uniting their forces, and falling upon the divided Austro-Russian troops, they allowed Suwaroff to get the start of them; and he was not the man to neglect the opportunity. General Kaim remained with a small corps to finish the reduction of the citadel of Turin, and Count Belgrade was stationed with another division in the plain of Tortona, to watch the operations of Moreau, while the field-marshal himself proceeded with about 30,000 men, all the troops he could collect, by forced marches towards Piacenza, leaving the modern Turenne, as Jomini and other historians have been pleased to term Moreau, in rear of his right flank, as he had before left him in rear of his left flank.

General Otto was falling back with a small corps of Austrians before the advance of Macdonald, and had taken post at St. Giovanni, on the Tidone, not far from Piacenza, when his outposts were attacked on the morning of the 17th of June. The Austrian, seeing heavy columns directed against him, was about to withdraw in the direction of Stradella, when General Melas arrived on the field with a few thousand Austrians; he was followed by General Bagration, with the advanced guard of the Russians. These troops amounted, in all, to about 12,000 men; and although Melas might naturally conclude that he had the whole of General Macdonald's 35,000 men to contend with, he nevertheless determined, and justly, we suspect, to try the fate of battle. The position of St. Giovanni was a good one; the weather was oppressively hot; the troops had been greatly fatigued by their march, those in the rear were hurrying forward—not in the best order, perhaps,—and the Austrian general very properly concluded that, to retire under such circumstances, might, if the enemy pursued, throw the whole army into confusion, and cause an unfavourable impression in the minds of the soldiers; while, on the

other hand, they might hold their ground till the rear division should come up. To the influence of these just strategical views, we may perhaps add another reason for this un-Austrian sort of resolution: it was the fear which the brave, but cautious Melas entertained of Suwaroff. The letter written before the battle of Cassano would not yet be forgotten, and its effect was here evident. Energy at the proper time and place is the most important element of warfare; and here we already find Suwaroff's genius, producing favourable results on a battle-field before he was even personally present.

We cannot, of course, enter into all the details of the action. If Moreau had been inactive, Macdonald was unskilful. Though it was impossible for him to be ignorant of Suwaroff's march, he had only half his troops present in this first day's combat. The slight advantages he had gained over Otto and Melas were completely lost, therefore, on the arrival of the other allied troops; and he was defeated and driven back with loss, when he might have put an end to the battle. The intersected nature of the ground, owing to a number of rivulets, containing at the time little water indeed, but having deep beds,—and the stone walls of the vineyards, rendered pursuit extremely difficult.

All the divisions of the allied army having joined during the night, it was Suwaroff's intention to bring on a general action next day. Macdonald, on the other hand, had no intention to fight, as he wished to rest and wait the arrival of all his troops; the French were so used to be the assailants in all these wars, that they hardly ever expected to see their arrangements disturbed by their enemies.

To give the troops time to rest and refresh themselves, Suwaroff directed that the advance should be delayed till ten o'clock in the morning. But it required even longer time to recover from the fatigue and confusion of the previous day; and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the leading columns could fall upon the enemy; and five o'clock before the Austrians joined the onset: there was no longer time to produce any great result on so difficult a battle-field. The French, though they fought bravely, were driven back across the Trebia with considerable loss, but they were not defeated; and to resign a contest, unless in a case of absolute extremity, was at that time a thing totally unknown in their army; the fate of battle was again to be tried, therefore, on the following day. But though the result of the two days' action had not been very disastrous to the Republicans, the moral effect on the soldiers must have been considerable; they had, for two days, fought bravely, and yet fought to disadvantage; the number of killed and wounded was nearly alike on both sides—no prisoners or trophies had been taken by either party, and the ground conquered by the allies, from the Tidone to the Trebia, was of no advantage whatever: their

only gain consisted therefore in the moral confidence which the French had lost, and it was enough to decide the victory.

After the close of the action one of those events occurred, which tend strongly to show how completely chance may, at times, take the reins of the best disciplined armies out of the hands of the firmest commanders. The wide, and almost dry bed of the Trebia, separated the two armies; on the French side a horse broke loose, overthrew a pile of muskets, and made one of them go off. Two battalions, that were still under arms, instantly advanced to the front; the Austrians, thinking that the attack was to be renewed, opened a fire upon them, and as they retired, followed them up, thinking themselves victorious. The French turned, both parties supported their friends, and a fierce night combat commenced in the very bed of the river. As the ground here was open, every one called loudly for cavalry, who, always slow when wanted, hurried up to augment the confusion of this mass of men, disciplined to war, indeed, but now become wild and ungovernable. The artillery of both armies, to show their ordnance zeal, made round and grape rattle through the scene of madness and suffering, certain that every melancholy shot which struck a friend would be atoned for by an equal error on the part of the foe. This scene of useless slaughter lasted for two hours, and it was past eleven o'clock before the combatants could be separated; and it then required a great part of the night before order could be fully restored.

Macdonald's divisions having all arrived, he determined to become the assailant on the 19th, expecting probably that Moreau would be near enough at hand to fall upon the rear of the allies. His plan of attack, not to surpass the rest of the French operations of the campaign, was nearly as much at variance with common judgment as could well be contrived. With an army not superior in numbers to that of his adversary, and which had for two days fought to disadvantage, and required therefore to be kept particularly compact and well in hand, he made a disposition for turning both flanks of the allies, extended his line, and left himself almost without any reserve. Defeat on all points was the natural consequence of such arrangements; and, after an obstinate combat the French were driven back across the Trebia, though the allies were still unable to establish themselves on the right bank. The Austro-Russians had lost about 6000 men in these three actions, the Republicans only a couple of thousand more; so that, as the armies were nearly of equal strength, no very great advantage had been gained by the allies. But though the latter had gained little, the French had lost a great deal; for three days' reverses had completely exhausted their moral and physical strength. Suwaroff felt his advantage,—and though he knew that Moreau was already operating in his rear,

and had repulsed Belgrade's feeble corps, he determined to hold fast Macdonald, and not to relinquish the contest till a real and substantial victory should be achieved. It is in this resolution that we discover the genius of the man: an ordinary commander, alarmed by Moreau's advance, would have given up the attack, and abandoned the half-gained victory,—would have retired beyond the Po, thrown himself between two fires, and lost all the advantages of his previous success. Suwaroff persevered, and the 20th of June brought the laurel crown, which a three days' combat had earned, but not bestowed.

Though the Russian general had no distinct information of what had taken place in the rear, he contented himself with despatching a few squadrons of hussars, together with some light infantry, to scour the ground beyond the Po, while he again advanced with the whole army against Macdonald.

He found himself victorious sooner than he expected; a few light troops only were left posted along the banks of the Trebia; the main body of the French army were already in full retreat and were followed up with the same vigour with which they had been attacked. General Victor's division was the first overtaken; it was instantly attacked and routed; other corps fared no better, and by the evening of the 22nd June, when Suwaroff halted with the main body of the pursuing army, 13,000 prisoners, with nearly all the artillery and baggage of the Republicans, were in the hands of the conquerors.

During the time the allies were thus engaged, Moreau had issued from the Riviera and driven back Belgrade's corps of observation. Within hearing of the guns fired on the banks of the Trebia, he contented himself with throwing supplies into the citadel of Tortona; allowed a great and decisive battle to be fought, without striking a single blow in aid of his countryman; and hurried back to his fastnesses as soon as he learned the turn events had taken. Had General Kray with the Mantua army been at hand, or had Count Belgrade performed his easy duty with ordinary skill, the whole of Macdonald's army would, as Suwaroff tells us, have been taken; the campaign of 1799 would then have been decided at once; and very possibly, the fate of the war also. The Austrian council had not, however, foreseen all this.

While Suwaroff was conquering Italy the Archduke Charles was entering Switzerland. He had, as we know, gained the battle of Stokach on the 25th of March, and having then allowed two months to pass over without any active measures of the slightest importance, we find him on the 4th of June attacking Massena in a strong position before Zurich, which the French general had been six weeks in fortifying. Having obtained possession of Zurich and these works, the Archduke remained stationary till his final departure for Switzerland.

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*From the British Magazine.*

## GIBBON.

Of the deistical writers who, about a century ago, were regarded by the friends of Christianity in this country with so much alarm, scarcely any are now read; very few are even remembered. The pompous objections of Bolingbroke, and the acute sophistry of Hume, have almost reached the state of oblivion which has been already attained by the less attractive writings of their predecessors. There is one work, however, of a decidedly infidel character which retains its place in our literature, unaffected by the lapse of sixty years. The scholar and the man of the world still turn for information and amusement to "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The reviving taste for the study of history has recalled this work into a degree of popularity which it had lost during the stirring times which marked the commencement of the present century. The jealousy and dislike with which it was regarded by two generations are scarcely shared by a liberal age. A handsome edition, superintended by an ingenious and accomplished clergyman, is courting a new generation of readers. The book is studied and referred to. It will therefore scarcely be deemed unseasonable to attempt an estimate of its real character and value.

It is well known how the work of Gibbon was received by those of his contemporaries who felt interested in the cause of religion. Such was the alarm which was excited by the publication of the first volume, that the author himself confessed that "had he believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity,—had he foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent, would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility," he might have observed greater caution. And the warmth and earnestness with which it was attacked by theologians of all ranks and parties sufficiently showed the importance which was attached to it as an attempt to undermine the divine authority of the Gospel, and to weaken the principles of morality.

Yet it is perhaps scarcely correct to regard it as a deliberate attempt to unchristianize our literature. It more probably owed its infidel character to mere vanity and affectation. The author was by education and in manners a Frenchman. As he had no fixed principles, he very naturally adopted the tone and opinions of his foreign associates. He had learned from his early years to regard his countrymen as unpolished and unenlightened, and he was willing to astonish them by a display of paradox and sophistry. These and some still more obvious peculiarities of the author's personal character, sufficiently explain what is most objectionable in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The history of his life, which has been communicated by his own pen, is curious and interesting. He was born at Putney, in Surry, in the year 1737. His father was a gentleman in easy circumstances, who represented Hampshire in two Parliaments. He was early deprived of his mother, but a maternal aunt reared him with a mother's tenderness. The delicacy of his health caused his early education to be greatly neglected. But he had from his early childhood an insatiable thirst for reading. In his fifteenth year he "arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." At Magdalen College he was neglected by his tutors, and fell into habits of dissipation and extravagance. His taste for discursive reading led him to books of religious controversy; "and at the age of sixteen he bewildered himself in the errors of the Church of Rome." He professed himself a Papist. And his father, who regarded his conduct as an act of insubordination, immediately removed him from the university.

This was the event which determined the character of his future life. He was sent from England, and, under the care of M. Pavilliard, a reformed minister at

Lausanne, in whose family he remained nearly five years, zealously pursued his classical studies and soon renounced the peculiarities of Romanism. But these rapid changes of opinion permanently impaired his principles; and he appears soon to have subsided into a state of indifference or scepticism, which, in the course of his intercourse with French society, eventually settled into positive infidelity. At Lausanne, however, he read with diligence and success, and laid the foundation of his future learning. In 1758 his father allowed him to return to England. His first work, (*Essai sur l'Etude de la Litterature*), which had been commenced at Lausanne, and was published in 1761, is a proof not only of his intimate acquaintance with the French language, but of his acquirements and talents.

In 1763 he again visited the continent. He then became acquainted with Paris, and made the tour of Italy. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol," that he first conceived the idea of writing on the decline and fall of the capital of the world. Several other subjects, however, successively presented themselves to his mind as fit subjects for an historical composition. For several years he was too much engaged in society and intercourse with his family to find leisure for regular study. After the death of his father, in 1770, he was several years in Parliament; and it was not until 1776 that he published the first volume of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

His great work had, however, for some time before been the chief business of his life. He was engaged upon it with more or less activity from 1768 to 1787. The first three volumes and the greater part of the fourth were written in London, the remainder of the work at Lausanne, where he chiefly resided during the last ten years of his life. He returned, however, to England upon a visit to his intimate friend, Lord Sheffield, in 1793, and died in London, on the 16th of January, 1794.

The character of Gibbon, as it is exhibited by his autobiography and letters, reflects much light upon his writings. He has himself enabled us to describe him as a man of a cold and phlegmatic temperament, who was impelled to exertion only by motives of vanity and selfishness. If his life was marked by no flagrant irregularities, it is clear from his own account that the decency of his conduct did not proceed from any principle of conscience or any feeling for moral beauty. For learning, indeed, and a general acquaintance with literature, he must be ranked among the very first of his contemporaries. He had great natural sagacity; he had an inexhaustible thirst for knowledge; and was at once ingenious and diligent. But he had no dignity of mind, no elevation nor warmth of sentiment, no purity nor delicacy of taste. His knowledge of mankind was derived from a corrupt state of society, and from a corrupt heart. Self-devotion and disinterestedness were things beyond his comprehension; he could scarcely realize the possibility even of sincere belief, and virtue he regarded as an empty name.

His history largely partakes of the peculiarities of his moral and intellectual character. It is rich in various learning. It abounds in sagacious and acute reflections. But it is loaded with excessive ornament. It is absolutely destitute of moral purpose. It never rises beyond the material and visible. It constantly seeks to depress what is noble and lofty, while it places in strong relief whatever is mean and disgusting. Instead of endeavouring to inculcate some great ethical lesson, it only strives to confound the distinction between vice and virtue, and utterly to extinguish all respect for religion.

Voltaire had introduced a new method of historical composition. He had presumed to summon the past to the bar of the present, and to arraign it upon the enactments of an arbitrary *ex post facto* legislation. Under pretence of tracing the philosophy of history, he measured the men and things of other times by the standard of modern civilization, and ventured to pronounce upon the probability or improbability of the testimony of contemporary authors, and to assign the motives which actuated

the men of distant ages and countries, solely with reference to the principles which obtained among the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. Thucydides and Tacitus had indeed painted the hearts of men, and disclosed fully studied the originals. They wrote of men who were still well remembered, or were actually their contemporaries. The first Frenchman of an enlightened age needed not this tedious and modest process. With the telescope of philosophy he might explore at will what was most remote in time or place, and tell others all that it was worth their while to know, without the vulgar aid of observation or learning. The laws of nature were always uniform, and men were always men, and men were, of course, always savages or Frenchmen. He wanted no other principles to know with positive certainty *how* and *why* they acted. Bare facts only served to load the memory, and enfeeble the understanding. His only way was the way of studying history the secret springs of events, but it was after having care to advantage. It was only when expounded by the philosopher that it afforded any thing worth knowing by one who aspired to the dignity of a man. The novelty of this method, the reputation of its inventor, and the general sciolism, procured for it no little popularity. Acute and sober men were dazzled by its pretensions. Hume and Robertson had already naturalized it—purified, however, from its more flagrant absurdities—in the literature of Britain, when Gibbon caught the contagion, and aspired to the rank of a pragmatical historian.

Yet Gibbon was something more than a mere disciple of the historical school of Voltaire. He was well aware of its deficiencies. In his diffusive reading he had acquired no ordinary amount of erudition. From the time he had chosen the subject of his work he was eagerly engaged in the pursuit of the right materials. He knew what the historian had to do. He made it his business to find his way to the best information. His knowledge was perhaps often derived in the first instance from secondary writers—he freely confesses his obligations to Tillemont—but he generally verified important facts by referring to the sources, and he was rarely unacquainted with the discoveries of modern learning.

His learning indeed was his strongest point. His perseverance and sedentary industry well fitted him to make himself master of the information necessary for his subject. His private means enabled him to obtain books, and he was moreover generally in situations where he had access to public libraries. It could not be asserted that he was a scholar in the highest sense of the term. He had not the finish and accuracy which can be attained only by those who pursue learning as a profession. But he was most intimately acquainted with the materials of history. No one who has gone over the ground he professes to have surveyed can help seeing that he has been there before him. Students who are engaged in a particular inquiry may find much which has eluded his observation, but they will generally be surprised to find how much he knew. His references are frequently ostentatious, sometimes irrelevant, sometimes not strictly accurate; but what we find to complain of in them must usually be laid to other accounts, they do not go to impeach his learning.

The subject on which his acquirements were employed was a noble one. History does not present any thing more memorable than the decay and extinction of ancient civilization. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as a work of art, is well conceived, and executed with a rare ability. The distribution is felicitous, the composition is striking; notwithstanding the defects in drawing and perspective, it has an air of grandeur; and though the parts are often strangely out of proportion, we are scarcely sensible of a want of harmony in the whole. The great fault is, that it is *so* artificial. You scarcely ever lose the artist, and art is obtrusive every where. The style is affected and laboured to a degree positively offensive. There is no variety of construction or manner. There is a total absence of nature. The

ornaments are all of the most gaudy and meretricious sort. We are displeased at once by effort and insipidity.

It was in the highest qualifications of the historian that Gibbon was most deficient. He had no large views, nor lofty feelings. He could not disengage himself from the narrow circle of manners and fashion, nor sympathize with the genuine feelings of the human heart. He knew nothing of man as a moral being. His imagination was inflamed only by material objects. He was not awed by the sublimity of virtue; he felt no tenderness for human infirmities. He regarded what was morally great and disinterested with invincible scepticism, while he received with vulgar credulity every insinuation of evil.

But it is the malign aspect of his work towards Christianity and morality which constitutes its great fault, and renders it dangerous and noxious. Whatever may have been his motives, it is quite certain that he constantly makes it his business to treat the Gospel as a fable, and to sneer at the very idea of virtue. Every thing connected with revealed religion is exhibited in the light in which it may be regarded by a captious adversary. Though he did not in the remainder of his undertaking introduce any attack so direct as that which is contained in the last two chapters of his first volume, he never ceased to insinuate that Christianity was a mere system of imposture, devised by priests, and believed only by fanatics. He possessed in perfection the art which had been so successful in the hands of the French infidels, of conveying by insinuations and sarcasm opinions and sentiments which it was not convenient openly to avow. Without leaving the subject he has in hand, he can always find occasion to suggest doubts and ridicule. When the outline of the likeness he is painting is correct and accurate, he can produce the most objectionable effects by the choice of attitude and expression, and especially by colouring. Often when we cannot deny the resemblance, we can say emphatically that it conveys a false or most inadequate conception of the original. Mahomet is painted with all the luxuriance of Venetian art; Cyril and Bernard are rude caricatures. Constantine and Theodosius are heavy and ungracious; while all the resources of his skill are lavished upon Julian. Thus the reader of the "Decline and Fall" is defrauded of the fruits of human experience, and receives a deadly poison instead of the precious nourishment which is the natural produce of history and especially of the history of the Church.

It is really curious to observe how thoroughly Gibbon's work is saturated with his infidelity. The venom has been distilled into every part. His scepticism, and malevolence, and impurity, meet us every where. It is strange that any one could ever have supposed it possible to counteract its mischievous tendency by controverting particular statements, or refuting particular views. It is not easy to conceive how any one could read it, and fancy that any good could be done in this way. It mocks such an antidote. No one could make it any thing else than an infidel book without actually taking it to pieces. Little is gained even by expunging the most obnoxious passages; for an epithet sometimes presents a licentious picture, a conjunction often suggests an embarrassing doubt.

If these remarks have given a fair character of this celebrated work, it is almost needless to deduce a formal conclusion. In such case there can be but one opinion. It must be regarded as an anti-Christian book, which exhibits great powers misemployed, and which no one can read but at his peril. If the estimate now attempted of its literary value be at all correct, the young and inexperienced student may well spare it from his library. It is not less calculated to vitiate his taste, and to weaken his judgment, than to corrupt his moral and religious principles. A spacious field of historical reading is open to him, in which he may safely expatiate. He will be better employed in qualifying himself to obtain genuine information, than in perusing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

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VOL. XX

From the Quarterly Review.

*The Natural History of the Sperm Whale, &c. &c. To which is added, a Sketch of a South-Sea Whaling Voyage.* By Thomas Beale, Surgeon. London. Small 8vo. 1839.

The patron who does us the honour to take up this article, as a gentle preparative for an after-dinner nap, may, perhaps, pardon us for reminding him that the light of his lamp is borrowed from the largest of known living animals; that the oil which turns his night into day once formed part of a being whose heart sent out ten or fifteen gallons of blood at every stroke, through an aorta measuring a foot in diameter; and that the creature whose gigantic frame was nourished by this flood of life gamboled on the broad back of the ocean, rejoicing in his strength, till the pigmy man, whose head and hand give him dominion over every other living thing, made war upon him in his own dominion, and left the enormous mass inanimate, 'floating many a rood.' Nor is every one acquainted with the dangers and privations borne by those who seek the monster in his remote watery kingdom. A South-Sea whaling voyage often exceeds three years, and hardly ever occupies less than two; and to the sailor employed in this fishery, Sheridan's beautiful lines may, without exaggeration, be applied:—

'The wand'ring tar, who not for years has press'd  
The widow'd partner of his day of rest,  
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—  
Still hums the ditty that his Susan lov'd;  
And while around the cadence rude is blown,  
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.'

And here we may notice the high and palmy state to which this branch of our trade has now attained, and how good a nursery for seamen it has become. From the port of London alone an average of seventy sail of fine ships, of a burthen ranging from three to four hundred tons, are annually on the look-out for spermaceti whales. The crews of these ships, which are fully provisioned for three years, and sail from London at all times of the year, consist of from twenty-eight to thirty-three men and officers—including the surgeon—who occasionally condescends to keep an eye also on the culinary department, which, after all, seems to us to be a very commendable species of mixed practice. All the men are, in point of fact, co-venturers with the owner; for they *go on the lay*—that is, they have a certain share of the produce, instead of the ordinary money-payment. As, for obvious reasons, there are in such expeditions 'no more cats than can catch mice,' the mariner who has been afloat in one of these ships is pretty sure to turn out a crack specimen of his genus—a smart fellow, case-hardened to any climate, expert in all his professional duties, but proverbially so in the use of the oar—endued with imper-

turbable nerves and quick decision, eagle-eyed, and lion-hearted. The love of distinction, self-interest, self-preservation—all the motives, in short, that can stimulate to exertion, are brought into play. The ardour with which this dangerous sea-hunting is pursued seems to take the strongest possession of the men's minds; and one of their most usual modes of making a heavy hour light is sketching their favourite ship, whales in various attitudes, and the hair-breadth escapes of their companions and themselves, upon the tooth of one of the monsters whom they have seen die, pierced with almost as many darts as the 'monstreux Phycetère,' killed by Pantagruel, 'chose moult plaisante à veoir.'

The fishery appears to have been first carried on by a few individuals in our old colonies of North America from their own shores, till, the numbers of the whales diminishing as those of the captors increased, the latter began to find it necessary to pursue their prey to the more distant and secure retreats, whither persecution had driven them. At length, we find the American navigators taking to the fishery in earnest, in the South Atlantic Ocean, as well as the North: so that from the year 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts alone annually employed 183 vessels, carrying 13,820 tons, in the North Atlantic fishery; and 121 ships, carrying 14,026 tons, in that of the South. This vigorous proceeding did not escape the penetrating eye of Burke. In his splendid speech on American affairs, in 1774, he introduced a most glowing eulogy of the piscatory enterprise of the New Englanders:—

'Falkland Island, which seems too remote for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place for their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both poles. While some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed with their fisheries—no climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people—a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood.'

This stirring appeal seems to have roused the spirit of our merchants and ship-owners; for in 1775 ships were, apparently for the first time, fitted out by them and sent to the South Seas for the purpose of bringing back sperm and other oils. Much success was not, however, attendant on this effort, for the chief haunts of the spermaceti whale had not been discovered by these vessels. In 1776, the government began to try the system of bounties; but still, for the reason just given, the success was but trifling: indeed, in 1781, four ships, which had been fitted out for the river St. Lawrence, returned, after an absence of considerable



duration, with only six gallons of sperm oil among the whole of them.

France, which seems to have preceded the other European nations in this fishery, but had for many years almost entirely neglected it, again, in 1784, turned her attention towards it, and Louis XVI. sent from Dunkirk six sail on his own account. This example of the king was followed by his subjects, and in 1790, France had forty sail employed in the fishery. Then came the revolutionary storm, and swept away every trace of the trade as far as France was concerned, nor does the French fishery ever seem to have revived. Mr. McCulloch tells us that, with the exception of an American house at Dunkirk, hardly any one has, of late, thought of sending out a ship from France.

For this country the flourishing period of the fishery is to be dated from the year 1785. In that year our people discovered the haunts of the sperm whale, and, after an absence of about a twelvemonth, many ships returned with from twenty to eighty tons of sperm-oil; so that in 1786, when the bounties were increased, 327 tons of this oil, which sold for 43*l.* per ton, were brought to England. Our success now equalled that of the American whalers. In 1788, ships of increased size (from 150 to 300 tons burthen) were sent from our ports; and we are told that they still continued, like the Americans, to fish on this side Cape Horn, taking the common black, as well as the sperm whales, at such places as the Gulf of Guinea, the coast of Brazil, and Falkland Islands, and looking for sperm whales in particular about the equinoctial line.

We now arrive at the period when the great *El Dorado* of the whale-fishery in the two Pacifics was opened up, and we cannot but feel proud that this crowning effort was reserved for our countrymen. The discovery forms a grand era in our commercial history. The enterprise of the whalers first opened to us a beneficial intercourse with the coasts of Spanish America: it led in the sequel to the independence of the Spanish colonies. But for our whalers we never might have founded our colonies in Van Diemen's Land and Australia—or if we had, we could not have maintained them in their early stages of danger and privation. Moreover, our intimacy with the Polynesians must be traced to the same source. The whalers were the first that traded in that quarter—they prepared the field for the missionaries; and the same thing is now in progress in New Ireland, New Britain, and New Zealand.

'The grand speculation of sending ships round Cape Horn into the Pacific, in order to extend the sperm whale fishery was reserved for the bold and enterprising mind of Mr. Enderby, a London merchant, who fitted out, at a vast expense, the ship *Amelia*, Captain Shields, which sailed on the 1st of September, 1788, and returned on the 12th of March, 1790, making an absence

of one year and seven months, but bringing home the enormous cargo of 139 tons of sperm oil.'

Thirty-one years afterwards, this example having been largely followed and with steady success, another grand impulse was given by the same vigorous speculator. Mr. Enderby then despatched the *Syren*, of 500 tons burden, to explore a new region.

'She sailed on the 3rd of August, 1819, and arrived off the coast of Japan on the 5th of April, 1820, where she fell in with immense numbers of the spermaceti whale, which her crew gave chase to with excellent success; for they returned to their native land on the 21st of April, 1822, after an absence of about two years and eight months, during which time they had by their industry, courage, and perseverance gathered from the confines of the North Pacific Ocean no less than the enormous quantity of *three hundred and forty-six tons* of sperm oil, which was brought into the port of London in safety and triumph, showing a success unprecedented in the annals of whaling, and which astonished and stimulated to exertion all those engaged in the trade throughout Europe and America. The Japan fishery was speedily established, and remains to this day the principal one of both Pacifics. The whole fishery of the Seychelles owes its origin to the extraordinary enterprise of the same gentleman, whose ship, the *Swan*, completed the first voyage to that quarter in 1825.

'During the year 1821, the government, finding that the sperm whale fishery was fully established, thought proper to discontinue the system of the bounties—so that the crews of the various ships which resorted to the fisheries were made to depend altogether upon the success of their own exertions.

'In 1823, the first introduction of sperm oil from the Australian colonies took place, the principal part of which was brought from Sydney; and when in 1836 the imperial measure was introduced, we find that the enormous quantity of sperm oil altogether imported into London during that year amounted to 6083 tons! while the ships that were employed in the fishery were of from 300 to 400 tons.'

Having, we think, stated enough to convince the most sceptical of the value of this fishery, we have now to introduce the reader to the whale itself, and to the most interesting part of Mr. Beale's highly interesting book. It may be necessary to premise for the benefit of the happy uninitiated—we call them happy, for it will be new ground to them—that though the terms fish and fishery are used to designate the animal taken, and the mode of taking it, the spermaceti whale is not a fish. All the *cetacea*, or whales, are warm-blooded; they breathe by means of lungs, suckle their young, and differ in their entire organization from the fishes properly so called. Milton is zoologically correct when, in the well-known magnificent description in the *Paradise Lost*, he speaks of

"that sea-beast,  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream."

The natural history of this whale has long been the opprobrium of zoologists. It would be wearisome to detail all the distressing confessions of almost every

Fig. 1  
Fig. 2

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naturalist who has approached this wonderful class of animals. Our author is perfectly aware of the difficulties of his subject, on which he is evidently very well read; but the result of his experience is to confirm the opinion hazarded by Baron Cuvier, that there is but one known species of spermaceti whale. He says:—

'It is not my intention, were it in my power, to enter into the inquiry as to the true method of dividing the cetacea into groups, families, genera, or species; but this I can assert in contradiction to Lacépède, and other authorities, that there is no more than one species of sperm whale, and this I say from having particularly noticed their external form, and also their manner and habits, in various parts of the world very distant from each other. The large full-grown male appears the same in every part, from New Guinea to Japan, from Japan to the coast of Peru, from Peru to our own island; while their females coincide in every particular, having their young ones among them in the same order, and appearing similar to all others which I had seen in every respect, merely differing a little in colour or fatness, according to the climate in which they were captured.'

We cannot help wishing that M. F. Cuvier, of whose labours in zoology we have a very high opinion, had, before he published his *Histoire Naturelle des Cétacés*, made inquiry among those who are in the constant habit of seeing the spermaceti whale. The figure copied from his work by Mr. Beale is in itself a proof how little the form of this sea-beast, so well known to the American and Englishman, is known to the Frenchman, as indeed might be expected from the state of the fishery as far as France is concerned. There is hardly a tooth of this whale on which our South-sea tars have exercised their ingenuity—and no ship comes home without some so ornamented—that would not have given him a better figure. We have one of these teeth before us, with spermaceti whales in all postures, every one of them bearing testimony to the accuracy of Mr. Beale's own representations.

The following figure is laid before us in his first chapter; and, in its absence, it would be almost impossible, without much circumlocution, to convey any thing like a clear idea of the different parts:—

Fig. 1.

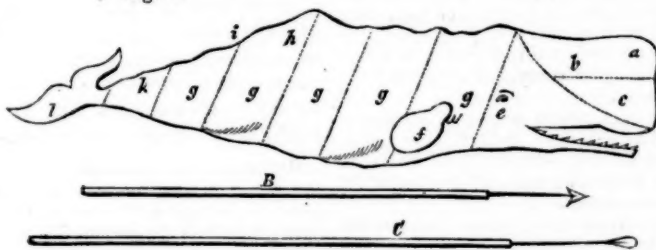


Fig. 1 represents the outline of the entire form.

Fig. 2, that of the anterior aspect of the head.

Fig. 1—*a*, the nostril or spout-hole; *b*, the situation of the case; *c*, the junk; *d*, the bunch of the neck; *e*, the eye; *f*, the fin; *g*, the spiral strips, or blanket pieces; *h*, the hump; *i*, the ridge; *k*, the small; *l*, the tail or flukes; *B*, a harpoon; *C*, a lance.

Fig. 2—*a*, the lines forming the square are intended to represent the flat anterior part of the head.

Fig. 2.



We select and abridge a few paragraphs from this chapter. The reader will be pleased to remember, *in limine*, that the full-grown male is often eighty or eighty-five feet in length, and thirty-six in girth:—

'The head of the sperm whale presents in front a very thick blunt extremity, called the snout or nose, and constitutes about one-third of the whole length of the animal; at its junction with the body is a large protuberance on the back, called by the whalers the "bunch of the neck;" immediately behind this, or at what might be termed the shoulder, is the thickest part of the body, which from this point gradually tapers off to the tail, but it does not become much smaller for about another third of the whole length, when the "small," as it is called, or tail, commences; and at this point also, on the back, is a large prominence of a pyramidal form, called the "hump," from which a series of smaller processes run half way down the "small," or

tail, constituting what is called by the whalers the "ridge." The body then contracts so much, as to become finally not thicker than the body of a man, and terminates by becoming expanded on the sides into the "flukes," or tail, properly speaking. The two flukes constitute a large triangular fin, resembling in some respects the tail of fishes, but differing in being placed horizontally: there is a slight notch or depression, between the flukes, posteriorly—they are about six or eight feet in length, and from twelve to fourteen in breadth in the largest males. The chest and belly are narrower than the broadest part of the back, and taper off evenly and beautifully towards the tail, giving what by sailors is termed a "clear run;"—the depth of the head, and of the body, in all parts except the tail, is greater than the width. The head viewed in front, as in fig. 2, presents a broad, somewhat flattened surface, rounded, and contracted above, considerably expanded on the sides, and gradually contracted below, so as in

some degree to attain a resemblance to the cutwater of a ship.

In the right side of the nose, and upper surface of the head, is a large, almost triangular-shaped cavity, called by whalers the "case," which is lined with a beautiful, glistening membrane, and covered by a thick layer of muscular fibres and small tendons, running in various directions, and finally united by common integuments. This cavity is for the purpose of secreting and containing an oily fluid, which, after death, concretes into a granulated substance of a yellowish colour, the spermaceti. The size of the case may be estimated, when it is stated that in a large whale it not unfrequently contains a ton, or more than ten large barrels of spermaceti!

Beneath the case and nostril, and projecting beyond the lower jaw, is a thick mass of elastic substance called the "juuk;" it is formed of a dense cellular tissue, strengthened by numerous strong tendinous fibres, and infiltrated with very fine sperm oil and spermaceti.

The mouth extends nearly the whole length of the head. The throat is capacious enough to give passage to the body of a man; in this respect presenting a strong contrast with the contracted gullet of the Greenland whale. Behind, and not far from the posterior angle of the mouth, are placed the swimming paws, or fins, which are analogous in their formation to the anterior extremities of other animals, or the arms of man; they are not much used as instruments of progression, but probably in giving a direction to that motion in balancing the body in sinking suddenly, and occasionally in supporting their young.

In a full-grown male sperm whale, of the largest size, the depth of head is from eight to nine feet,—breadth from five to six feet,—depth of body twelve or fourteen feet,—the swimming paws, or fins, are about six feet long and three broad.

One of the peculiarities of the sperm whale, which strikes at first sight every beholder, is the apparently disproportionate and unwieldy bulk of the head; but this peculiarity, instead of being, as might be supposed, an impediment to the freedom of the animal's motion in his native element, is, in fact, on the contrary, in some respects very conducive to his lightness and agility, if such a term can with propriety be applied to such an enormous creature: for a great part of the bulk of the head is made up of a large thin membranous case, containing, during life, a thin oil of much less specific gravity than water; below which again is the junk, which, although heavier than the spermaceti, is still lighter than the element in which the whale moves; consequently the head, taken as a whole, is lighter specifically than any other part of the body, and will always have a tendency to rise at least so far above the surface as to elevate the nostril or "blow-hole" sufficiently for all purposes of respiration; and more than this, a very slight effort on the part of the fish would only be necessary to raise the whole of the anterior flat surface of the nose out of the water: in case the animal should wish to increase his speed to the utmost, the narrow inferior surface, which has been before stated to bear some resemblance to the cutwater of a ship, and which would in fact answer the same purpose to the whale, would be the only part exposed to the pressure of the water in front, enabling him thus to pass with the greatest celerity and ease through the boundless tract of his wide domain.

In young whales the "black skin," as it is called,

is about three-eighths of an inch thick, but in old ones it is not more than one-eighth. Immediately beneath the black skin is the blubber or fat, which is contained in a cellular membrane, and which is much strengthened by numerous interlacings of ligamentous fibres, which has induced Professor Jacob to consider the whole thickness of blubber to be the *cutis vera*, or true skin, infiltrated with oil, or fatty matters. Its thickness on the breast of a large whale is about fourteen inches, and on most other parts of the body it measures from eight to eleven inches. This thick covering of skin, blubber, or fat, is called by South Sea whalers the "blanket." It is of a light yellowish colour, and when melted down, furnishes the sperm oil. It also serves two excellent purposes to the whale, in rendering it buoyant, and in furnishing it with a warm protection from the coldness of the surrounding element; in this last respect answering well to the name bestowed upon it by the sailors.—pp. 24-32.

Thus this uncouth and apparently unwieldy animal affords another wonderful example of adaptation of parts to the exigencies of the case, and when we come to inquire into the internal organization, we shall have still more cause to admire the work of the Great Artificer. We will first examine how the breath of life enters his nostrils. As, in common with all the other *cetacea*, the blood of the spermaceti whale is aerated by means of lungs—it is of course necessary that he should rise at certain intervals to the surface to take in a proper supply of atmospheric air. The following are the results of Mr. Beale's observations:—

If the water is moderately smooth, the first part of the whale observable is a dark-coloured pyramidal mass, projecting about two or three feet out of the water, which is the "hump." At very regular intervals of time, the nose, or snout, emerges at a distance of from forty to fifty feet from the hump, in the full-grown male. From the extremity of the nose the spout is thrown up, which, when seen from a distance, appears thick, low, and bushy, and of a white colour: it is formed of the expired air, which is forcibly ejected by the animal through the blow-hole, acquiring its white colour from minute particles of water, previously lodged in the chink or fissure of the nostril, and also from the condensation of the aqueous vapour thrown off by the lungs. The spout is projected from the blow-hole, at an angle of 135 degrees, in a slow and continuous manner, for the space of about three seconds of time;—if the weather is fine and clear, and there is a gentle breeze at the time, it may be seen from the mast-head of a moderate-sized vessel at the distance of four or five miles. The spout of the sperm whale differs much from that of other large *cetacea*, in which it is mostly double, and projected thin, and like a sudden jet; and as in these animals the blow-holes are situated nearly on the top of the head, it is thrown up to a considerable height, in almost a perpendicular direction. When, however, a sperm whale is alarmed or "galled," the spout is thrown up much higher and with great rapidity, and consequently differs much from its usual appearance.

In different individuals, the times consumed in performing these several acts vary, but in each they are

\* Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.—*Leet.*

minutely regular; and this well-known regularity is of considerable use to the fishers—for when a whaler has once noticed the periods of any particular sperm whale, which is not alarmed, he knows to a minute when to expect it again at the surface, and how long it will remain there.

Immediately after each spout, the nose sinks beneath the water, scarcely a second intervening for the act of inspiration, which must consequently be performed very quickly, the air rushing into the chest with an astonishing velocity: there is, however, no sound caused by the inspiration, and very little by the expiration, or spout; in this respect also differing from other whales, for the “finback” whale, and some others, have their inspirations accompanied by a loud sound, as of air forcibly drawn into a small orifice: this sound is called by whalers the “drawback,” and when heard at night near the ship, convinces the listening watch of the species to which it belongs. In a large “bull” sperm whale, the time consumed in making one inspiration and one expiration, or the space from the termination of one spout to that of another, is ten seconds; during six of which the nostril is beneath the surface of the water, the inspiration occupying one, and the expiration three seconds, and at each breathing time the whale makes from sixty to seventy expirations, and remains, therefore, at the surface ten or eleven minutes. At the termination of this breathing time, or, as whalers say, when he has had his “spoutings out,” the head sinks slowly, the “small,” or the part between the “hump” and flukes,” appears above the water, curved, with the convexity upwards; the flukes are then lifted high into the air, and the animal, having assumed a straight position, descends perpendicularly to an unknown depth:—this act is performed with regularity and slowness, and is called by whalers “peaking the flukes.”

‘The whale continues thus hidden beneath the surface for an hour and ten minutes. If we, then, take into consideration the quantity of time that the full-grown sperm whale consumes in respiration, and also the time he takes in searching for food, and performing other acts, below the surface of the ocean, we shall find, by a trifling calculation, that the former bears proportion to the latter, as one to seven.’—p. 45.

Mr. Beale then goes into details about the less strenuous respiration of the females and the young whales, and also the variety of the *bull’s* operations in this way when under alarm; but these particulars we must omit.

A seventh of the time of this huge animal is occupied, then, in the function of breathing; and when we call to mind the numerous acts of respiration, and the enormous column of air which must rush into the lungs at each act, it is clear that a vast quantity of blood must be aerated. Having secured this supply, the whale can, we see, remain under water for upwards of an hour; but, by what curious mechanism is it contrived that the vast store thus at once laid in shall continue available? A mechanism totally *sui generis* could alone effect this. The camel is enabled to lay up a supply of water for his desert-journey—and so is the whale of air for its long abode below the waves. The mechanism of our frame only enables us to inhale

air enough to oxygenate the blood requisite for a few pulsations: but this suddenly accumulated mass of aerated blood is, in all the carnivorous *celacea*, retained in a most complicated arterial plexus, appropriately termed by Professor Owen the *rete mirabile*; from whence it is distributed through the arteries to the system as it is wanted. From this ample reservoir the brain and nervous system draw their stimulus, and the gigantic muscles of the tail their oxygenated blood, so that Leviathan may have his intelligence and activity kept up during his submersion in the great deep,

‘Where fathom-line could never touch the ground.’

In August, 1834, a valuable paper by M. Breschet was read to the French Academy of Sciences, entitled ‘Histoire Anatomique et Physiologique d’un Organe de Nature vasculaire découvert dans les Cétacés, etc.’ In September of the same year, Dr. Sharpey, who does not seem to have been aware of M. Breschet’s labours, read to the British Association for the Advancement of Science ‘Observations on the Anatomy of the Blood-vessels of the Porpoise.’ These observations are sound, as might be expected from so good an observer; but in the printed ‘Report’ they only occupy about three-quarters of a page. The work of M. Breschet is extremely well executed, and excellently illustrated. He has made the best use of the materials before him; and his memoir, if we are not misinformed, won for him his seat in the Academy: but when *discovery* is talked of, we must be permitted to say a word in behalf of one of the greatest physiologists that ever breathed—whom some that should have known better have thrust down into the second class of comparative anatomists. Have those who so degrade him ever studied that great physiological monument, the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London? Everything that John Hunter did—every line that John Hunter wrote—bears the stamp of extensive physiological views; and he so laboured and so wrote, not for wealth, for he sacrificed all his hard earnings, money, health, everything, to his favourite science—not for fame only, for it is well known to many that he would pursue and finish an inquiry, and, when he had satisfied his mind, would put his remarks and drawings away: no, he hungered after knowledge, he loved his pursuits for their own sake. We know those who have been heretofore employed on physiological subjects, and who have found in a drawer in the museum of the college that information which they had failed to obtain from the most recently published works.

The existence of the organ in question was first indicated and described by old Tyson, in his ‘Anatomy of a Porpoise;’ but he took it for a ‘glandulous body.’ Hunter was the first who determined the exact nature of the plexus, and demonstrated that it was a reservoir of arterial blood. M. Breschet, referring to his description, says it is exact so far as it goes, but too

short to be satisfactory. Laconic, however, though it may seem to a modern writer, and particularly to a French *savant* of the new breed, it contains the whole secret of the power of remaining under water possessed by the carnivorous *cetacea*. M. Breschet has admirably followed out what Hunter began; but this is all the praise he can claim.\*

The organization in question is not common to all the *cetacea*; and here again we are forcibly struck with the adaptation of means to a given end, illustrating 'the wisdom of God in the creation.' Professor Owen has shown that the *dugong* wants this plexus; and the probability is that none of the herbivorous *cetacea* possess it. They are browsers, existing in comparatively shallow water, where there are facilities for breathing *ad libitum*. They live in a comparatively confined area, and they need it not; but the carnivorous whales, rushing, as they do, at a railroad pace, all over the world of waters, now feeding in the arctic or antarctic circles, and anon spouting in the tropics, could not keep up their steam without it.

But how is the mighty mass of life embodied in the spermaceti whale supported; on what does our leviathan feed?

The food of the sperm whale consists almost wholly of an animal of the cuttle-fish kind, called by sailors the "squid," and by naturalists the "*sepia octopus*." This at least forms the principal part of his sustenance when at a distance from shore, or what is termed "off-shore ground;" but nearer land, he has been known, when mortally or severely wounded, to eject from his stomach quantities of small fish. It would be difficult to believe that so large and unwieldy an animal could ever catch a sufficient quantity of such small animals, if he had to pursue them individually for his food; and I am not aware that either the fish he sometimes lives upon, or the squid, have ever been found in shoals, or closely congregated, except in one solitary instance recorded by Captain Colnett.

It appears, from all the observations I have been enabled to make, that when this whale is inclined to feed, he descends a certain depth below the surface of the ocean, and there remains in as quiet a state as possible, opening his narrow elongated mouth until the lower jaw hangs down perpendicularly, or at right angles with the body. The roof of his mouth, the tongue, and especially the teeth, being of a bright glistening white colour, must of course present a remarkable appearance, which seems to be the incitement by which his prey are attracted; and when a sufficient number, I am strongly led to suppose, are within the mouth, he rapidly closes his jaw and swallows the contents; which is not the only instance of animals obtaining their prey by such means, when the form of their bodies, from unwieldiness or some other cause, prevents them from securing their prey by the common method of the chase. The sperm whale is subject to

several diseases, one of which is a perfect, or imperfect loss of sight. A whale perfectly blind was taken by Captain Swain of the *Sarah* and *Elizabeth*; both eyes of which were completely disorganized, the orbits being occupied by fungous masses, protruding considerably, rendering it certain that the whale must have been deprived of vision for a long space of time: yet, notwithstanding this, the animal was quite as fat, and produced as much oil, as any other of the same size. Besides blindness, this whale is frequently subject to deformity of the lower jaw: two instances of which I have seen myself, in which the deformity was so great as to render it impossible for the animal to find the jaws useful in catching small fish, or even, one might have supposed, in deglutition; yet these whales possessed as much blubber, and were as rich in oil, as any of a similar size I have seen before or since.

In both these instances of crooked jaws the nutrition of the animal appeared to be equally perfect; but the deformities were different: in one case, the jaw was bent to the right side, and rolled, as it were, like a scroll; in the other it was bent downwards, but also curved upon itself. It would be interesting here to inquire into the causes of this deformity; but whether it is the effect of disease, or the consequence of accident, I am unable to determine. Old whalers affirm that it is caused by fighting: they state that the sperm whales fight by rushing head first, one upon the other, their mouths at the same time wide open; their object appearing to be the seizing of their opponent by the lower jaw, for which purpose they frequently turn themselves on the side; they become, as it were, locked together, their jaws crossing each other; and in this manner they strive vehemently for the mastery. We can easily suppose the enormous force exerted on these occasions—taking into consideration at the same time the comparative slenderness of the jaw-bone. Some corroboration of the above statements arises from the fact, as far as my knowledge extends, that the female is never seen affected with this deformity.

Mr. Beale conjectures that the prey may be in part attracted by the odour of the sperm whale; but he adds—

'It is well known that many kinds of fish are attracted by substances possessing a white, dazzling appearance; not only the hungry shark, but the cautious and active dolphin, both occasionally fall victims to this partiality, as I have had many opportunities of observing. When the Kent South Sea-man was fishing on the "off-shore ground" of Peru, the crew caught a great number of the *sepia octopus* in one night, by merely lowering a piece of polished lead armed with fish-hooks a certain depth into the sea; the *sepia* gathered around it instantly, so that by giving a slight jerk to the line, the hooks were easily driven into their bodies.

'The teeth of the sperm whale are merely organs of prehension; they can be of no use for mastication; and consequently the fish, &c., which he occasionally vomits present no marks of having undergone that process.'—p. 36-38.

Myriads of the smaller species of *sepiadae* are doubtless engulfed in a single act of deglutition; but if a small proportion of the tales told be true, the whale must not only find a very substantial repast in a dish of cuttles *au naturel*, but occasionally meet with an

\* See Hunter's 'Observations on the Structure and Economy of Whales,' in the *Philosophical Transactions*. This plexus has also been noticed by M. Desmoulins, and others, in France; and by Dr. Barclay, Dr. Knox, and Sir Wm. Jardine.

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ugly customer,' as Mr. Beale did. There can be little doubt, as Professor Owen observes, that the fears of the diving natives of the Polynesian islands have exaggerated the size of the cephalopods, of which they justly go in dread. But though we hesitate, as Leviathan himself might, to swallow Denys de Montfort's *Kraken*, the gigantic cuttle that was about to make prey of ship, cargo, and crew—the latter of whom prayed for aid to St. Thomas, and suspended their votive tablet in his chapel at St. Malo, picturing the monster with one arm as high as the topmast, and others hulling the ship to some purpose, in gratitude to the saint for delivering them from his embraces; and though we are scarcely disposed to place implicit faith in Dens—not Peter—who averred that he lost in the African seas three men, whom one of these colossal cephalopods abstracted for breakfast—not, however, without losing in the encounter an arm, which was of the size of a mizen-mast, with suckers as big as pot-lids;—though we own that we are somewhat sceptical on these points, there is no doubt that some species of the *sepiadae* grow to a very large size, and that they must be formidable, if not fatal, to bathers and divers.\* Those who are only familiar with the cuttles of our own coasts have but a faint notion of the power and offensive armour of some of the tribe. 'Let the reader,' says Professor Owen, 'picture to himself the projecting margin of the horny hook developed into a long-curved, sharp-pointed claw, and these weapons clustered at the expanded termination of the tentacles, and arranged in a double alternate series, along the whole surface of the eight muscular feet, and he will have some idea of the formidable nature of the carnivorous *onychoteuthis*.'

In Captain Cook's first voyage Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander found a carcass of one of these cephalopods floating between Cape Horn and the Polynesian Islands, a prey to aquatic birds. Parts of this specimen are still preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and as Professor Owen says, the animal must have measured at least six feet from the end of the tail to the end of the tentacles. A glance at the preserved parts will suggest what this marine *Old Scratch* must have been; and if any of our readers should have the curiosity to look at them, we recommend a reference to Mr. Owen's description and figure in Dr. Todd's 'Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.' 'At the extremities of the long tentacles,' writes the professor, besides the uncinated acetabula, a cluster of small, simple, unarmed suckers may be observed at the base of the expanded

part. When these latter suckers are applied to one another, the tentacles are firmly locked together at that point, and the united strength of both the elongated peduncles can be applied to drag towards the mouth any resisting object which has been grappled by the terminal hooks. There is no mechanical contrivance which surpasses this structure: art has remotely imitated it in the fabrication of the obstetrical forceps, in which either blade can be used separately, or, by the interlocking of a temporary joint, be made to act in combination.'

But we are detaining the reader from our author's adventure, which was sufficiently unpleasant, though he encountered a comparatively harmless species.

'While upon the Bonin Islands, searching for shells on the rocks, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary-looking animal, crawling towards the surf, which had only just left it. I had never seen one like it under such circumstances before. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of its tentacula only a small distance from the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humour to endeavour to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited a feeling of disgust, not unminged with fear. I, however, endeavoured to prevent its career, by pressing on one of its legs with my foot; but although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times quickly liberated its member, in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hand, and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to my shoulder, for the purpose of thrusting it into holes in the rocks to discover shells, and clung with its suckers to it with great power, endeavouring to get its beak, which I could now see, between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite!

'A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself so firmly upon my arm. Its cold slimy grasp was extremely sickening; and I immediately called aloud to the captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant. He quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with the boat-knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its expanded arms about four feet, while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand. It was that species of *sepia* which is called by whalers "rock-squid."—pp. 67, 68.

To return to our sea-giant—his gambols and feats

\* We are aware of the account given in Phil. Trans. of the tentaculum of a cuttle nearly twenty-seven feet long, said to have been taken from the mouth of a whale; and indeed Mr. Beale quotes it (p. 64): *quæc tamen*.

when he is refreshed, or when he is terrified, must be a strange sight. Mr. Beale has many amusing pages on these subjects: *c. g.*:

"One of the most curious and surprising of the actions of the sperm whale is that of leaping completely out of the water, or of "breaching," as it is called. The way in which he performs this motion appears to be by descending to a certain depth, and then making some powerful strokes with his tail, which are rapidly repeated, and thus convey a great degree of velocity to his body before it reaches the surface, when he darts completely out. When just emerged, and at its greatest elevation, his body forms with the surface of the water an angle of about forty-five degrees, the flukes lying parallel with the surface. In falling, the animal rolls his body slightly, so that he always falls on his side: he seldom breaches more than twice or thrice at a time, or in quick succession. The *breach* of a whale may be seen from the mast-head on a clear day at the distance of six miles."—pp. 46-48.

It is not at all clear that this 'breaching' is a mere amusement, or a mode of getting rid of a superfluous quantity of animal spirits after a good cuttle-fish dinner. Mr. Beale thinks it probable that the whale often resorts to this feat, in order to rid itself of various familiars which infest its skin, such as large sucking-fish, and other animals which resemble small crabs, (*Cyamus Ceti*!) in which case our leviathan may be said to be making his toilette; or that he is then striving to escape from the attacks of the sword-fish, or persecutions of the 'thresher,' or from a joint onslaught of both. The 'thresher' Mr. Beale never beheld, but he has seen hundreds of sword-fish; and he alludes to an instance of a whale stranded on the Yorkshire coast, in whose side the broken blade of one of these sea-fencers was found.

We proceed to the familiar life of these herds of Proteus; and the intelligent reader will rejoice to find that the schoolmaster is abroad among the whales:—

"The sperm whale is a gregarious animal, and the herds formed by it are of two kinds—the one consisting of females, the other of young males not fully grown. These herds are called by whalers "schools," and occasionally consist of great numbers: I have seen in one school as many as five or six hundred. With each school of females are always from one to three large "bulls"—they are called the "schoolmasters." The males are said to be extremely jealous of intrusion by strangers, and to fight fiercely to maintain their rights. The full-grown males almost always go alone in search of food; and when they are seen in company they are supposed to be migrating from one "feeding ground" to another. The large whale is generally very incautious, and if alone he is without difficulty attacked, and by expert whalers very easily killed."

In all this our readers will trace instructive analogies—we do not allude particularly either to the Lords of the Creation or to Mr. Scrope's Athole Deer.

We regret to pass over Mr. Beale's chapter on the Submarine Nursery and the baby Whales, &c. &c. &c.; but we must leave these and other delicate sub-

jects for the lectures with which our loftiest philosophers now entertain and edify the young ladies of the towns that are so fortunate as to be visited by the Great Association. Science has made such progress in those quarters that no offence will be taken at discussions which we feel reluctant, from old prejudices, to enter on here.

The 'schools' of the weaker sex seem to be well conducted, and to consist of a very amiable society; nor can we, without effort, check our malison against the cruel advantage taken of the good feeling of these affectionate monsters:—

"They may be frequently seen urging and assisting their young to escape from danger with the most unceasing care and fondness. They are not less remarkable for their strong feeling of sociality or attachment to one another: one female of a herd being attacked and wounded, her companions will remain around her to the last moment, or until they are wounded themselves. This is called by whalers "heaving to," and whole "schools" have been destroyed by dexterous management, when several ships have been in company, wholly from these whales possessing this disposition. The attachment appears to be reciprocal on the part of the young whales, which have been seen about the ship for hours after their parents have been killed."—pp. 52, 53.

We cannot give the male 'schools' the same good character: they seem to care no more for a wounded companion than the rest of the scholars do for the unfortunate Durham boy in H. B.'s 'Play-ground':—

"I never but once saw the *young bulls* "heave-to," and in that case it was only for a short time, and seemed rather to arise from confusion than affection."

These animals, male and female, appear to be highly intelligent, and to have their code of signals:—

"All sperm whales, old and young, have some method of communicating, by which they become apprised of the approach of danger, and this they do, although the distance may be considerable, sometimes four, five, or even seven miles. The mode by which this is effected remains a secret."—p. 54.

Now for the style of chasing and killing these marine giants:—

"Each vessel carries six whale-boats—combining great sharpness of form, for swiftness of motion, and at the same time considerable buoyancy and stability, to enable them to resist a boisterous sea. They are about twenty-seven feet long, by four in breadth; sharp at both ends for motion in either direction; near the stern is a strong, upright piece of wood called the "loggerhead;" at the head is a groove exactly in the centre, through which the harpoon line runs out. To each boat are allotted two lines of 200 fathoms in length, with their tubs, into which they are carefully coiled ready for use—three or four harpoons, two or three lances, a keg containing a lantern, tinder-box, &c., to procure light in case of being benighted—two or three small flags, called "whiffs," which are inserted in the dead whale, in case the boats should leave it in chase of others; and one or two "drougues," which are quadrilateral pieces of board, with a central handle or upright, by which they are attached occasionally to the

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harpoon line, for the purpose of checking in some degree the speed of the whale.

Each boat has a crew of six men, two of whom are called the "headsman" and "boat-steerer." Four of these boats are generally used in the chase, and are under the command of the captain and the mates respectively. From the commencement of the voyage, men are placed at each mast-head, who are relieved every two hours; an officer is also placed on the fore-top-gallant yard: consequently there are four persons constantly on the look-out during the day from the most elevated parts of the ship. From the commencement of the voyage, also, all utensils and instruments are got ready, although the ships are frequently out six months without taking or even seeing a sperm whale, while on the other hand ships have sometimes, though rarely, fallen in with them close to the mouth of the British Channel.

If the whales should be to leeward, endeavour is made to run the ship within a quarter of a mile of them; but if to windward, the boats are sent in chase—an arduous task. From hour to hour, for several successive risings of the whale, and sometimes from sunrise to sunset, under the direct rays of a tropical sun, do these hardy men endure the utmost suffering and fatigue, unheeded and almost unfelt. The headsman steers until the whale is reached and struck with the harpoon. The boat-steerer, also, at this time, pulls the "bow-oar;" but when near the whale he ceases rowing, quits the oar and strikes the harpoon into the animal, the line attached to which runs between the men to the after part of the boat, and after passing two or three times round the loggerhead, is continuous with the coils lying in the tubs at the bottom of the boat. The boat-steerer now comes aft, and steers the boat by means of an oar passed through a ring attached to the stern called a "grummet;" he also attends the line through all the subsequent operations: the headsman at the same time passes forwards, and takes the station at the head of the boat, prepared to plunge his lance at the first opportunity, and it requires tact and experience to do this in the most effectual manner. At the moment of lancing, he cries "Stern all!" the oars are then immediately backed, and the boat's stern becoming its cut-water, it is thus removed from danger without the loss of time and trouble in turning. Those young bulls which yield about forty barrels of oil, and are consequently called forty-barrel bulls, are perhaps the most difficult to destroy, and sometimes make great havoc among the men and boats.—p. 160.

The older whales, the Falstaffs and Father Dominicks of the deep, are, of course, less actively locomotive; and it is also probable that their sensations are less acute.

The scenes which occur sometimes during the chase, according to Mr. Beale, defy description; but notwithstanding this modest confession, here is one worthy of Long Tom Coffin himself:—

'Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a South-Sea-man, cruising in the North Pacific Ocean, at its Japanese confine—he may be musing over some past event, the ship may be sailing gently along over the smooth ocean, everything around solemnly still, with the sun pouring its intense rays with dazzling brightness: suddenly the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast-head, exclaiming "There

she spouts!" The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires "Where away?" But perhaps the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe—his large "hump" projecting three feet out of the water—when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the fore-part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of "There again!" keeping time with the duration of the spout. But while they have been looking a few seconds have expired—they rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them—and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale three or four boats are down, and are darting through the water with their utmost speed towards their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar with the common whaling chant of

"Away, my boys, away, my boys! 'tis time for us to go."

But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing; they have yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His "spoutings are nearly out," he is about to descend, or he hears the boats approaching.\* The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim "Ah, he is going down!" Yet he spouts again, but slowly; the water is again seen agitated around him; the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his "small" rising in preparation for his descent. "He will be lost!" they exclaim, for the boats are not yet near enough to strike him—and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength, to claim the honour of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow-boat has the advantage of being the nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now doomed to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth—it is his last, this rising—his "small" is bent, his enormous tail is expected to appear every instant, but the boat shoots rapidly alongside of the gigantic creature. "Peak your oars!" exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner: in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim, and is buried deeply in the side of the huge animal. It is "socket up;" that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or "pole" of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who with his vast tail strikes in all directions at his enemies. Now his enormous head rises high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing everywhere, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the "iron" has inflicted. The water all around him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sounds of the blows

\* Both the ear and the eye of the sperm whale are more complicated and powerful than the corresponding organs in the other whales. We are sorry not to have room for Mr. Beale's very curious account of these matters.



from his tail on the surface of the sea can be heard for miles!

"Stern all!" cries the headsman; but the whale suddenly disappears; he has "sounded;" the line is running through the groove at the head of the boat with lightning-like velocity; it smokes—it ignites, from the heat produced by the friction—the headsman, cool and collected, pours water upon it as it passes. But an oar is now held up in their boat; it signifies that their line is rapidly running out; two hundred fathoms are nearly exhausted: up flies one of the other boats, and "bends on" another line, just in time to save that which was nearly lost. But still the monster descends; he is seeking to rid himself of his enemies by descending into the dark and unknown depths of the vast ocean. They next bend on the "drougues," to retard his career, but he does not turn; another and another have but slight influence in checking the force of his descent; two more lines are exhausted—he is six hundred fathoms deep! "Stand ready to bend on!" cries the mate to the fourth boat (for sometimes, though not often, they take the whole four lines away with them, —800 fathoms); but it is not required, he is rising. "Haul in the slack," observes the headsman, while the boat-steerer coils it again carefully into the tubs as it is drawn up. The whale is now seen approaching the surface; the gurgling and bubbling water which rises before also proclaims that he is near; his nose starts from the sea; the rushing spout is projected high and suddenly, from his agitation. The "slack" of the line is now coiled in the tubs, and those in the "fast" boat haul themselves gently towards the whale; the boat-steerer places the headsman close to the fin of the trembling animal, who immediately buries his long lance in the vitals of the leviathan, while, at the same moment, those in one of the other boats dart another harpoon into his opposite side, when "Stern all!" is again vociferated, and the boats shoot rapidly away from the danger.

"Mad with the agony which he endures from these fresh attacks, the infuriated "sea beast" rolls over and over, and coils an amazing length of line around him; he rears his enormous head, and, with wide-expanded jaws, snaps at everything around; he rushes at the boat: with his head—they are propelled before him with vast swiftness, and sometimes utterly destroyed.

"He is lanced again, when his pain appears more than he can bear; he throws himself, in his agony, completely out of his element; the boats are violently jerked, by which one of the lines is snapped asunder; at the same time the other boat is upset, and the crew are swimming for their lives. The whale is now free! He passes along the surface with remarkable swiftness, "going head out;" but the two boats that have not yet "fastened," and are free and free, now give chase; the whale becomes exhausted, from the blood which flows from his deep and dangerous wounds, and the 200 fathoms of line belonging to the overturned boat, which he is dragging after him through the water, checks him in his course: his pursuers again overtake him, and another harpoon is darted and buried deeply in his flesh.

"The men who were upset now right their own boat, without assistance from the others, by merely clinging on one side of her, by which she is turned over, while one of them gets inside and bales out the water rapidly with his hat, by which their boat is freed, and she is soon again seen in the chase.

"The fatal lance is at length given—the blood gushes

from the nostrils of the unfortunate animal in a thick black stream, which stains the clear blue water of the ocean to a considerable distance around the scene of the affray. In its struggles the blood from the nostril is frequently thrown upon the men in the boats, who glory in its show!

"The immense creature may now again endeavour to "sound," to escape from his unrelenting pursuers; but it is powerless—it soon rises to the surface, and passes slowly along until the death-pang seizes it, when its appearance is awful in the extreme.

"Suffering from suffocation, or some other stoppage of some important organ, the whole strength of its enormous frame is set in motion for a few seconds, when his convulsions throw him into a hundred different contortions of the most violent description, by which the sea is beaten into foam, and the boats are sometimes crushed to atoms, with their crews.

"But this violent action being soon over, the now unconscious animal passes rapidly along, describing in his rapid course a segment of a circle. This is his "flurry," which ends in his sudden dissolution. And the mighty rencounter is finished by the gigantic animal rolling over on its side, and floating an inanimate mass on the surface of the crystal deep, a victim to the tyranny and selfishness, as well as a wonderful proof of the great power of the *mind* of man."—pp. 161-167.

This soul-stirring pursuit, in comparison to which all other sport seems child's play, has its melancholy as well as its exhilarating hours. The horrors of the night here described, deepened by the death of the "man overboard," and by the belief that the captain and two boats' crews had shared the same fate, must have been fearful indeed. But the whale, it seems, was the salvation of those who had been given up for lost, and it is no longer a poetical fiction that—

"The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
Moors by his side under his lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays."

"In the afternoon of a day which had been rather stormy, while we were fishing in the North Pacific, a "school" of young bull-whales made their appearance close to the ship, and as the weather had cleared up a little, the captain immediately ordered the mate to lower his boat, while he did the same with his own, in order to go in pursuit of them.

"The two boats were instantly lowered, for we were unable to send more, having had two others "stove" the day before; they soon got near the whales, but were unfortunately seen by them before they could dart the harpoon with any chance of success, and the consequence was that the "pod" of whales separated, and went off with great swiftness in different directions. One, however, after making several turns, came at length right towards the captain's boat, which he observing, waited in silence for his approach without moving an oar, so that the "young bull" came close by his boat, and received the blow of the harpoon some distance behind his "hump," which I saw enter his flesh myself, as it occurred close to the ship. The whale appeared quite terror-struck for a few seconds and then suddenly recovering itself, darted off like the wind, and spun the boat so quickly round when the mate came upon the line, that she was within a miracle of being upset. But away they went, "dead to wind"



ward," at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, right against a "head sea," which flew against and over the bows of the boat with uncommon force, so that she at times appeared ploughing through it, making a high bank of surf on each side.

"The second mate, having observed the course of the whale and boat, managed to waylay them, and when they came near to him, which they speedily did, a "short warp" was thrown, and both boats were soon towed at nearly the same rate as the captain's boat had been before.

"I now saw the captain darting the lance at the whale as it almost flew along, but he did not seem to do so with any kind of effect, as the speed of the whale did not appear in the least diminished, and in a very short time they all disappeared together, being at too great a distance to be seen with the naked eye from the deck. I now ran aloft, and, with the aid of a telescope, could just discern from the mast-head the three objects, like specks upon the surface of the ocean, at an alarming distance. I could just observe the two boats, with the whale's head occasionally darting out before them, with a good deal of "white water" or foam about them, which convinced me that the whale was still running. I watched them with the glass until I could no longer trace them, even in the most indistinct manner, and I then called to those on deck, that they might take the bearing by compass of the direction in which I had lost sight of them, that we might continue to "beat" the ship up to that quarter.

"It was now within half an hour of sunset, and there was every appearance of the coming on of an "ugly night," as a seaman would say: indeed the wind began to freshen every moment, and an "awkward bubble" of a sea soon began to make. I remained aloft until I saw the sun dip, angry and red, below the troubled horizon, and was just about to descend when I was dreadfully shocked at hearing the loud cry of "A man overboard!" from all upon deck. I looked astern, and saw one of our men, of the name of Berry, grappling with the waves and calling loudly for help. The ship was soon brought round, but in doing so she unavoidably passed a long way from the poor fellow, who still supported himself by beating the water with his hands, although he was quite unacquainted with the proper art of swimming. Several oars were thrown overboard the moment after he fell, but he could not reach them, though they were near to him; and directly the ship was brought up, a Sandwich islander, who formed one of the crew, leaped overboard and swam towards him, while at the same time the people on the deck were lowering a spare boat, which is always kept for such emergencies. I could be of no service except to urge their expedition by my calls, for it was all only the work of a few minutes. The good Sandwich islander struck out most bravely at first, but in a short time, finding that he was some distance from the ship, and being unable to see Berry, on account of the agitated surface of the sea, actually turned back through fear—finding, as he said, that the "sea caps" went over his head. The men in the boat now plied their oars with all their strength, and were making rapidly towards the drowning young man, who now and then disappeared entirely from view under the heavy seas which were beginning to roll: a sickening anxiety pervaded me, as my thoughts appeared to press the boat onwards to the spot where the poor fellow still grappled, but convulsively, with the yielding waters. The boat, urged by

man's utmost strength, sprang over the bolsterous waves with considerable speed; but they arrived half a minute too late to save our poor shipmate from his watery grave. I saw him struggle with the waves until the last, when the foam of a broken sea roared over him, and caused him to disappear for ever! The boat was rowed round and round the fatal spot, again and again, until night fall, and then she was slowly and reluctantly pulled to the ship by her melancholy crew. As they returned, the turbulent waves tossed them about, as if in sport, making the boat resound from the beating of the dashing waters which flew against her bow.

"The moment the unfortunate seaman disappeared, a large bird of the albatross kind came careering along, and alighted on the water at the very spot in which the poor fellow was last seen. It was a curious circumstance, and only served to heighten our horror, when we saw this carnivorous bird seat itself proudly over the head of our companion; and which also served to remind us of the number of sharks that we had so frequently seen of late, of the horrible propensities of which we could not dare to think.

"By the time we had hoisted in the boat it was quite dark; the winds too had increased to half a gale, with heavy squalls at times, so that we were obliged to double-reef our topsails. Our painful situation now bore most heavily upon us. We had lost one of our men, who had sailed with us from England—the bare thought of which in our circumstances aroused a crowd of heart-rending ideas. Our captain and second mate, with ten of the crew, had also disappeared, and were by this time all lost, or were likely to be so in the stormy night which had now set in; being, too, several hundred miles away from any land. We, however, kept beating the ship to windward constantly, carrying all the sail that she could bear, making "short boards," or putting about every twenty minutes. We had also, since nightfall, continued to burn blue lights, and we had likewise a large vessel containing oil and unravelled rope, burning over the sternrail of the ship as a beacon for them, which threw out a great light. But although all eyes were employed in every direction searching for the boats, no vestige of them could be seen; and therefore when half-past nine P. M. came, we made up our minds that they were all lost; and as the wind howled hoarsely through the rigging, and the waves beat savagely against our ship, some of us thought we could hear the shrieks of poor Berry above the roaring of the storm: others imagined, in their melancholy, that they could occasionally hear the captain's voice, ordering the ship to "bear up," while the boats had been seen more than fifty times by anxious spirits, who had strained their eyes through the gloom until fancy robbed them of their true speculation and left her phantasmagoria in exchange. There were not many on board who did not think of home on that dreadful night—there were not many among us who did not curse the sea, and all sea-going avocations; while, with the same breath, they blessed the safe and cheerful fireside of their parents, which at that moment they would have given all they possessed but to see. But at the moment despair was firmly settling upon us, a man from aloft called out that he could see a light right ahead of the ship, just as we were "going about," by which we should have gone from it. We all looked in that direction, and in a few minutes we could plainly perceive it: in a short time we were close up

with it, when, to our great joy, we found the captain and all the men in the boats, lying to leeward of the dead whale, which had in some measure saved them from the violence of the sea. They had only just been able to procure a light, having unfortunately upset all their tinder through the violent motion of the boats, by which it became wet—but which they succeeded in igniting after immense application of the flint and steel—or their lantern would have been suspended from an oar directly after sunset, which is the usual practice when boats are placed under such circumstances.

'After having secured the whale alongside, (which we expected to lose during the night from the roughness of the weather,) they all came on board, when the misfortune of poor Berry was spoken of with sorrow from all hands, while their own deliverance served to throw a ray of light amidst the gloom.'—pp. 167-173.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than hint at the account of 'fighting whales,' such as 'Timor Jack,' 'New Zealand Tom,' and others, famed as boat and even ship destroyers; for Mr. Beale tells us that it is a well-authenticated fact, that the American whale-ship 'Essex' was sunk by one of these monsters: nor can we enter into the 'cutting in' and 'trying out,' terms expressive of the important art of securing the spoil and taking off the blubber, a service, in some of its parts, of no small trouble and even danger: nor shall we be turned aside by the odoriferous ambergris, though it conjures up Sinbad and all his wonders to our mind's eye, and is a 'sair temptation,' further than to state, for Dr. Buckland's gratification, that Mr. Enderby possesses, as Mr. Beale informs us, a fine lump of this coprolite-like substance, which the doctor will, no doubt, carefully examine the next time he comes to town.\*

We cannot, however, close our notice of this most interesting book, without recurring to the pride every honest Englishman must feel in contemplating such a character as that of Mr. Enderby. Nor can we drop our pen without once more expressing our delight in the intrepid skill of the seamen employed in our South Sea whaling. It is gratifying to reflect that we have hundreds of these fine fellows constantly afloat; and indeed, looking at things in general, we must confess that we are not of those who dream that our navy is quite in a desperate state. Other countries may be building ships—so much the better:—British blue-jackets must be very much altered if, in the event of a war, they are not building them for us.

\* May we take this opportunity of suggesting to Dr. B. the propriety of reforming certain proceedings of the Geological Society, which so frequently brings him, like other lights of the Universities, into our less sequestered scenery of the Strand? Why not give the annual oration before dinner instead of after? We are astonished that an eminently convivial association should have so long tolerated the existing anomaly.

*From the United Service Journal.*

## THE LAST MOMENTS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was scarcely six o'clock, on the morning of the 17th of May (1838), when I bent my steps towards the old hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, with a mind full of sad misgivings; for when, at a late hour on the evening previous, I had quitted it, I had been but slightly encouraged to hope that another day could possibly be granted to its proud and gifted owner. The dull grey dawn was just struggling to rise above the tall chestnuts of the Tuilleries. All was still silent; and as I pulled the heavy bell its echo reverberated through the vast court-yard with a sound almost unearthly. I did not pause at the porter's lodge to inquire news of the night, for the first object which met my eye was the physician's carriage, and I rushed at once to the foot of the grand staircase, which I had so often ascended with feelings so far different from those I now experienced. The two stone figures of Silence, which stood on each side of the gigantic portal, humid and dripping with the morning fog, struck a chill to my very soul. Those huge lions, which had so often been compared to the insatiate lions of Venice, now reminded me of those mute and motionless watchers carved by the marble gates of an ancient sepulchre. It seemed as if every object were already enveloped in that atmosphere of death, and that the old mansion, at all times sad and dreary, was already pervaded with the odour of the tomb.

What gave a colouring to this idea was the total silence which reigned around, where in general, even at this early hour, all was hurry and business. The antechamber was deserted, for the anxious domestics had crowded one and all to the apartment nearest to the one occupied by their beloved master, in order to obtain the earliest information respecting the progress of his malady. There, perhaps, never existed a person who, with so little apparent effort, possessed in so great a degree the power of conciliating the affections of his dependents as the Prince de Talleyrand. Of those who were with him at that moment, all had, with few exceptions, grown grey in his service; while of those who had started in their career with him in his youth none remained: he had lived to see them all go down before him into the grave. The Prince had always been accustomed to treat his chief domestics as persons worthy of confidence, and many a subject of the highest importance, which had been nursed with the greatest secrecy through the bureaux of the Foreign-office, has been discussed at full length, and with all liberty of speech, before his valet de chambre. It was, indeed, his custom for many years before his

death to select the hour allotted to his toilet for the transaction of the most important affairs and the discussion of the most weighty politics, and never upon any occasion has he been known to dismiss his valet from the chamber. Perhaps some apology may be found for this apparent carelessness in the fact of his trust never having been betrayed. The most remarkable of the whole tribe was decidedly the venerable Courtiade, one to whom, by reason of his long services and devoted attachment, the Prince allowed a greater latitude than to any other, and whose homely remarks and shrewd judgments upon passing events afforded him the greatest amusement. This man had entered the Prince's service long before the breaking out of the first revolution, and died "still in those voluntary bonds" but four years ago, during the embassy to London. It was said the grief which he experienced in consequence of being left in Paris, owing to his advanced age and growing infirmities, contributed in a great measure to hasten his death. His attachment was rather that of a member of the canine species than of a human being. During the early years of his service he had partaken of all the vicissitudes of the ever-changing fortunes of his master. The Prince would take a peculiar delight in recounting to strangers the story of his flight to America, when, in obedience to a secret friendly warning, he resolved to take his immediate departure. Courtiade was with him at the moment that he received the letter which was the cause of this decision, and the Prince immediately confided to him the step he was about to take, at the same time advising him, as he had a wife and family to whom he would doubtless wish to bid adieu before venturing on so long and perilous a journey, more especially since the period of his return must be distant and uncertain, that he should let him depart at once and follow in the next packet which should sail. "Non, non," replied Courtiade, in the greatest agitation; "you shall not leave the country alone and unattended—I will go with you; but only leave me till to-morrow night!" "That cannot be, Courtiade," returned the Prince; "the delay will endanger our position, without being sufficiently long to be of service to yourself and your wife." "Bah! c'est bien de ma femme don il s'agit!" exclaimed the valet, with the tears rushing to his eyes; "It is that accursed washer-woman, who has got all your fine shirts and your muslin cravats, and how in God's name will you be able to make an appearance, and in a foreign country too, without them?"

I shall never forget my first interview with the Prince, nor the singular impression which this very Courtiade then produced upon me. I was admitted, as was usual with all persons who came upon affairs demanding attention and privacy, at the hour of the Prince's toilet. It was a little while after the revolu-

tion of July, and just before his embassy to London. I found the renowned diplomatist seated tranquilly at his bureau, which mostly served him both for writing and dressing table. It was, I believe, upon the very day that the Prince was to take his farewell audience of Louis Philippe, ere he set out for England, and he was to appear upon this occasion in the usual court costume. One valet was busily occupied, with a most serious countenance, in powdering with might and main the thick masses of his long grey hair. Another was kneeling low at his feet, endeavouring, although with difficulty from his constrained position beneath the table, to buckle the latches of his shoes. His secretary was seated at the bureau beside him, occupied in opening, one after the other, a huge collection of letters with astonishing rapidity, scanning the contents of each, quietly throwing some into the wastepaper basket, and placing the rest in a pile beneath for the inspection of the Prince. I could not but admire the *sang froid* with which, while listening to my errand, to him personally of the highest importance, he suffered himself to be invested with the embroidered paraphernalia of his official uniform. When the attire was completed, the door of the chamber opened, and in stalked, with tottering steps, the aged, weather-beaten Courtiade, laden with divers small boxes of various forms and sizes. These were filled with the ribands and insignia of the multifarious orders with which the Prince was decorated. It was curious to witness the total indifference with which the Prince suffered himself to be ornamented, as contrasted with the eager solemnity of Courtiade, to whom the desire to fill this office with becoming dignity (for it was the only duty which in his latest years devolved upon him) had become the chief aim and object of existence.

I have been led into this involuntary digression by the remembrance of my own sensations as I traversed the now silent and deserted apartment, and was carried back in memory to that first interview, inwardly comparing the anticipations of that moment with those by which my soul was upon this occasion so depressed and saddened.

When I entered the chamber where reposed the veteran statesman, he had fallen into a profound slumber, from which some amendment was augured by the physicians, although it might partly be ascribed to the fatigue induced by the over-excitement he had undergone a few hours previously in the performance of the last act of the chequered drama of his existence—his retraction—an act which, after having been visited with praise and blame, with scorn or admiration, and each in an exaggerated degree, must for ever remain a mystery. It must have cost him much—those alone who were about him at the moment can tell how much—for he well knew that the eyes of all parties would

be turned upon him, and that his motives would be scanned with various reasonings, according as the opinions or the interests of each were concerned: for there were many from whom praise was to him more bitter than blame or even ridicule from others; and he knew well that none would view this step in its proper light, as a sacrifice small in itself—important only because it was the last, the sacrifice of every feeling, of every consideration, to the power to which he had taught every sentiment to bend for so many years, until it was said that all had been crushed by the mighty giant, that love, revenge, even ambition, that all-absorbing passion of the master mind, had been led captive or perished in the struggle, with his reason! A report has gone abroad of his having been tormented and persecuted, even on his death-bed, to execute this deed. This is, however, far from the truth; it had for some time occupied his thoughts, and among his papers have been found many proofs; amongst others, fragments of a correspondence with the Pope upon the subject, which must necessarily tend to confirm the assertion. But the fact is, he was influenced in this measure, as in many other instances, wherein he has drawn down the blame of the sticklers for consistency, by the desire to spare pain and trouble to his family: he knew that his relatives would suffer much inconvenience by his resistance on his death-bed to the execution of certain religious formalities, to which, in his own mind, he attached not the slightest importance; and whatever may be stated by his enemies with regard to the cold and calculating policy which had guided all his actions, it cannot be denied that he had ever held in view the elevation and aggrandisement of his family. In this aim he had never been deterred, neither by dulness, nor incapacity, nor even by ingratitude; and, as we have seen, he moreover made it his care beyond the grave. Because his powerful and passionless soul rejected all the petty sentiments which actuate men of ordinary character: he was governed by his reason alone, and listened to nought beside.

The slumber, or rather lethargy, into which the Prince had fallen, had continued for about an hour after my arrival, and it was curious to observe, as time drew on, the uneasiness which was manifested, even alas! by those nearest and dearest, lest this repose, however salutary, should endure beyond the hour fixed by the king for his visit. It was with some difficulty that he was aroused from this oblivion, and made to comprehend the importance of the event which was about to occur. He was scarcely lifted from his reclining position and seated on the edge of the bed, when, punctual as the hand upon the dial, his Majesty, followed by Madame Adelaide, entered the apartment. It was a study both for the moralist and

painter to observe the contrast between these two individuals as seated thus side by side, beneath the canopy of those old green curtains, they seemed grouped as for the composition of some historical picture. It was startling to turn from the broad, expansive forehead, the calm and stoic brow, and the long and shaggy locks which overshadowed it, giving to the dying statesman that lion-like expression of countenance, which had so often formed the theme of admiration to poets and to artists, and then to gaze upon the pointed crown, well-arranged *toupée*, the whole outward bearing, *tant soit peu bourgeois*, of the king, who, even at this early hour of the morning, was attired, according to his custom, with the utmost precision and primness. Despite of the old faded dressing-gown of the one, and the snuff-coloured coat, stiff neckcloth, and polished boots of the other, the veriest barbarian could have told at a glance which was the "last of the nobles," and which the "first citizen" of the empire. His Majesty was the first to break silence, as in etiquette bound to do. It would be difficult to define the expression which passed across his features as he contemplated what might be called the setting of his guiding-star. Perhaps he could not himself have rendered an account of the exact impression which the scene produced upon his mind.

"I am sorry, Prince, to see you suffering so much," said he, in a low tremulous voice, rendered almost inaudible by extreme emotion. "Sire, you have come to witness the sufferings of a dying man, and those who love him can have but one wish, that of seeing them shortly at an end."

This was uttered in that deep, strong voice so peculiar to himself, and which age had not had the power to quench, nor the approach of death itself been able to weaken. The effect of the speech, short as it was, was indescribable,—the pause by which it was preceded, and the tone of reproach, calm and bitter, in which it was conveyed,—produced an impression which will not be soon forgotten by those who were present.

The royal visit, like all royal visits of an unpleasant nature, was of the shortest duration possible. It was evident that his Majesty felt it to be an irksome moment, and that he was at a loss what countenance to assume; and after uttering some expressions of consolation he arose to take his leave, but too visibly pleased that the self-imposed task was at an end. Here the Prince once more, with his usual tact, came to his relief, by slightly rising and introducing to his notice those by whom he was surrounded, his physician, his secretary, his principal valet, and his own private doctor; and then a reminiscence of the old courtier seemed to come across him, for with his parting salutation he could not forbear a compliment,—“Sire, our house has



received this day an honour worthy to be inscribed in our annals, and one which my successors will remember with pride and gratitude."

I must confess that I was grievously disappointed in the anticipations which I had formed of this visit. I had looked upon it as the farewell of the safely-landed voyager (landed, too, amid storm and tempest) to the wise and careful pilot who had steered him skilfully through rock and breaker, and now pushed off, alone, amid the darkness, to be seen no more. But no: there was the hurry and impatience of one to whom the scene was painful; and that it was painful who can doubt? There was, too, that evident secret self-applause, in the performance of an irksome duty; but not the slightest expression of any one sentiment of friendship or attachment, such as I had imagined to have bound these two men together. A friend of mine—a man of great sense and discernment—to whom I made this observation, remarked drily, "It is plain that his Majesty has no fear to see him die; but wait a little while, and we shall see that he will have regret enough that he should be dead!"

As a kind of relief to the gloomy side of the picture might be observed the anxious feminine flurry displayed throughout the interview by Madame, who appeared to suffer much uneasiness lest the coldness of her royal brother should be noticed, and who endeavoured, by a kindly display of interest and busy politeness, to make amends for what might appear wanting elsewhere.

I should not perhaps have deemed it necessary to record thus minutely the particular details of this scene, had not it already been so much dwelt upon in another light. Astonishment and admiration, frivolous and exaggerated, have been expressed with regard to this remarkable act of condescension on the part of Louis Philippe, as though royalty were alone exempt from the debt of manly and honourable gratitude. Why, there is not one of the Sovereigns beneath whom Talleyrand had lived, who would not have hurried to show respect to the death-bed of this truly great statesman; and yet all had not been raised to the throne by his means! Napoleon, the stern—the iron-hearted—even he would not have hesitated, because he scorned not to avow that he had owed as much of his political success to the timely counsels of his Minister for Foreign Affairs as to his own skill and foresight. Louis Dixhuit—neither would he have deemed such a step beneath his dignity: he, too, needed no reminding that he was deeply indebted to the Prince de Talleyrand, not perhaps for zeal and activity, but for what, according to time and circumstance, was to him of far more value—his wise, discreet, and generous forbearance: while Charles X. would have come with pious resignation to mourn the quenching of this last beacon of the

old French aristocracy, and would have rejoiced that by his means it should have been extinguished amid becoming dignity and honour.

It was shortly after the departure of the king that the first symptoms of dissolution were observed by the physicians. The whole family, every member of which had been apprised of this, immediately gathered around him. The Duke de Po— was there among the number, and I could not forbear a smile as I remembered the satirical observation made by the prince himself, a short time before his illness, upon the occasion of rather a ceremonious visit from this personage,— "Just leaves me in disappointment," said he, as he departed; "one would think, by his melancholy visage and his lugubrious costume, that he was deputed hither by some *entrepreneur des pompes funèbres*."

Towards the middle of the day the Prince began to grow more restless and feverish. I could not resist the temptation of seeking relief from the stifled air of that close chamber, and passed through to the drawing-room. I was verily astounded at the scene which there met my eyes. Never shall I forget the impression produced by the transition from that silent room—that bed of suffering—to the crowded apartment where "troops of friends"—all the *élite* of the society of Paris—were assembled. There was a knot of busy politicians, with ribbons at their button-holes—some with powdered heads, some with bald heads—gathered around the blazing fire; their animated conversation, although conducted in a low tone by the good taste and feeling of him who directed it, filled the apartment with its unceasing murmur. I observed, too, some of the diplomatist's oldest friends, who had come hither from real and sincere attachment, and who took no part in the eager debates of these political champions.

Among others the Count de M., he whom I had never seen but as the prime wit of all joyous re-unions—whose pungent joke and biting sarcasm have become the terror of bores and twaddlers, for they cling for ever like burrs to those against whom they are hurled:—the only man, in short, with whom the prince himself dared not, upon all occasions, to measure himself in the keen skirmish of intellect, now sat silent and sorrowful apart from the rest, apparently lost in thought, nor heeding the various details of the scene which was enacting around him, and which, had it been elsewhere, would not have failed to call forth some of the sharp and bitter traits of satire for which he is so much dreaded. In one corner was seated a *coterie* of ladies discussing topics entirely foreign to the time and place. Sometimes a low burst of light laughter would issue from among them, in spite of the reprimanding "Chut" which upon such occasions rose from the further end of the room. On a sofa near the window lay extended, at full length, the youthful and lovely Duchess de

V., with a bevy of young beaux—all robber-like and "jeune France," kneeling on the carpet beside her, or sitting low at her feet on the cushions of the divan.

The scene was altogether one of other times. It seemed as though the lapse of centuries might be forgotten, and that we were carried back at a bound to the days of Louis Quatorze, and to the death-bed of Mazarine. There was the same *insouciance*, the same weariness of expectation. Some were gathered there from *convénance*, some from courtesy for the rest of the family; many from curiosity, and some few from real friendship; while none seemed to remember that a mighty spirit was passing from the world, or that they were there assembled to behold a great man die. Presently, however, the conversation ceased—the hum of voices was at an end—there was a solemn pause, and every eye was turned towards the slowly-opening door of the prince's chamber. A domestic entered with downcast looks and swollen eyes, and advancing towards Dr. C., who, like myself, had just then sought an instant's relief in the drawing-room, whispered a few words in his ear. He arose instantly and entered the chamber. The natural precipitation with which this movement was executed but too plainly revealed its cause. It was followed by the whole assembly. In an instant every one was on the alert, and there was a simultaneous rush to the door of the apartment. M. de Talleyrand was at that moment seated on the side of the bed, supported in the arms of his secretary. It was evident that Death had set his seal upon that marble brow, yet was I struck with the still-existing vigour of the countenance. It seemed as if all the life which had once sufficed to furnish forth the whole being were now centred in the brain. From time to time he raised his head, with a sudden movement shaking back the long, grey locks which impeded his sight, and gazed around; and then, satisfied with the result of his examination of that crowded room, a triumphant smile would pass across his features, and his head would again fall upon his bosom.

From my profession, and the circumstances in which I have been placed, it has fallen to my lot to be witness of more than one death-scene, but never in any case did the sentiments displayed at that awful hour appear so utterly consistent with the character borne by any individual during life as in the case of the Prince de Talleyrand. He saw death approach neither with shrinking nor with fear, nor yet with any affectation of scorn or of defiance, but rather with cool and steady courage, as a well-matched honourable foe with whom he had wrestled long and bravely, and to whom, now that he was fairly vanquished, he deemed it no shame to yield, nor blushed to lay down his arms and surrender. If there be truth in the assertion that it is a satisfaction to die amid the tears and lamentations of multitudes of friends and hosts of relatives, then

indeed must his last feeling towards the world he was for ever quitting have been one of entire approbation and content, for he expired amid regal pomp and reverence; and of all those whom he, perhaps, would himself have called together, none were wanting. The aged friend of his maturity, the fair young idol of his age, were gathered on bended knee beside his bed, and if the words of comfort whispered from the book by the murmuring priest failed to reach his ear, it was because their sound was stifled by the louder wailings of those whom in life he had loved so well.

Scarcely, however, were those eyes, whose every glance had been watched so long and with such deep interest, for ever closed, when a sudden change came over the scene. One would have thought that a flight of crows had suddenly taken wing, so great was the precipitation with which each one hurried from the hotel, in the hope of being first to spread the news among the particular set or coterie of which he or she happened to be the oracle. Ere nightfall that chamber, which all the day had been crowded to excess, was abandoned to the servants of the tomb; and when I entered in the evening I found the very arm-chair, from whence I had so often heard the Prince launch the courtly jest or stinging epigram, now occupied by a hired priest, whispering prayers for the repose of his departed soul.

It was after the death of the Prince that the awe and devotion with which he had inspired his household became evident. Not one of the domestics left his station upon any pretext whatever. The attendants waited each in his turn, and at the same stated hour, to which he had been accustomed during his life. I myself saw the cook, punctual to the hour in the morning at which he had for so many years been summoned to receive his orders, now followed by his bevy of *marmilons*, with their snow-white costumes and long carving-knives, walk with solemn step to the foot of the bed, and, kneeling down with cotton cap in hand, breathe a short prayer: each sprinkled the corpse with holy water, and then the procession withdrew in the same silence with which they had entered. I was deeply struck with the mixture of the sublime and the ludicrous in this scene. It reminded me of many of the whimsical creations to be met with in some of the old German legends.

Contrary to the usual French custom, which ordains that interment shall ensue eight-and-forty hours after decease, the public funeral, upon the occasion of the depositing of the body in the church of the Assumption, did not take place until the following week, owing to the embalment, which was a work of time; while the transferring of the corpse to its final resting-place at Valençay could not be accomplished until the month of September, the vault, which was preparing even before the Prince's death, being yet unfinished.

Independently of the interest which I felt in the ceremony, as well as the desire to render this last homage to one who had, upon every occasion of my intercourse with him, been all kindness and urbanity to me, I determined to repair to Valençay and witness the funeral—for at one fell stroke had death swept from the earth all that remained of that one generation. The Prince de Talleyrand—the wise, the witty, the clever, and the cunning—was to go down to the grave with the guileless and the simple-hearted Duke, his brother! Upon the same occasion, too, the small tomb of the infant Yolande, wherein she had peacefully slumbered for a space of two years, was routed, and the tiny coffin was to accompany that of the Prince on its long and dreary journey. The hearse which was to convey the bodies was the same which had been constructed expressly for the removal of the corpse of the ex-Queen of Holland from Switzerland, in appearance something resembling an ammunition-wagon, with covered seats in front, wherein were stationed two of the personal attendants of the Prince. The body was raised from the vaults of the Assumption at midnight, and the little snow-white coffin was placed upon the elaborately-wrought oaken chest which contained it.

I was told by a friend, who witnessed the scene, that nothing could exceed the dramatic effect of the departure of the corpse-laden vehicle from Paris. The disinterment of the child from the lonely cemetery of Mont Parnasse—the lading of the ponderous coffin by the light of the torches—the peculiar rattle of the hearse through the silent streets at that solemn hour, and beneath that calm moon, which makes “all that is dark seem darker still.” One incident is worth recording. On starting from the iron gates of the chapel, one of the postillions turned and shouted the usual question, “*Vers quelle barrière?*” and was answered by a voice proceeding from the hearse itself, “*Barrière d’Enfer.*”

We arrived at Valençay on the third day after our departure from Paris, and it was at about ten o’clock on the same night that the worn and dust-covered hearse was desecrated wending its way up the long avenue of chestnut trees leading to the château. Every honour which had been paid to the lord of the mansion during his life was now rendered with scrupulous exactness to his lifeless corpse. No ceremony, however trifling, was omitted. The wide gates were thrown open to admit the sombre vehicle, which entered the court of honour with the same ceremony that had denoted the approach of the stately carriage which had been wont to drive at a somewhat ruder pace through the regal portal. The whole of the numerous household, with the heir of the domain in advance of the rest, were assembled on the Verron. The Prince’s nephew himself took his seat in front of the hearse, to conduct it down into the town; the goodly array of servants and huntsmen and foresters all following on foot, and bearing

torches, to the church, wherein the body was deposited for the night, previous to the final ceremony, which was to take place on the morrow.

Early in the morning all was astir in the little burgh. Never before had a sight so fraught with interest been witnessed by its inhabitants. It seemed like a gala day through every street. Not a window but was crowded with spectators, while the footway was choked with peasants from all the neighbouring districts in their gayest attire. The National Guard of the town was all afoot from the earliest hour in the morning; and altogether so cheerful was the whole aspect of the place, that the traveller who had passed through on that day would have imagined it to have been the anniversary of some great public rejoicing. The corpse of the Duke had arrived in far different plight. No pomp, no pageantry, was here—a solitary post-carriage, with a single pair of horses—no train of mourners. The doctor who had attended his last illness alone accompanied the body from St. Germain. There was food for reflection in the contrast! No needless expense had been wasted upon idle ornament and funeral trappings, for, when the coffin was uncovered, an exclamation of surprise burst from those around. It was of plain elm, such as contain the remains of people of middling degree, and, when placed beside those of his more favoured relatives, formed a melancholy contrast. But now one pall conceals the whole, the rich velvet and the plain unvarnished planks. One long stream of melody ascends to heaven, one prayer for the repose of all who slept beneath that gorgeous catafalque—for him who had died full of wealth and honour, whose vast and powerful intellect had held dominion over men’s minds even to the very last—and for him who had closed his eyes in solitude and neglect, and whose intellect had wavered even on the very verge of madness. Both were transported to the chapel of the Sisters of St. André, founded by the Prince himself, and wherein he had already placed the family vault. His body was the first to descend, amid the firing of muskets, and the noisy demonstrations of respect of those without—then that of the Duke, amid silence unbroken, save by the harsh creaking of the coffin, as it slid down the iron grating—then last and least, although the oldest denizen of the tomb, the little Yolande, the fairy coffin seeming, with its silver chasings and embossed velvet of snowy whiteness, rather a casket destined to ornament the boudoir of a youthful beauty, than to be a receptacle of corruption and decay.

The vault was closed, and all was over. Each one had contributed the last token of Catholic respect; and we all turned from the chapel to take the road to the château, where entertainment for those who attended the funeral had been liberally prepared by its new master; and it was then that we began to look around, and

to feel some curiosity to know who had shared with us in rendering this last homage to one who was entitled to the gratitude of every individual of his nation. We gazed right and left, but few were there, and these were *all* those who had *served him* devotedly and faithfully—the grateful domestic, the obscure and humble friend; but of the great ones of the earth whom *he had served*—of those whom *he* had raised to greatness and honour—there was not one!

*From the United Service Journal.*

### TECUMSEH, THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE LAST AMERICAN WAR.

[The Red Men of North America having been again brought prominently forward during the recent transactions in Canada, we have thought the following memoir of the most distinguished Indian chief who has yet appeared likely to interest and inform our readers.—EDITOR.]

The most warlike and sanguinary of all the nations of the American Indians was undoubtedly the Shawanee nation. As their name indicates, they came originally from the south; and Mohican tradition records that they once dwelt in Savannah, in Georgia, and in Florida. Their hostile habits induced their neighbours to form a league for their expulsion, and a sense of their own safety led them to migrate northwards, and settle on the banks of the Ohio. They subsequently passed the Alleghany Mountains, and dispossessed the Delawares of their settlements on the banks of the Juniata. During the French war, which terminated in 1763, the Shawanees were enlisted against the British; and, on the commencement of the war of the revolution, they allied themselves against the Americans, and continued openly hostile to them, notwithstanding the peace of 1783, until the victory and treaty of General Wayne, in 1795.

While the troops of the Congress in 1780, were expelling the Shawanees westward from the river Scioto, and burning their villages behind them, a young hero was born on its banks near Chillicottie, who afterwards kindled the flame of war upon the entire frontier of the United States, and who learnt his first lessons of vengeance amid the ruins of his native land, and in the blood of his countrymen. Tecumseh, or Tecumthé, was by birth a member of the Kiskópoke tribe. His father, who was a noted Shawanee warrior, fell at the battle of Kenawa, while he was yet a child.

Tecumseh, in his boyhood, gave evidence of the singular spirit which characterized him through life. He was distinguished by a steady adherence to principle. He prided himself upon his temperance and

truth, and maintained through his whole career an uncommon reputation among his countrymen for both virtues. He would not marry until long after the customary period, and then he connected himself with an old woman, who bore him one child, his only offspring. No remarkable achievements of the young warrior, in his first battles, are preserved. He made his *début* in an engagement with the Kentucky troops, which took place on the banks of the Mud River. In the heat of the skirmish he retreated from the field, and his want of courage, on this occasion, was only excused, by the warriors of his tribe, on the ground of extreme youth. But, from this time, whatever might be his animal courage, he was never known to shrink. He soon redeemed his character; and previously to the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, when he was probably about twenty-five years of age, he is said to have signalized himself so much, as to have been reputed one of the boldest of the Indian warriors. No individual was more frequently engaged in those terrible encounters by which the first settlers of Kentucky were so much harassed; and few could boast of having intercepted so many boats on the Ohio, or plundered so many houses on the civilized shore. He was sometimes pursued, but never overtaken. If the enemy advanced into his own country, he retreated to the banks of the Wabash, until the storm had passed by; and then, as they were laying down the musket for the axe and ploughshare, swooped down upon them again in their own settlements. Although the booty collected in these adventures must have been considerable, he rarely retained any portion of it for his own use. His ruling passion was the love of glory, that of his followers was the love of gain.

The mother of Tecumseh bore two other sons to his father, with one of whom, named Elkswátawa, the history of his life is inseparably connected. Between the two brothers the best understanding had prevailed from their earliest years. It is useless to inquire, because it is impossible to determine, by which of them the great design of uniting all the Western Indians in a war against the Americans was first conceived. Elkswátawa, or, as he was more commonly designated, the Prophet, contented himself with being a subordinate actor in the play, though he was by no means an insignificant one. No principle in the Indian character has been better ascertained than their excessive superstition. Hence the great influence which has always been exercised over them, by every conceivable method of imposture. The two brothers saw and resolved to take advantage of this facility of their countrymen. A mask of religion has ever been the easiest mode of effecting grand political objects.

In furtherance of the scheme, which was secretly exercising the ingenuity and fostering the ambition of

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both, the Prophet\* assumed the power of vaticination, for that his frenzy was feigned cannot be doubted. He addressed his countrymen on the exciting subject of their existing condition. He enlarged in these addresses on the evils which had ensued from the neighbourhood of the whites; the imitation of their dress and manners, the introduction of ardent spirits, diseases, contentions, and wars; the vast diminution of the means of subsistence, and the narrowed limits of territory to which they were now hemmed in. He then referred to the long, peaceful, and happy lives of their forefathers. These interesting themes produced a favourable impression and some excitement. He soon boldly declared his commission from the Great Spirit. This was authenticated by the miracles he was able to perform, and still more by the great benefit he conferred on his followers. He then attempted a complete reformation in the manners of the Red People, and a return to their pristine manner of living. There was to be no more fighting between the tribes,—they were brethren. They were to abandon the use of ardent spirits, and to wear skins, as their ancestors had done, instead of blankets. Theft, quarrels, and other immoral modern habits were denounced. He ardently asserted the necessity of a return from all the ways of the whites to the habits and opinions of their forefathers; they must no longer eat the flesh of hogs, of bullocks, of sheep,—the deer and the buffalo having been created for their food; they must not make bread of wheat, but of Indian corn. He declared himself authorized by the Great Spirit to make known that they were created by him distinct from the whites, of different natures, and for different purposes; they were aliens in language, aliens in blood, aliens in religion.

For some years the number of the Prophet's converts was small. His first establishment consisted of about 100 warriors of his own tribe, to whom he artfully preached the superiority of the Shawanees over every other people under heaven. In spite of the desertion of some of his earliest followers, the believers in his divine mission rapidly increased. In 1807 not fewer than 1500 Indians passed Fort Wayne on their way to hear the political and religious regenerator of their race. In the course of this season, the effects of his exhortations became so visible, as to excite some apprehensions among the white settlements on the frontiers. In 1809 the Prophet removed from Greenville to Tippecanoe, on the upper part of the Wabash; and, before the expiration of the next year, he was reported to have more than 1000 warriors under his entire control. A general alarm existed among the whites throughout Indiana and Illinois; and rumours

of war became prevalent. Measures had already been taken by General Harrison, governor of Indiana, for the defence of the frontiers, and of Vincennes in particular. Early in 1811, the Indian force mustered at Tippecanoe was larger than that which General Harrison himself could easily collect; and the body-guard of Tecumseh, on the visit which he paid that officer at Vincennes, in July of this season, consisted of more than 300 men.

This meeting took place in consequence of the complaints of Governor Harrison to Tecumseh and the Prophet, of the insults and injuries which had been offered to American citizens by Indians under their influence. He also informed them that he had heard of their recent attempts to hasten hostilities between the Union and various Indian tribes; and reminded them of the consequences of such conduct. "Brothers!" was one of the expressions contained in this speech, as such messages are emphatically called by the Indians,—"I am myself of the long-knife tribe. As soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers! take care of their stings." Tecumseh promptly replied to this communication by promising to visit the governor within eighteen days, "to wash away all these bad stories." Some delay occurred; but, upon Saturday, the 27th of July, he made his appearance at Vincennes, with 300 followers. Negotiations commenced on the Tuesday. Tecumseh repaired to the harbour, prepared for the occasion, attended by a guard of 200 men, some armed with bows and arrows, and others with knives, tomahawks, and war-clubs. The Governor had with him a troop of dismounted dragoons, furnished with fire-arms; and he had taken care, on Tecumseh's first arrival, to secure the town by stationing two foot companies and a detachment of cavalry in the outskirts. He placed himself in the front of his dragoons. Tecumseh stood at the head of his tawny band, and the conference was commenced by a speech on the part of the Governor. This was briefly replied to; but, the conference being adjourned until the next day, Tecumseh then made a long ingenious harangue, both exposing and justifying his own schemes. He said that the Great Spirit had given this great island—meaning the American continent—to his red children; but the whites, who were placed on the other side of the great water, not content with their share of the earth, had crossed over, seized upon the coast,—driven the Indians from the sea to the lakes,—undertaken to say that this track belongs to one tribe, this to another—when the Great Spirit had made it the common property of all the tribes. They had retreated far enough,—they would go no farther. He, at the same time, disclaimed having intended to make war, but expressed his opinion it would not be

\* In a letter of Jefferson to Adams (Jefferson's Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 174) there is an interesting, but partial account of the Prophet; indeed, Jefferson, with all his ability, is remarkably one-sided in all his statements.

possible to preserve peace, unless the Indian principle of common property should be recognised, and the progress of the white settlements discontinued. Respecting the demand which the Governor had made—that the Potawatamie murderers should be given up for punishment, he contended that he could not deliver them up, even if he had the power. “It was not right,” he said, “to punish those people. They ought to be forgiven, as well as those who had recently murdered his people in the Illinois. The white should follow his example of forgiveness: he had forgiven the Ottawas and the Osages.” He declared his intention to go to Washington, and settle all difficulties with the President, and meanwhile to despatch messengers to prevent further mischief. At the end of a long and animated speech, he found himself unprovided with a seat. Observing the neglect, Governor Harrison directed a chair to be placed, and requested him to accept it. “My father,” replied Tecumseh, “the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; I will repose on her lap.” The chief concluded his oration by offering the Governor a quantity of wampum, as a full atonement for the murders before mentioned. The latter made an indignant rejoinder; the meeting was broken up, and the warrior, attended by his followers, soon afterwards commenced his journey down the Wabash for the southward.

Tecumseh subsequently abandoned his plan of visiting the President, because he could not be received at the head of the confederated Indians.

The influence of the brothers amongst their countrymen was soon obvious. Together they were endowed with a complete set of qualities necessary to accomplish their design, but neither could act alone. Tecumseh was frank, warlike, persuasive in his oratory, popular in his manners, and irreprouchable in his habits of life. Elkswátawa had more cunning than courage; and a stronger disposition to talk than to fight. But he was subtle, fluent, persevering, and self-possessed. He suddenly became an inspired man, and Tecumseh appeared his first convert. Possibly some others of their tribe were entrusted with the secret. As their plans progressed, emergencies of every kind were occurring from day to day, which nothing but the most ready invention and the shrewdest sagacity on the part of the two brothers could have prevented from ruining the cause.

Their strongest opponents, in the first instance, were the chiefs of many Indian tribes. They were jealous or suspicious of the new pretenders, ridiculed and reproached them, and thwarted their exertions in every possible way. The Prophet, however, showed his knowledge of Indian nature in countervailing them. His satellites, engaged in all directions, speedily ascertained who, among the chiefs, were or were not likely to be his friends or enemies; and against the

latter he brought the fearful charge of witchcraft. The Indians universally have an extreme horror of a witch or a wizard, which nothing is sufficient to counteract. The sensation produced by those accusations was extreme, and at length the excitement grew to such a height, as to ensure the success of his scheme, and the Prophet declared that the Great Spirit had directly endowed him with the power of pointing out, not only those who were in full possession of the diabolical art, but also those who were impregnated with the least tincture of the diabolical disposition. The pile was thus prepared for whosoever he thought proper to devote to it, and numerous were its victims.

Among the eminent sufferers was a Wyandot chief, known by the English name of *Leatherlips*. He was sixty-three years of age, and had always sustained a most exemplary character. He was attached to the American alliance, to which he had subscribed his signature at the Treaty of Greenville. He was accused and condemned, and orders were given to an influential chief of the same nation as the convict, in the Prophet's service, who, with four other Indians, immediately started off in quest of him. He was found at home, and informed of the sentence which had been passed upon him. He entreated, reasoned, and promised, but all in vain. The inexorable messengers of death set about digging his grave by the side of his wigwam. He now dressed himself in his finest war clothes, and, having refreshed himself with a hasty meal of venison, knelt down on the brink of the grave. His executioner knelt with him, and offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit in his behalf. The Indians withdrew a few paces, and seated themselves around the victim on the ground. The aged chief inclined forward, resting his face upon his hands,—his elbows upon his knees: while thus seated, one of the young Indians came up, and struck him twice with a tomahawk. For some time he lay senseless on the ground. The Indians all stood around in solemn silence. Finding that he breathed longer than they expected, they called on the whites, one or two of whom were spectators, to take notice how hard he died; pronounced him a wizard—no good—then struck him again, and terminated his existence. The office of burial was soon performed. One of the party accessory to the old chief's death was his own brother!

Tecumseh, however, at heart disapproved of these sanguinary proceedings of his brother, and was in favour of milder measures. He refused his assent to the Prophet's proposal to murder all the hostile chiefs at a great feast. But, under the pretext that the chiefs were the persons who bartered the lands of the tribes to the Americans, and traitorously connived at the inroads and trespasses of the settlers, he by degrees reduced them to a private capacity. Tecumseh, while he equalled Elkswátawa in the quickness of his

facilities, far surpassed him in the intrepidity and dignity so essential among any people, savage or civilized, for a stable and legitimate influence. The Prophet managed well the business which was given him; but he was content to do it in secret, and glad to do it in safety. Tecumseh, on the other hand, ranged the continent from north to south, from east to west; threatened, flattered; roused resentment, alarmed superstition, provoked curiosity; and thus extended the limits of the grand Confederation, year by year, from tribe to tribe; but slowly, calmly, and secretly. No labour fatigued, no difficulty or disappointment disheartened, no danger alarmed him. It was by his means chiefly that the extravagant stories of his brother's supernatural powers were propagated, so soon and so simultaneously as they were, among a hundred different tribes, sometimes by himself, sometimes by his agents. Hence, so early as 1807, General Harrison "discovered that the Shawnee tribe in particular were devoted to the British interest." Hence the strange movements, perceivable at the same period, among the various tribes of Indians among the lakes. They were assembling in council day and night, and belts of wampum and pipes were sent in all directions. For four years Tecumseh was in constant motion; to-day visible on the Wabash, then heard of on the shores of the Erie or Michigan; now among the Indians of the Mississippi. When everything was effected in the north and west which he could effect there, he commenced a laborious and hazardous journey of months among the remoter tribes of the south. The train was laid everywhere but there; and the subsequent trouble given to the Americans by the Creek Indians indicates sufficiently what might have been accomplished in time had his confederates been as prudent as himself. The indiscretion of the Prophet ruined the vast scheme of Tecumseh.

After a conference between Governor Harrison and Tecumseh, at Vincennes, in July, 1811, the popular excitement in the Union became exceedingly great. Meetings were held, and representations and resolutions forwarded to the Federal Executive. But, before these documents could reach their destination, authority had been sent from Washington to Governor Harrison to commence offensive operations if necessary, and forces, in addition to those under his territorial jurisdiction, were placed at his disposal. "The banditti under the Prophet," said the official instructions, "are to be attacked and vanquished, provided such a measure shall be rendered absolutely necessary." Many discussions have arisen in America respecting the general propriety of the offensive operations he commenced, and his particular system or success in conducting them. These questions are too uninteresting to our readers to be discussed, neither

shall we detail Harrison's measures further than glancing at those connected with our narrative.

In September, 1811, the Governor despatched Indian messengers to demand of the various tribes in the Prophet's encampment that they should all return to their respective territories; that the stolen horses in their and his possession should be all given up; and that all murderers then sheltered at Tippecanoe should be delivered over to justice. The first messenger had the effect of bringing out, about the end of September, a friendly deputation from the Prophet full of professions of peace. But fresh outrages having been almost simultaneously committed by his followers, sundry chiefs of the Delaware tribe undertook, in October, to go upon a second mission. This embassy of peace is said to have been abruptly met by a counter-deputation from the Prophet, requiring a categorical answer to the question, whether they would or would not join him against the whites? The Delawares, nevertheless, went on; and, having visited the Prophet's camp, returned to Governor Harrison, now on his march to the Indian territory, with the report of their having been ill-treated, insulted, and finally dismissed with contemptuous remarks upon the Governor and themselves. In spite of the want of success of their predecessors, twenty-four Miami Indians next volunteered to go upon this thankless business. They seem to have been better entertained, for they appear to have decided upon raising the tomahawk against their employer. At all events these diplomatists spared themselves the pain of returning.

Governor Harrison, distrustful of his last mission, shortly after its departure, entered into the heart of the territory occupied by the Prophet, but claimed by the United States, as being purchased of those tribes who had the least disputed claim to it. Towards the close of the 6th of November, 1811, he encamped in the vicinity of the Prophet's force; and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, until a conference could take place on the ensuing day. Whether, as the Prophet affirmed on this occasion by his messengers, sent after the engagement, he had forwarded a pacific proposal to the Governor, which accidentally failed to reach him,—or whether he was now actually "desirous of avoiding hostilities if possible," but felt himself compelled to commence them, will ever remain matter of doubt. His forces, which have been variously estimated at from 500 to 800 warriors, made a violent attack on the American troops early in the morning of the 7th, and one of the most desperate struggles of which we have any record in the history of Indian warfare ensued. The Prophet's force was at length slowly driven from the field, leaving thirty-eight of its bravest warriors behind. The Americans lost about fifty killed and about twice that number wounded.

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Tecumseh, however, at heart disapproved of these sanguinary proceedings of his brother, and was in favour of milder measures. He refused his assent to the Prophet's proposal to murder all the hostile chiefs at a great feast. But, under the pretext that the chiefs were the persons who bartered the lands of the tribes to the Americans, and traitorously connived at the roads and trespasses of the settlers, he by degrees reduced them to a private capacity. Tecumseh, while he equalled Elkswátawa in the quickness of his



faculties, far surpassed him in the intrepidity and dignity so essential among any people, savage or civilized, for a stable and legitimate influence. The Prophet managed well the business which was given him; but he was content to do it in secret, and glad to do it in safety. Tecumseh, on the other hand, ranged the continent from north to south, from east to west; threatened, flattered; roused resentment, alarmed superstition, provoked curiosity; and thus extended the limits of the grand Confederation, year by year, from tribe to tribe; but slowly, calmly, and secretly. No labour fatigued, no difficulty or disappointment disheartened, no danger alarmed him. It was by his means chiefly that the extravagant stories of his brother's supernatural powers were propagated, so soon and so simultaneously as they were, among a hundred different tribes, sometimes by himself, sometimes by his agents. Hence, so early as 1807, General Harrison "discovered that the Shawanee tribe in particular were devoted to the British interest." Hence the strange movements, perceivable at the same period, among the various tribes of Indians among the lakes. They were assembling in council day and night, and belts of wampum and pipes were sent in all directions. For four years Tecumseh was in constant motion; to-day visible on the Wabash, then heard of on the shores of the Erie or Michigan; now among the Indians of the Mississippi. When everything was effected in the north and west which he could effect there, he commenced a laborious and hazardous journey of months among the remoter tribes of the south. The train was laid everywhere but there; and the subsequent trouble given to the Americans by the Creek Indians indicates sufficiently what might have been accomplished in time had his confederates been as prudent as himself. The indiscretion of the Prophet ruined the vast scheme of Tecumseh.

After a conference between Governor Harrison and Tecumseh, at Vincennes, in July, 1811, the popular excitement in the Union became exceedingly great. Meetings were held, and representations and resolutions forwarded to the Federal Executive. But, before these documents could reach their destination, authority had been sent from Washington to Governor Harrison to commence offensive operations if necessary, and forces, in addition to those under his territorial jurisdiction, were placed at his disposal. "The banditti under the Prophet," said the official instructions, "are to be attacked and vanquished, provided such a measure shall be rendered absolutely necessary." Many discussions have arisen in America respecting the general propriety of the offensive operations he commenced, and his particular system or success in conducting them. These questions are too uninteresting to our readers to be discussed, neither

shall we detail Harrison's measures further than glancing at those connected with our narrative.

In September, 1811, the Governor despatched Indian messengers to demand of the various tribes in the Prophet's encampment that they should all return to their respective territories; that the stolen horses in their and his possession should be all given up; and that all murderers then sheltered at Tippecanoe should be delivered over to justice. The first messenger had the effect of bringing out, about the end of September, a friendly deputation from the Prophet full of professions of peace. But fresh outrages having been almost simultaneously committed by his followers, sundry chiefs of the Delaware tribe undertook, in October, to go upon a second mission. This embassy of peace is said to have been abruptly met by a counter-deputation from the Prophet, requiring a categorical answer to the question, whether they would or would not join him against the whites! The Delawares, nevertheless, went on; and, having visited the Prophet's camp, returned to Governor Harrison, now on his march to the Indian territory, with the report of their having been ill-treated, insulted, and finally dismissed with contemptuous remarks upon the Governor and themselves. In spite of the want of success of their predecessors, twenty-four Miami Indians next volunteered to go upon this thankless business. They seem to have been better entertained, for they appear to have decided upon raising the tomahawk against their employer. At all events these diplomatists spared themselves the pain of returning.

Governor Harrison, distrustful of his last mission, shortly after its departure, entered into the heart of the territory occupied by the Prophet, but claimed by the United States, as being purchased of those tribes who had the least disputed claim to it. Towards the close of the 6th of November, 1811, he encamped in the vicinity of the Prophet's force; and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, until a conference could take place on the ensuing day. Whether, as the Prophet affirmed on this occasion by his messengers, sent after the engagement, he had forwarded a pacific proposal to the Governor, which accidentally failed to reach him,—or whether he was now actually "desirous of avoiding hostilities if possible," but felt himself compelled to commence them, will ever remain matter of doubt. His forces, which have been variously estimated at from 500 to 800 warriors, made a violent attack on the American troops early in the morning of the 7th, and one of the most desperate struggles of which we have any record in the history of Indian warfare ensued. The Prophet's force was at length slowly driven from the field, leaving thirty-eight of its bravest warriors behind. The Americans lost about fifty killed and about twice that number wounded.

The Prophet's town was pillaged by his conquerors; but the victorious army, unable to maintain its position, returned to Vincennes. The Indians, previous to the attack, were in the greatest possible state of excitement, produced by the Prophet's magical rites, his harangues, and the war-dance which he performed with them day and night: hence the unexampled bravery displayed by them. They rushed on the very bayonets of the American troops; and in some instances, pressing aside the soldier's musket, they brained him with the war club. The Prophet, meanwhile, is said to have been comfortably seated on an adjacent eminence, singing a war-song. He had assured his followers that the American bullets would do them no harm; and that, while they should have light, their enemies should be involved in thick darkness. Soon after the battle commenced he was told that the Indians were falling. "Fight on! fight on!" cried he, "it will soon be as I predicted!"—and howled his war-song louder than before.

Tecumseh, after his visit to Vincennes, had proceeded to the south, to prepare his allies for a general rising; during his absence the Prophet risked the battle of Tippecanoe. The chief returned, and found his vast scheme, the object so long of all his solicitude and his labour, thrown, on the very brink of success, into the utmost confusion. He was exasperated, humiliated, afflicted. The premature explosion interrupted the negotiation for new allies, diminished the moral power of the Prophet, and frightened or obliged many, who were or would have been his adherents, into neutrality in some cases, and open hostility in others. But here was the trial of Tecumseh's noblest qualities. His hopes, though defeated, were not destroyed. He first attempted negotiation. He visited the American authorities at Fort Wayne. Before them he still appeared haughty and obstinate in the opinions and demands he had hitherto maintained, and even requested ammunition of the commandant, which was refused him. He then said that he would go to his British father, who would not refuse him,—appeared thoughtful and sullen for a while,—then turned on his heel, raised the war-whoop, and departed.

War having, in 1812, broken out between Great Britain and the United States, Tecumseh eagerly seized on the occasion to revenge the wrongs and injuries of his race. The British Government found the Indians actuated by a spirit of the utmost hostility against the Americans—they took advantage of it. The employment of the Indians—savages they were not—in the last American war has been, both at home and in the States, a subject of vituperation against the British Government. Without making it here a matter of discussion, we will merely record an opinion founded on a very recent and impartial survey of all the circumstances, that it was perfectly justifiable, and

did not, in its results, materially increase the horrors of war. Tecumseh received from the British commander at Malden twelve horse-loads of ammunition for the use of his people at Tippecanoe. Immediately after this he openly joined his new allies, was gratified with the designation of *Brigadier-General* Tecumseh, and unquestionably rendered the most essential services, especially in raising and retaining the Indian forces. During the first months of the war the principal part of his time was devoted to recruiting. He was present, however, at the siege of Fort Meigs, and commanded the co-operating Indian force on the south-east side of the river Maumee. At the second assault on Fort Meigs, in July, 1812, he was also present.

Tecumseh now became, substantially as well as nominally, the head and life of the Anglo-Indian Department; and, under his influence, greater forces were collected and embodied than in any other instance since the first settlement of the country. He brought in 600 Wabash recruits, in one body, early in 1813. In the attack made upon Fort Stephenson, in the summer of the same year, the British numbered but 500 regulars for 800 Indians; while Tecumseh was at the same time stationed on the road to Fort Meigs, with a body of 1500 more, for the purpose of cutting off the enemy's reinforcement on that route. A visit from him to the south-west roused the Creek Indians, who, in the name of the Great Prophet, whetted their tomahawks, and in 1813 ravaged Georgia with desolation. In opposing them General Jackson learnt the art of war; and by his hard-won victory over them at Tohopeka, where a thousand warriors withstood triple their force, and perished valiantly, reduced them to submission.

If Tecumseh was not present, his spirit animated the Indians under the command of Brigadier-General Proctor, who, united with the regular troops, completely defeated the American force sent to recapture Detroit. The American writers complain that, on this occasion, a great number of their men fell sacrifices to the cruelty of the Indians. Success, however, in this quarter for a time forsook the British arms: Detroit, the first conquest of the war, was given up; and the retreat was not conducted with that steadiness which had marked the previous operations. With success, crowds of Indians deserted the British standard; and of above 3000, no more than 500 warriors remained with the brave and faithful Tecumseh. The Americans, under General Harrison, came up with Sir George Prevost near the Moravian villages on the Thames, and an engagement was inevitable. Tecumseh was posted with his Indians on the right wing of the British forces, on which the severest fighting with the Americans took place. Here was his last struggle. On receiving his last orders from the British General, he exclaimed—"Father! tell your young men to be

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firm, and all will be well;" he then harangued his followers, and formed them in their places. The British were defeated; but Tecumseh, disdaining to fly, when all around him except his own followers were flying, pressed eagerly into the very heart of the contest, encouraged the Indians with his war-cry, and plied the tomahawk with tremendous energy. He appeared to be advancing upon an American officer, named Johnson, who was pressing forward, on the other side, at the head of his mounted infantry. Suddenly a wavering was perceived in the ranks of the Indians. The voice of command was no longer heard among them. Tecumseh had fallen, and his bravest and best men still remaining, were disheartened and defeated by the same blow which prostrated him. That they did their share of fighting in this engagement fully appears from the fact that thirty-three warriors were found dead on the battle-ground, chiefly near Tecumseh, and that many were slain in the pursuit; while the number of British killed did not exceed twenty. The American writers have disputed by whom Tecumseh was killed. "There is a possibility," says one, "that he fell by a pistol-shot from the hand of Colonel Johnson." The Americans, after his death, are said to have shown their respect for Tecumseh in full as barbarous a manner as a hostile tribe of his own nation could have done under the same circumstances. The skin was flayed from his lifeless corpse and made into razor-strops—one of which the late Mr. Clay of Virginia, a member of the American Legislature, prided himself in possessing. The British Government granted a pension to his widow and child; and it is to be hoped, if either or both still survive, no pretext of Humeish economy has deprived them of the tribute of gratitude which the conduct of their relative so well merited.

The temporary triumphs of the American forces, the death of his brother, and the loss of all his best friends of his own tribe, which was reduced in number during the war to about twenty warriors, finally destroyed the character of Elkswáwata as a prophet. When this was effected, it was human nature to degrade him below the level of a man. The prophet, however, had earned, and he enjoyed, a pension from England from the close of the war until his death, which took place about the year 1828.

Such was the career of Tecumseh, whose whole life and talents were devoted to the cause of Indian independence. When, through the indiscretion of his brother, this cause failed, he devoted himself to its revenge; and, in search of this "wild justice," he fell. Had it been his fortune to have lived in a civilized country, and to have enjoyed the light of education, his memory would have been endowed with an immortality of honourable fame; as it was, although thirty years have not elapsed since his death, the foregoing particulars of his career are all that have been

rescued from forgetfulness. When he spoke to his brethren on the glorious theme that animated all his actions, his fine countenance lighted up, his form and erect frame swelled with deep emotion, which his own stern dignity could scarcely suppress; every posture and gesture had its meaning; and language flowed tumultuously and swiftly from the fountains of his soul. His character, full of strong savage talent and savage feeling, was free from coarseness in his manners or from cruelty in his conduct. For reasons easily to be imagined, he regarded Governor Harrison with less partiality than most other individual Americans; and hence his British allies are said to have stipulated early in the war, that the Governor, if taken prisoner, should be their captive. Yet there is no reason to suppose that if this *casus faderis* had occurred, Tecumseh would have tarnished his fame by cruelty. For, when the Governor proposed to him, on a visit to Vincennes, in 1810, that, in the event of a war, he would, as far as possible, put a stop to the cruelties which the Indians were accustomed to inflict on their prisoners, he readily gave his assent to the proposition, and pledged himself to adhere to it; and he did not forget his promise. In one of the sorties from Fort Meigs, a hundred of the American garrison were taken prisoners, and put into Fort Miami. Here,—at least so it is writ in American annals,—the British Indians garnished the surrounding ramparts, and amused themselves by loading and firing at the crowd within, or at particular individuals. This proceeding is said to have continued two hours, during which time twenty of the unfortunate prisoners were shot. The chiefs were, at the same time, holding a council to determine the fate of the residue. The Potawatamie chiefs were in favour of despatching them all on the spot, while the Wyandot and Miamies opposed that course. The former prevailed, and had already commenced the work of destruction, when Tecumseh, desecrating it from the batteries, came down among them, reprimanded the ringleaders for their dastardly barbarity in murdering defenceless captives in cold blood, and thus saved the lives of a considerable number. His habits and deportment were perfectly free from whatever could give offence to the most delicate female; when brought into contact with, and receiving the hospitalities of British officers, he readily and cheerfully accommodated himself to all the novelties of his situation, and seemed amused without being embarrassed by them. He could never be induced to drink wine or spirituous liquors; though, in every other respect, he fed like every one else at the table. In battle Tecumseh was painted and equipped like the rest of his brethren; but, otherwise, his common dress was a leathern frock descending to the knees, and confined at the waist like a belt; leggings and mocassins for the feet, of the same material, completed his clothing.

Shortly before his fall, he seemed to have a presentiment of what was to occur: he strongly enjoined his people not to elect his son (then fourteen or fifteen years of age) for their chief, "For," said he—full of prejudice against a resemblance to Europeans, the authors of his nation's woes—"he is too fair and like a white man!"

Although the schemes of Tecumseh and the Prophet were, in their issue, unsuccessful, not the less credit should, on that account, be allowed to their motives or their efforts. They were statesmen, though the community over which their influence was exerted was composed of red men instead of white. They were patriots, though they fought only for untilled lands and for wild liberty. The necessity of their failure perhaps existed in the nature of things—their means were inadequate for their schemes; but the vastness and greatness of their plans are undeniable proofs both of genius and principle.

The incidents of Tecumseh's life cannot fail to be suggestive of reflections on the history and present state of the American Indians. However it may be attempted to preserve appearances by fraudulent and compulsory purchases of Indian lands, and declarations of benevolent intentions towards their injured possessors, it has always been the boast of American policy that "the Indians shall be made to vanish before civilization as the snow melts before the sun-beam." In the wilds of our Canadian colonies, the evils which the Indians have received from Europeans might still be partially recompensed by a wise and sagacious policy. As the stream of American population, it has been no less profoundly than benevolently suggested, continues to drive the tribes before it, some part of their remaining numbers may be forced northward, within the boundary of British possessions. There the fugitives should find shelter and protection, and opportunities of social improvement. There the remains of the primitive people of that vast continent might yet be collected; and their settlement on the western flank of our cultivated country might form no contemptible barrier and point of support against future aggressions, by which it is idle to suppose that the Canadas are not yet to be menaced.

From the *Athenæum*.

#### CAPTAIN HARRIS'S TRAVELS.

*Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa, during the years 1836, and 1837, &c.* By Capt. W. C. Harris, H. E. I. Company's Engineers. Bombay. London, Richardson.

At the early age of six years, Capt. Harris gave indication of no ordinary sporting genius, by discharg-

ing a great blunderbuss at a flock of sparrows in a neighbour's inclosure. But the first efforts of undisciplined genius rarely experience an encouraging reception from the world. The owner of the inclosure as unceremoniously beaten up, espousing the cause of the injured sparrows, laid an information in the proper quarter, and the juvenile, unlicensed sportsman felt the rigour of the law. This misfortune, however, could give but a momentary check to talents such as his. Strong instinct taught him, when he missed fire, to recover arms and try again. His passion for the chase, strong as powder, forced its way through all obstacles, and at length his parents, becoming fully aware of his proficiency in practical gunnery, resolved to make him a military engineer. Having thus superadded a little of the theory of projectiles to the rich stock of experimental knowledge previously acquired, our author proceeded on active service to India, where the bones of sundry tigers that have fallen victims to his deadly aim, lie, we dare say, still bleaching in the jungle. But India (with humility be it spoken,) is in many parts too populous and cultivated to exhibit the perfection of a sporting country. Our author growing sensible of this, fell sick, and was ordered, by the medical board of Bombay, to spend two years in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. This medical prescription crowned all his wishes: it had the effect of wafting him at once to the very paradise of sportsmen; to that land *monstrorum ferax*, where civilization and game laws have not yet disturbed the natural order of things; and where the beasts of the field, neither immured in preserves, nor liable to be bagged by statute, enjoy equally and unimpaired the privilege of all animals *feræ nature*, to be shot at.

On his passage from Bombay to the Cape, Captain Harris found among his fellow-passengers a devoted sportsman, in the person of W. Richardson, Esq. of the Company's civil service, who readily entered into his plan of a hunting expedition to the interior. At Cape Town, the inspection of Dr. A. Smith's museum, and the account which that traveller gave of the abundance of game in the country beyond the colony, inflamed his ardour; and to the surprise of all, "the two poor Indian gentlemen," after spending only one month in Cape Town, embarked in a little schooner for Algoa Bay, on their way to the north-eastern frontier. In Graham's Town they were introduced to two traders, named Hume and Scoon, who had made several journeys into the interior, and gave them much valuable information. The former of these men, we may observe, has penetrated further northward from the borders of the colony than any other traveller, his route extending in longitude 28° E., probably a degree beyond the tropic. The expeditions of these traders in South Africa, of whom there are about two hundred in the constant habit of roaming among the aboriginal

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tribes, without an armed escort, with considerable property, and to a great distance from the colonial frontier, are in strong contrast with the schemes of South African expeditions, formed in this country, which almost always take for granted the difficulty of the undertaking, and the danger to be apprehended from the natives. A Hottentot, named Andries Afriender, who had five times visited Moselekatse's country in the interior, in the service of traders, was the first to enlist in the train of Captain Harris. He subsequently proved a very worthless character, as did the rest of our author's retinue, who, to the number of six, were all discharged criminals. This circumstance deserves to be pointed out, in order that the reader may perceive, that the annoyances experienced during this expedition were not all inevitably connected with its plan and object, but that they ought rather to be ascribed to want of circumspection in the preparatory arrangements, and to that redundancy of courage which courts martyrdom. The journey of our author from Graham's Town to Graaf Reinett, where he completed his equipment, was a series of disasters, arising no doubt from his ignorance of the manners and language of the country, and perhaps too, from the sinister address of his interpreter.

It was on the 1st of September, that most auspicious day to British sportsmen, that Captain Harris and his party, with two ox-wagons, and about a dozen horses, started for the interior. On the high plains beyond the Sniewberg, they found all the brooks frozen, and experienced a heavy fall of snow. But here game began to grow numerous, and Captain Harris warmed himself in pursuing Gnoos, which animal he thus describes:—

"Of all quadrupeds, the Gneo is probably the most awkward and grotesque, wheeling and prancing in every direction, his shaggy and bearded head arched between his slender and muscular legs, and his long white tail streaming in the wind; this ever wary animal has at once a ferocious and ludicrous appearance. Suddenly stopping, showing an imposing front, and tossing his head in mock defiance, his wild red sinister eyes flash fire, and his snort, resembling the roar of a lion, is repeated with energy and effect. Then lashing his sides with his floating tail, he plunges, bounds, kicks up his heels with a fantastic flourish, and in a moment is off at speed, making the dust fly behind him as he sweeps across the plain."

A little further on, another kind of game presented itself.

"Here the face of the country was literally white with Springbucks, myriads of which covered the plains, affording us a welcome supply of food. When hunted, these elegant creatures take extraordinary bounds, rising with curved backs high into the air, as if about to take flight; and they invariably clear a road or beaten track in this manner, as if their natural disposition to regard man as an enemy, induced them to mistrust even the ground upon which he had trod."

These antelopes often make their appearance in the colony in countless multitudes, consuming all the fresh herbage with the rapidity of locusts: nor is this all; they mingle with the flocks of sheep, and when on being approached they betake themselves to flight, the latter go off with them, and are irrecoverably lost. To the scanty verdure of these well-stocked plains, succeeded a dry desert, with hardly a trace of vegetable or animal life, and in which the scorching heat of the day was succeeded by piercing cold at night. The party began to suffer from want of water, when they at last reached the banks of the Orange river; a magnificent stream, according to our author, to whom, as he emerged from desolation and sterility, its tranquil current three hundred yards in breadth, and fringed with drooping willows, seemed to realize "the fascinating imagery of a romance." Beyond the river, however, he witnessed a spectacle still more to his taste, namely, a large party of Coranas engaged in an attempt to run down an Ostrich on foot,—a prodigy of speed which these people sometimes achieve. On the 26th of September, our traveller entered New Litakoo, "a lovely spot in the waste by which it is completely environed."

Captain Harris is provokingly brief in his observations on the missionary settlement at Kuruman, or New Litakoo, and in its neighbourhood; though, had he been fully aware that the rising generation at those places, in a population of four or five thousand, are growing up in Christianity, in the habits of civilized life, with the knowledge of some useful arts, and the capability of reading and writing their own language, he would, no doubt, have felt deeply interested in the welfare of those settlements, and would have surveyed them with a zealous curiosity. His remark, that the male Bechuanas have adopted a rude imitation of the European costume, while the females are still satisfied with their native garb, is hardly a correct, and certainly a very inadequate representation of the state of affairs in the Bechuana missions. But it must be candidly acknowledged, that our author in his pages gives his whole heart to game, and apparently reserves no share of sympathy for the uncultivated portion of his own species. He sees something to admire in the peculiarity of every four-footed beast, but the human animal in a state of nature is nothing in his eyes but an object of derision. All the natives whom he meets with, he calls indiscriminately "savages," and the colouring of the jaundiced eye is obvious in all his pictures of them. On his journey north-eastward from Kuruman, he was joined by a Bechuana "gentleman of quality," whom he thus describes: "His skin was blacker than a boot, and in texture resembled a rhinoceros hide; yet he studiously interposed a parasol, composed of ostrich plumes, betwixt the sun and his nobility, leaving his little daughters to bestride a pack

bullock, and their complexions to take care of themselves." The Bechuanas of the missions nevertheless, and still more the Griquas, would have been worthily commemorated by our author, had he known the great extent of their hunting expeditions, on which, we are informed, they are sometimes absent for eighteen months, or even two years, and penetrate to an immense distance in the interior; nor are these people by any means so dull as not to be able to give an intelligible account of the country explored by them.

Beyond the country of the Batlappees (the Bechuana tribe dwelling round Litakoo) succeeded a desert tract, which, in turn, gave way to a park-like scene, the wide lawns of luxuriant grass being shaded by the spreading camelthorn, a stately species of acacia, which forms the favourite food of the giraffe. "The gaudy yellow blossoms with which these remarkable trees were covered, yielded an aromatic and overpowering perfume; while small troops of striped quaggas, or wild asses, and of brindled knoos, which, for the first time, were seen through the forest, enlivened the scene." Here, notwithstanding the distress occasioned to the cattle by the scarcity of water, our author's spirits rose with a presage of the coming sport.

"As we advanced," he says, "the game hourly became more abundant, though still exceedingly wild. Groups of hartebeasts, quaggas, and brindled gnoos, were every where to be seen. A short chase was sufficient to seal the fate of three quaggas, all males, averaging thirteen hands high. During the run, I had not seen a human being, and fancied myself alone; but I had scarcely dismounted to secure my game, when a woolly head protruded itself from every bush, and, in an instant, I was surrounded by thirty Barolong, who, having by signs expressed their approbation of my performance, proceeded to devour the carcass with the greatest avidity, greedily drinking the blood, rubbing the fat upon their bodies, and not leaving so much even as the entrails for the birds of prey."

These poor people were the remnants of several Bechuana tribes, dispersed by wars, and reduced, by the loss of their cattle, to live on the game taken in pitfalls. The ruins of their once populous villages soon after engaged our traveller's attention. But his soul was about to be engrossed by more congenial objects. The whole country "presented the appearance of a moving mass of game." It was in an open forest, like a park, the great camelthorn trees being weighed down by the enormous nests of the social loxia, that the various species of game poured in, till the plain seemed alive.

"The clatter of their hoofs," says our author, "was perfectly astounding, and I could compare it to nothing but the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or to the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated numbers at less than fifteen thousand."

The attack of Don Quixote on the flock of sheep was

not more ardent, nor nearly so destructive, as that of Captain Harris on the mingled herds of wild animals. The various species fled in confusion, the tall necks of the ostriches being conspicuous above the gnoos, the antelopes, and the zebras. When the ignoble crowd was dispersed, two strange figures were perceived standing under a tree; these were Elands, the fattest and most delicious of African game. A short chase sufficed to tire these bulky animals, and the two Elands, measuring each above seventeen hands high at the shoulder, were brought to the ground. It is interesting to contrast the Walton-like sentimentality of our keen sportsman, sated with the pleasures of killing, with the exuberant animal joy and wanton triumph of "the savages" who followed him, intent upon the feast. He says himself,—

"I was engaged in making a sketch of the one I had shot, when the savages came up, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, proceeded, with cold-blooded ferocity, to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation, as it issued from each newly-inflicted wound, regardless of the eloquent and piteous appeal, expressed in the beautiful clear black eye of the mild and inoffensive Eland."

One would suppose that the writer of this could have said to the Eland—

Thou can'st not say I did it.

But enough of field sports, for the present. We must hasten to conduct our traveller to the presence of "the Great Black one," as the chieftain Moselekatsé, is styled by his adoring subjects.

Our author had not been long at Mosega, the frontier town of the Matabili nation,—where he was welcomed by the American missionary, Dr. Wilson,—before the messengers despatched by him to Moselekatsé returned, with the welcome assurance that he was "the king's own white man," and pressing him to hasten to the royal residence at Krapain, about fifty miles further north. On the verdant slopes of the hills through which his route lay, he saw countless herds of sleek oxen; and fields of caffer corn (*Holcus sorghum*) were cultivated in the neighbourhood of the villages. On the arrival of Capt. Harris at the king's village, he was met by Um'nombate, "a peer of the realm," or, in plain terms, a principal chief, who, in the preceding spring, had visited Cape Town in the quality of ambassador, and scratched his mark to a treaty now inscribed in the *fadera* of Great Britain. Had Capt. Harris directed any appreciable portion of his curiosity to the biped part of the creation, he might, we dare say, have given us a curious and instructive account of the impression made on this "peer of the realm," by his visit to the colony. The outlines of the other grandees are hit off by our author, as usual, in dark and dashing lines:—

"The next in rank was deeply scarred with the small-pox; and, excepting a necklace of lion's claws, three

inflated gall-bladders on his pate, and a goodly coat of grease upon his hide, was perfectly naked. I saw nothing remarkable about any of the others. They all carried snuff-boxes stuck in their ears, a collection of skin streamers, like the tails of a lady's boa, attached to a thin waistcord, being the nearest approach to a habilliment among them. All their heads were shaven, sufficient hair only being left to attach the *issigoko*, which is a ring composed of sinews attached to the hair and blackened with grease."

The king's approach was at length announced by the shouts of the people; two pursuivants yelling and cutting capers cleared the way in front, while in the rear followed women with calabashes of beer on their heads. Our author's portrait of this celebrated king of savages must not be here omitted.

"The expression of the despot's features, though singularly cunning, wily, and suspicious, is not altogether disagreeable. His figure is rather tall, well turned, and active, but leaning to corpulency; of dignified and reserved manners, the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies, stamp him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by whom he is surrounded. He appeared about forty years of age, but being totally beardless, it was difficult to form a correct estimate of the years he had numbered. The elliptical ring on his closely shorn scalp, was decorated with three green feathers from the tail of the paroquet, placed horizontally, two behind and one in front. A single string of small blue beads encircled his neck, a bunch of twisted sinews encompassed his left ankle, and the usual girdle dangling before and behind, with leopards' tails' completed his costume."

Moselekatse preserved his composure until the presents, consisting of beads, brass wire, snuff, a great coat lined with scarlet shalloon, and a tartan suit, were all spread before his eyes. He was then no longer able to contain himself, but, jumping up, he threw off the slender covering he had on, and commenced arraying himself in his new finery. This grotesque transformation being effected, he abruptly departed, ordering a sheep and some beer to be given to our author and his party. He soon, however, returned again, not in state, but unceremoniously, and by way of confidential interview. He was attired on this occasion in a handsome black leathern mantle, "its ample folds reaching to his heels, well became his tall and manly person; and he looked the very *beau ideal* of an African chief." He made many inquiries respecting King William's herds of cattle; and requested that the colonial traders might be informed of his desire to obtain muskets and ammunition in barter for elephants' teeth. Having retired, he sent his "white men" a supply of beer and the stewed breast of an ox. Our author, who censures Moselekatse's nigardliness, does not appear to have been aware that he was honoured with food reserved for the tables of kings. Among the Bechuanas and kindred nations the breast of every ox belongs to the

chief, and to venture to eat it without his permission is an act of treason.

We need not describe minutely the dwelling of Moselekatse, which differs but little from that of his subjects. A ring of low huts enclosed within a circular fence accommodates himself and his thirty wives. The numerous lions' skulls, scattered over the area of the enclosure, attest the vigilance and courage of his herdsmen. The chief, in his conversations with our author, asked him if he did not wish to see the great lake in the interior, and promised to send a party to escort him thither. Of this great lake, however, Moselekatse doubtless knew no more than what he had learned from his previous European visitors. Its existence, Captain Harris says, was first ascertained by Dr. Andrew Smith; but we have heard nothing which could lead us to believe that its existence is fully ascertained. It was with great difficulty, that our author obtained permission from the chief, to return to the colony by the nearer route of the Vaal or Yellow river; the emigrant boors having attacked the Matabili from that quarter, no access was permitted to the country of the latter, except from the direction of Kuruman. Our author's whimsical disregard of the savages, deprives us of any solid information respecting the history and resources of the Matabili. Their standing army, he tells us, amounts to 5,000 men; their wealth, or rather that of their chief, consists in their herds of cattle. The greatest of all crimes among them is, to be fat; corpulency being the king's prerogative.

On leaving the king's village, Captain Harris travelled for some time towards the south-east, till he reached the banks of the river Mariqua, where one of his dogs incautiously ran into the jaws of an enormous crocodile, for such is the proper denomination of what our author calls an alligator. Near the banks of the river stood the remains of a village constructed on a raised platform, a mode of architecture suggested no doubt by the boldness of the crocodiles, and the number of wild beasts frequenting the banks of the river. Villages of this kind were described to Mr. Campbell, when he visited Kurrichane in 1822, and appear to have been formerly common, though our author saw no second example of them. A deserted village built on scaffolds was seen by the traders Scoon and M'Luckie in 1829; and at some distance to the eastward of our author's route, the above-named explorers found a still more remarkable exemplification of the same means of escaping the nocturnal ravages of wild beasts. They saw in fact a large tree, the branches of which, supported by forked sticks, were formed into three platforms one above the other, on which were constructed seventeen small huts, each capable of sheltering two persons conveniently. The ascent to the huts was by notched sticks, the first platform being

nine, the third, twenty-five feet above the ground. As our travellers were marching eastward, they met a large herd of cattle which gathered round the wagons with manifest demonstrations of pleasure; they were in fact boors' cattle just captured, and at sight of the wagons they fancied themselves at home. The successful depredators soon made their appearance, and, being propitiated with snuff, conversed facetiously with our author. A chief named Lingap, who was acquainted with the taste of the strangers, descended in this strain:

"His eyes glistened as he spoke of the pleasure he had derived, from feeling his spear enter white flesh. It slipped in, he said, grasping his assagai, and suiting the action to the word, so much more satisfactorily than into the tough hide of a black savage, that he preferred sticking a Dutchman to eating the king's beef."

The same men who thus showed off their ferocity for the edification of our author, would have been found capable, in the company of Mr. Campbell, or Mr. Moffat, of supporting an amusing and not uninteresting conversation. But we must now gird ourselves for the chase. Captain Harris had reached the Cashan Mountains, where he soon descried the object of his aspirations.

"Here [he relates] a grand and magnificent panorama was before us, which beggars all description. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision. Every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them, whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass, their colossal forms being at one time partially concealed by the trees, which they were disfiguring with giant strength; and at others seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees with which they indolently protected themselves from the flies. The back ground was filled by a limited peep of the blue mountainous range, which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul stirring and sublime."

We shall pass over the particulars of the attack on the elephants; the pages of our Nimrod are so filled with anecdotes of this kind of achievement, that we are bewildered in the attempt to choose among them. Suffice it to say, that a female elephant was laid low; and on the following morning, the sportsmen proceeded to survey their prize.

"Not an elephant was to be seen [observes our author] on the ground, that was yesterday teeming with them; but on reaching the glen, which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf, about three and a half feet high, walked forth from a bush and saluted us with mournful piping notes. We had observed the unhappy little wretch, hovering about its mother after she fell, and having probably been unable to overtake the herd, it had passed a dreary night in the wood. Entwining its little proboscis about our legs, the sagacious creature, after demonstrating its delight at our arrival by a thousand

ungainly antics, accompanied the party to the body of its dam. The conduct of the quaint little calf now became quite affecting, and elicited the sympathy of every one. It ran round its mother's corse with touching demonstrations of grief, piping sorrowfully, and vainly attempting to raise her with its tiny trunk. I confess that I felt compunctions in committing the murder the day before, and now half resolved"—

But Captain Harris did not complete his resolution, and therefore continued the work of death with unabated alacrity. The young elephant voluntarily accompanied the party to the wagons, where, notwithstanding all the care bestowed on it, it died in a few days. The familiarity manifested by this creature may be added to many other proofs, that the timidity of wild animals is in a great measure the result of experience. On one occasion, as our author and his party were in chase of a herd of antelopes, a young zebra joined in the pursuit, and galloped, with much apparent glee, side by side with the horses.

Passing northward over the Cashan Mountains, our sportsmen travelled some distance down the banks of the river Limpopo, which flowing northward has hitherto guided the steps of all the explorers in that direction. The country watered by it, being varied, rich, beautiful; and being moreover abundantly stocked with the various species of large game, appeared to our author to be a very paradise. Of elephants, buffaloes, lions, the hippopotamus, and rhinoceros, and all the *ignobile vulgus* of zebras and antelopes, he had now almost grown tired, but as he feelingly observes, "who amongst our brother Nimrods, shall hear of riding familiarly by the side of a troop of colossal giraffes, and not feel his spirit stirred within him?" As these animals declined standing at a convenient distance to be shot at, "the boarding system" was put in practice against them, and found perfectly successful. Captain Harris, in short, rode down the cameleopards; charging a drove of thirty of them, while he was charged in turn by three rhinoceroses: he threw his turban to the latter, and continued peppering his game, "till at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust." "Never," adds our enthusiastic author, "shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment." This triumph appears to have contributed largely to satisfy his ambition. He had killed of large animals above four hundred head of various sorts and sizes. "Of these the minimum height at the shoulder had been three feet, and not a few had measured ten and twelve." His people were growing dissatisfied, his cattle jaded; his leave of absence was limited, and he had a long journey back. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising, that the country northward should appear to his eyes to grow worse, and that he should turn back when within fifty miles of the tropic.



Returning through the Cashan Mountains, Captain Harris came to the Chonapas, a beautiful stream flowing southward into the Vaal or Yellow river, which he found to be "teeming with hippopotami." It was the chase of these animals indeed, the hides and teeth of which are very valuable, that led to the rupture between Moselekatse and the emigrant boors, of which we shall give some account on a future occasion. The chieftain maintains, and not without some show of reason, that the valuable game in his dominions belongs to him. Having crossed the Vaal with some difficulty, our author and his party continued their route southward, over level and trackless plains of immense extent. He was hardly justified, however, in supposing, that he was the first who explored them. To say nothing of the expeditions of the roving boors, the same plains were crossed to the very sources of the Vaal river, seven or eight years ago, by the missionary Archbell. The nobler game now disappeared altogether, and the antelopes grew more shy; yet the gnoss, though rendered wild by constant persecution, were always sure to be attracted by a red handkerchief, the exhibition of which made them charge past in a menacing manner, and at a little distance.

Hitherto, our traveller had enjoyed an uninterrupted series of triumphs, but misfortune loured on him as he approached the frontiers of civilized life. On Christmas-day, he pricked his steed over the smooth grassy plain, dealing death among the wondering crowds of spring-bucks, blesbucks, quaggas, and ostriches; for of the sixteen thousand bullets which he had carried with him, he seems to have been determined not to bring back a single one to the colony. The crowds of game increased as if by magic, till at last, tired of the sport, he raised his eyes, and perceived that the wide-spread mirage, so common in those sultry plains, had completely screened from view the wagons and every distant object that could direct his course. In vain he scoured the plain to seek some traces of the road which he had left. The sun set on his bewildered condition: alone and supperless he lay in a bush in the desert, and it was not till after the lapse of three days and nights of misery, that, through the kindness of some "savages," he found his way to the wagons. This accident, however, was soon followed by a more weighty calamity. All the cattle were driven off during the night by a party of bushmen; and when, after a tedious search, the retreat of the marauders was discovered, nineteen of the oxen were found killed, and most of the others maimed, or groaning under their wounds. A fresh supply of cattle was fortunately obtained from a party of boors located in the neighbourhood; and, after paying a visit to a large encampment of those emigrants, and struggling through numerous petty troubles, our adventurous sportsman returned to Graaf Reinet, with

just ten shillings in his pocket. Seventy head of cattle had been lost in the course of the expedition, the expense of which was thus swelled to a sum of 800*l*. But Capt. Harris very justly observes, that a well-regulated expedition to the same part of Africa ought to cover its own expenses; in truth, the trading expeditions to which we have already alluded, sufficiently establish that point. But we shall now again return to those expeditions, in order to give our readers some idea of the extent of country embraced within them, having first made a few brief observations on the political circumstances of the country visited by our author.

It is melancholy to contemplate the changes which have taken place in the northern part of the Bechuana country since 1822. In that year, the migrating horde of the Mantatees destroyed Kurrichane, and numerous other towns between that place and Litakoo. Hence, where Mr. Campbell saw large villages and cultivated tracts: several square miles in extent, our author found only crumbling stone walls and uninhabited wastes. The Matabili completed the dispersion of the Baharutsi, who dwelt in the hills of Kurrichane, and took possession of their country. Thus, a rude and warlike tribe took the place of one which had made a considerable progress in civilization; for the architecture, manufactures, and general husbandry of the Baharutsi, prove that they were by no means savages. The same may be said of the tribes that dwelt eastward of them, in the Cashan Mountains, previous to the invasion of the Matabili. Among those mountains, Capt. Harris saw numerous remains of stone dwellings and inclosures, with many other vestiges, he informs us, of a higher degree of civilization than now exists there. It is curious to compare these accounts of ruined stone buildings in South Africa, with those which led the Portuguese to believe, when they first arrived at Sofala, that the castles built by Solomon and the Queen of Sheba still existed in Monomotapa, at no great distance in the interior. They heard of stone walls at a place called N'fura, corrupted first into Afura, and thence into Ophir. It also deserves to be remarked, that very extensive ruins of the same kind exist, though known to few, and unnoticed by any traveller, within the limits of the Cape colony. We must also observe, that the rich mines of iron and copper manufactured by the Baharutsi are situated on the northern slope of the Cashan Mountains.

We have already stated, that a trader named David Hume has penetrated further through the Bechuana country than any other traveller. He proceeded northward along the banks of the Limpopo, till it began to bend towards the east, when he followed up the Nacongo, a river flowing from the north-west, into the Limpopo. He thus came to the country of the Bokasa and Bamangwatu—probably in lat. 22° 30' N., and,

by his devious route, not less than 1,200 miles from the colony. Messrs. Bain and Biddulph, who, in 1826, journeyed into the country of the Wankitsi, in lat. 25°, about 500 miles from Delagoa Bay, reached the western limit of these commercial expeditions. The country of the Matabili, along the Cashan Mountains, and thence to Delagoa Bay, has been visited again and again. A trader, named Gibson, travelled round to the northern side of Delagoa Bay; two others,—viz. Maugham and Jones, reached its southern shores with their wagons; a party of boors, consisting of eighteen families, with large flocks and herds, under the guidance of Louis Trechard, established themselves, in May 1836, in a fine country about 200 miles westward of the bay, the environs of which were examined by Bronkhorst and Potgeiter; but the party afterwards separating, Trechard and his dependents moved down to the shores of the bay, where they were suffering from fever in 1838. Thus, it appears, that however speculative geographers here may shudder at the thought of exploring the interior of tropical Africa, there are active spirits abroad who find both pleasure and profit in the task. Would that they could make their labours conducive to the interests of science! It is remarkable that the recognizance of Delagoa Bay by the parties above named, was made at the very time when, according to communications of high authority, received from the Cape, the exploration of that country was deemed impossible—(see *Allen*. No. 568.)

Our author concludes the narrative of his adventures with this declaration: "I can safely aver, that some of the happiest days of my existence have been passed in the wilds of Africa." The gaiety of his spirit is every where perceptible in his style, which rattles like small shot. His last chapter is devoted to the history of the emigrant boors, a very interesting and important theme, to which we shall gladly return on a future occasion.

*From Mems. of America.*

### THE SOMNAMBULIST;

OR, A NIGHT WITH ABRAHAM THORNTON.

The Western world, which spreads wide her giant arms to shelter alike the oppressor and the oppressed, where the early pilgrim found a peaceful haven, and the blood-stained regicide a sanctuary, still contains, within its forest-depths, the homes of many long forgotten in their father-land; or remembered but as the mourned, or execrated, of the past.

In the autumn of the year 18—, I traversed a portion of that extensive tract, stretching westward from the Alleghany mountains to the vast waters of the Mississippi. I travelled on horseback, and the delights of

the daily wild and solitary gallop, more than compensated for the rugged hospitality and comfortless ménage of the rude hostleries of the prairie.

It was sunset as I breathed my horse on the brow of a steep hill, and perceived below me, with considerable satisfaction, the habitation designated in my route as my resting place for the night. It was a solitary house, standing about fifty yards from the road, surrounded by all the appurtenances of a flourishing establishment; the proprietor of which combined the profitable employment of innkeeper and agriculturist: an unusual quiet pervaded the place, my loud calls were unheeded, and I looked in vain for the appearance of the 'human face divine.' I dismounted and advanced towards the door—it was opened at that moment by the landlord—deep grief was depicted in his rugged features: death was within the house;—his wife had just breathed her last, and his children were in the fierce grasp of a dangerous and malignant fever. Of course it was no resting place for me, and with difficulty, amidst the bustle and excitement of the house of mourning, I procured information even as to the means of obtaining a shelter.

"There's Job Harrison," at length said one rough fellow, (who, in the affliction of the family, had appropriated to himself the privilege of questioning me of my 'where-about,') "he'll give you a bed for the night, I guess he'll be glad to see a countryman." To my question as to the distance, "Oh," replied he, "just grazes us here; you've only to ride seven miles on the high-road due west, then throw a rifle shot over your left shoulder as you pass the swing-bridge on the swamp, and you're at his place." Having ascertained with such exactness the location of my countryman, I had no more to do but mount and away; and following the direction of my informant, which, however unintelligible to my reader, was perfectly correct, after half an hour's hard riding, I found myself approaching, through a thickly-wooded plantation, the residence of Job Harrison.

It was a large substantial building, more like an English farm-house than any I had seen in this part of the country; I knocked louder at an outer gate, and was answered by a negro, to whom I consigned my horse, and walked up at once to claim the hospitality of the proprietor; he advanced to meet me; I told my story, and with a constrained civility, and rather an ungracious manner, he bade me welcome.

He preceded me into what appeared to be the common sitting-room, and arousing a woman who was sleeping in an arm-chair by the fire, roughly ordered her to bring refreshments, and prepare a bed for my accommodation.

I had now leisure to observe the extreme peculiarity of his appearance: he was a man not exceeding forty years of age, cast in a gigantic mould, and had been

at one time of life excessively corpulent; but now his flesh hung loosely, and gave a tremulous motion to his whole frame, which seemed wasting beneath an unnatural and premature decay, whilst it fell, like dewlaps, from each side of his heavy, fallow, and unmeaning countenance: his hair was silvery white; but his eye, the only feature which redeemed him from disgusting ugliness, was bright and sparkling. Yet strange and unpleasant as was his appearance, he excited an interest in me for which I could not account, further than by a vague idea that I had seen him before; his sepulchral tones seemed familiar to my ear, connected with some circumstance of horror, the particulars of which (like a dream we strive in vain to recollect) I could not embody.

His conversation was coarse, although not illiterate; he asked me some questions about English affairs, but they were principally confined to agricultural subjects. An excellent supper was placed upon the table by the female whose slumber I had disturbed, with the exception of the negro who had taken charge of my horse, the only domestic I saw about the premises. Although everything bespoke plenty, even to profusion, an air of gloom and desolation pervaded the whole establishment, which seemed reflected on the lowering brow of my moody and disagreeable host. Brandy and other spirits were placed upon the table, of which he drank largely, but they produced no exhilarating effect upon his spirits. In the course of conversation he asked me of what county in England I was a native, and on my replying Warwick, he looked at me wildly, and slightly removed his chair; I took no notice of his emotion, but proceeded to state that I was born in the immediate vicinity of the village of Erdington: a livid hue passed over his pale cheek, and his eye flashed on me with an expression of terror and defiance; at that instant the female entered, and, in a grumbling tone, hinted at the lateness of the hour: I requested to be shown to my apartment, and, bidding him good night, gladly availed myself of the opportunity of retiring.

She conducted me up a flight of stairs into a large and convenient room, on a level with a verandah surrounding the house, placed a candle on the table, and bidding me, in an emphatic tone, to lock my door!—left me to my reflections.

There was something in this woman's manner as disagreeable as her master's; and her last words, blended with his strange conduct, produced in me a feeling of uneasiness.

I had no inclination for sleep; I was fevered, and felt as if the cool night air would relieve me; the communication with the verandah was from the passage; I unlocked the door, which I had fastened according to her direction; it opened outwardly, but was obstructed by some heavy body, which I found to be a

piece of furniture, evidently placed there to prevent my egress! it yielded however to the force I applied, and I passed out into the verandah.

The moon shed her silvery light through the tall pine-forest, and no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the rustling of the crisp decaying leaf, yielding to the chill breeze of autumn. It was a scene of wild and majestic beauty, but its gloom aroused a train of thoughts which had been whirling in my brain, and seemed, in their complicated machinery, to be developing some hideous drama in which I was to bear a part. At length, finding myself drowsy, I returned to the room, and resolving to frustrate any attempt at confining my actions, (which appeared to be intended) I left the door unlocked, which was immediately opposite the bed, on which I flung myself partially undressed, taking the precaution of placing my pistols under my pillow.

Overpowered by fatigue and excitement, I slept; but my dreams were wild and startling; I was in England—I was on the ocean; at last I thought I was in a court of justice, and arraigned for murder; I heard the charge recapitulated, and the usual question of guilty or otherwise. "Not guilty," I replied. "Not guilty!" echoed a deep sepulchral voice, which awoke me at once from my restless sleep. I grasped a weapon, whilst the life-blood rushed startlingly to my heart; for there—within a foot of the bed—full in the pale moonlight—with no covering but his disordered night-gear—stood the ghastly form of my mysterious host!—My finger was on the trigger, when I perceived by the fixed glare of his dark eye, he slept.—"Not guilty!" repeated the fearful somnambulist, making an action as if drawing a glove upon his right hand, and flinging its fellow upon the floor; then, raising his form to its full height, whilst a smile of demoniacal triumph curled his pale lip, he stalked slowly from the room!

I locked the door, and breathed freely again; I was right in my conjecture; my dream seemed to have aided my memory, and every circumstance came clearly to my recollection. It was in a court of justice I had seen this man, whose crime, (dark as his escape from its consequence was extraordinary,) had stained the annals of my native country; and in the strange action rehearsed in sleep, I recognised the judicial form of the gladiatorial law, of which he was the latest claimant.

I was dressed with the first ray of morning. The woman was up. I declined taking any breakfast, but, leaping on my horse, galloped rapidly from the contaminating atmosphere that seemed to hang around the domicile of

ABRAHAM THORNTON.

NOTE.—On the 5th of August, 1817, Abraham Thornton was capitally indicted at the Warwick As-

sizes, for the wilful murder of Mary Ashford, near the village of Erdington, under most aggravated circumstances.

From some discrepancy in the evidence, he was acquitted, but again taken into custody on an 'Appeal of Murder,' prosecuted by William Ashford, the brother and heir-at-law of the deceased.

The prisoner Thornton, is thus described:—"He was about twenty-five years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and of a ferocious and forbidding aspect. His natural thickness was greater than common, but excessive corpulency had swollen his whole figure into a size rather approaching deformity. His face was swollen and shining, his neck very short and thick, but his limbs were well-proportioned. He was a great adept in gymnastic games, and accounted one of the strongest men in the country; so athletic was his form, that his arm-pits did not possess the usual cavities, but were fortified with powerful ligaments."

He, conscious of the decided advantage which his uncommon personal strength would give him over the dwarfish and delicate frame of the Appellant Ashford, had determined on availing himself of the barbarous privilege extended to him by the antiquated and absurd law under which he stood appealed, known as '*Trial by Wager of Battle.*'

On the 17th of November the proceedings were resumed in the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, London, where the Sheriff of Warwick appeared with Thornton as his prisoner. When, in the proceedings of this day, he was asked, in the form of the court, if guilty or otherwise, Mr. Reader, one of his counsel, put into his hand a slip of paper, from which he read "not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body." Mr. Reader likewise handed him a pair of large gauntlets or gloves, one of which he put on, and the other, in pursuance of the old form, he threw down for the Appellant to take up. It was not taken up. And thus did the rigid application of the law, a second time snatch this man from the punishment which, even on his own admission of guilt, he had so fully incurred.

Finding himself an object of dread and terror in the neighbourhood of his family, he, a few months after his liberation, succeeded in disguise in procuring a passage to America. See *Criminal Trials*.

From the Same.

#### THE PEACE OFFERING.

There is no pursuit, however innocent, if suffered to occupy the time, and absorb the attention, to an excess detrimental to the more necessary and important employments of life, which may not become as baneful

in its effects, as the indulgence of palpable, or even criminal irregularities.

Such, however, was not the opinion of Eric Korner, as the shades of evening fell on the second day of his entire absence from business, and found him still employed in his little garden, devoted to the cultivation of his loved carnations.

"They will blow on the morrow," mentally ejaculated Eric, "and the prize will be mine, despite the boasting of Van Buren;" and closing the door of his summer pavilion, erected on the model of his father's 'lust-haus' at Frankfort, he mounted his horse, and left the quiet village of Haarlem, for the gaiety and bustle of the Broadway, New York.

No merchant of that busy city had greater cause for contentment than Eric Korner; his affairs were prosperous, his home was all he desired; the bright eye of his young wife beamed brighter on his approach, and the prattle of little Blanche, his only child, could win him even from his flowers! And if he occasionally left his counting-house in Wall Street at an earlier hour than his compatriots, it was not for the conviviality of Niblo's, or the rapid drive to various establishments of festivity in the neighbourhood, but to enjoy his merchaum and the fresh air of Haarlem, in the society of all he most loved,—his wife, his child, and his carnations.

Such were the excuses rendered by his friends for the indulgence of a pursuit which, although harmless in itself, certainly occupied many hours that might have been more profitably employed; but even their partial feeling was excited to an expression of disapprobation, on observing his favourite occupation become a passion for which even his best interests were gradually neglected.

A prize had been offered for the finest specimen of a peculiar species of his favourite flower, by an horticultural society yet in its infancy; and, with a spirit of rivalry excited by the boast of a countryman, who claimed its exclusive possession, Korner had sent expressly to Holland for a variety of the plant in question: his whole attention had been devoted to their culture, and with feelings of delight, on the evening our story commences, he gazed on the partial development of their beauties.

On the following day, at the earliest hour he could escape from business, he hastened to Haarlem, accompanied by his wife, his child, and a friend, to whom, with exulting pride, he displayed his floral treasure, one flower of which was in full maturity. Engaged in conversation in the summer-house, whilst Mrs. Korner prepared refreshments, little Blanche roamed through the garden; and, although previously told on no account to approach the particular spot where all his ambition was, for the moment, centred, there, when removed from observation, did her little steps imme-



diately incline; and, like an infant 'Eve,' allured by the glittering hue, she first inhaled its balmy perfume, and then plucked the interdicted flower!—With no consciousness of wrong, she ran, with childish glee, to display her newly acquired treasure. Irritated at the moment, Korner snatched away the prize, and, with an angry exclamation, pushed her from him; she tottered, and fell at her mother's feet, who raised her instantly, and strove, by every endearment, to console her: fearing he might have hurt her, and instantly regretting the folly of his anger, he fondly caressed the weeping child, who, although evidently uninjured, would not be comforted; she appeared astonished and bewildered, and replied to all enquiries but by sobs and tears; nor could the parents' united efforts remove the deep impression evidently made by this, his first ebullition of unkindness.

They returned home, and, until a late hour, Korner sat with Blanche upon his knee, and won her again to comparative cheerfulness; and often, during the night, stole gently to her little bed, to watch with anxiety her uneasy slumber. On the following morning she complained of head-ache, and, on his return from business, he forgot his garden and his flowers as he pressed her fevered lips and throbbing pulse, and watched with agony the countenance of her medical attendant. "Tis an incipient fever," said he, in answer to Korner's anxious enquiry, "developed by strong excitement." He retired, with the promise of an early visit on the morrow; by which time the heart-broken father, with many a bitter imprecation on his causeless anger, gazed on the pallid countenance of his beloved child, who lay calm and smiling in her sleep of death!

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It was night:—the bereaved mother sat by the coffin of her infant, whom the next day was to consign to kindred earth; she gazed on the little bed, the late loved occupant of which now tenanted a narrower couch; 'fancy filled up each empty garment with her form;' the little slippers recalled the welcome sounds which were wont to herald her approach; the scattered playthings told of many a joyous shout from lips now cold and motionless for ever! and the stifled sob burst each effort of concealment.

The door opened, and Korner glided into the room. He gazed for a moment on the pale features of his child; kissed her cold lips, and mastering, with a convulsive effort, his strong emotion, hurried from the chamber.

The mother turned on his departure to the coffin. There lay the calm infant; and in her hand, freshly gathered, and breathing delicious perfume, was placed a bunch of flowers, recognised immediately as the valued plants, one of which had caused his deeply regretted anger:—he had brought them from that gar-

den which he never entered again; and offered them, with his abandoned pursuit, as a 'peace offering' to the unconscious slumberer.

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From the same.

### THE MONOMANIAC.

Although the march of intellect has dissipated many of our nursery superstitions; and those fearful visitations of the dim and shadowy world, which staggered even the wise and learned of by-gone days, have evanesced into 'airy nothings,' before the spirit of enquiry and the research of science; yet, in the daily occurrences of life, enough remains of the wild and wonderful, to startle the sceptic and perplex the philosopher.

There could scarcely have been found a finer sample of manhood, than in the person of Harry Elmore, when, at the age of two-and-twenty, with high spirits, an ardent temperament, and a mind cultivated by education and improved by travels, he was recalled from Europe, by the demise of his father, to take possession of an extensive property in South Carolina. The deceased Mr. Elmore, a kind and indulgent master, had earnestly recommended the numerous slaves on his establishment to the protection of his son, who, a native of Carolina, brought up from his childhood on the plantations, had been an especial favourite with all; the last wishes of his father were but in unison with his own, and nowhere in the far South, could be found a happier race of sable mortals, than the cultivators of the broad-lands of Ranoke.

It was a proud day for one of this motley group, when Harry Elmore returned to the paternal roof; the fine muscular frame of Hector seemed to dilate with importance, when recalled from his ordinary employment to immediate and personal attendance upon his young master. His mother had been Harry's nurse, and he bore him all that affection which kindness never fails to produce in the degraded Negro:—Some attention, from this circumstance, had been paid to his education; and although his claims to erudition might not have been allowed beyond the sphere of the plantation, he combined, with more than the ordinary shrewdness of his race, other qualifications which were generally acknowledged and appreciated;—he could swim like a fish—fight like a tiger—and run like a greyhound! These accomplishments were prized by no one more than his master; a keen sportsman in a country where the chase is not unattended with danger, Hector's courage and abilities had been, on more than one occasion, called into action; and, to crown all, he was possessed of a virtue, the more valuable on account of its rarity—he was abstemiously

sober! It was soon remarked, the new proprietor of Ranoke was not likely to follow in the steps of his predecessor; satisfied with the fortune he had inherited, he left the management of his affairs to overlookers, and appeared inclined to follow the example of a country where longevity is seldom attained, but by habits diametrically opposed to the high living and profuse hospitality of a Southern planter.

The society of his immediate neighbourhood was a fair sample of the whole State, where precocious manhood promised little but premature old age, and all seemed anxious to crowd into a brief existence, as much of enjoyment as could be obtained by unlimited indulgence in the joys of the race-course and the chase, and the more dangerous excitements of the bottle and the gaming table!

Harry Elmore, although his intellectual attainments rendered him superior to such society, had not escaped its contaminating influence; and whilst his mind had been cultivated by European society, his morals were not improved by an introduction to the sporting circles of England, or his initiation in the 'salons' of Paris.

Freed from all salutary restraint or control, and never having known a mother's affection, who had died in giving birth to her only child, he rushed on a career of dissipation and extravagance, which presaged a speedy shipwreck both of health and fortune:—the quiet mansion of his father was now the rendezvous of all the boon companions of his daily sports and nightly orgies, and morning too often broke on scenes of disgraceful riot and disgusting inebriety.

In the course of two years, large sums lost at play, and responsibilities incurred for others, made a frightful inroad into a fortune, more than sufficient for the ordinary indulgences, or even luxuries, of life, when a circumstance occurred by which his mad career was retarded.

On the last day of Charleston races, a horse of Elmore's had won, contrary to general expectation; remarks, implying doubts of the fairness of the race, were made by several losers on the occasion, and, in the course of an angry altercation, Colonel Darwin, one of his most intimate friends, received a gross insult from a person betwixt whom and Elmore a grudge of old standing existed; a meeting was appointed for the following morning, and with strong feelings against his opponent, he readily undertook the support of his friend.

In Carolina the office of second is by no means the nominal situation custom, and the amelioration of the sanguinary code of the 'duello,' has rendered it in Europe; nor is the meeting a secret, being generally confided to two or three friends, who attend as witnesses or coadjutors, as circumstances may render necessary.

On the following morning, at the usual place for

deciding such affairs, a lone part of the sea-beach, commonly designated 'The battle ground,' the principals were at their post, each attended by two friends, besides the immediate seconds; and from the dark looks, and stern civilities mutually exchanged, it was evident that no amicable arrangement was anticipated.

The first fire was harmless, and the principals advanced one pace by agreement, when a remark from the opposing second gave offence to Elmore, and his reply seemed a preconcerted signal for a general combat; pistols were discharged—and then the desperate close and struggle, which rendered the use of the Spanish knife (a weapon constantly worn about the person,) available, gave to the conflict the character of a deadly and sanguinary strife!

An alarm was given, and by the time several persons had arrived at the scene of contention, three of the combatants were down, to rise no more! and Elmore, fainting from loss of blood, and covered with wounds, was borne from the frightful "mêlée," by the timely interposition of Hector!

It was three months before he arose from a bed of sickness, insensibility, and pain; his medical attendant, Mr. Stanley, an old college friend, watched the progress of his lingering recovery with intense anxiety, and observed, with sorrow and surprise, that improving health brought no elasticity of mind, or the usual joyful anticipations of convalescence; a gloom was on his brow; his eye either wild and startling, or settled into the expression of deep and fearful abstraction.

He was shortly enabled to leave his chamber, and however his friends might regret the anguish depicted on his countenance, they rejoiced to find he was a wiser, if a sadder, man. A minute enquiry into his affairs, the immediate dismissal of his principal over-looker, and an entire change in his habits, were the first proofs of a determined reformation; the sale of many of his valuable horses, and a diminution of his domestic establishment, followed; his accustomed sports were neglected, his rifle thrown by, and Hector's situation became a sinecure; who, as if to accommodate himself to 'the mode' gradually became as miserable and melancholy as his master.

Time seemed to bring no alleviation to the strange malady which oppressed him; his meals—his walks—were solitary, and with the exception of Mr. Stanley, he had neither visitor nor companion: it was in vain, in the blended character of friend and physician, he strove to fathom his mind's disease; to all enquiry and solicitude he was obstinately silent.

A year passed away, his health was re-established, but the gloom of his spirit still remained; and if, at times, his bearing assumed somewhat of the gaiety of former days, it was instantly followed by a corresponding depression. He had, however, strictly adhered to his plans of economy, and one year's personal attention

had done much in repairing the derangement of his affairs.

At this period he informed Mr. Stanley of his intention of again visiting Europe; and he spoke of some business of importance still unarranged, and also expressed a hope that, in change of scene and climate, he might recover his wonted tone of mind, and accustomed spirits. It was rumoured that he had formed an attachment in England, not entirely obliterated during his brief and desperate career; of this circumstance he made no communication to Stanley, who, however, hoped that his visit might have for its object the renewal of such connection, and lead to a permanent domestic arrangement; it was evident he anticipated an absence of some years, from the extensive tour he contemplated in Europe.

Everything was prepared for his departure; on the previous evening, Stanley, who was his guest for the night, having promised to accompany him to Charleston, his place of embarkation, was congratulating him on the necessity of a sea voyage. "You have, no doubt," said Elmore, "thought my conduct both strange and ungrateful, in not communicating to you the cause of my depression, and altered demeanor; I had hoped time would have dissipated an illusion, (for illusion it must be!) and rendered unnecessary the confession of a weakness, which must excite your pity, if not your contempt!" "Explain yourself, I beg," replied Stanley. "You are well aware," continued Elmore, "I am not superstitious; nay more, that my general scepticism has been the cause of frequent argument between us; how, then, shall I tell you I am, at this moment, haunted by a spectre! whose constant visitation is undermining my health, and destroying my peace?" "Good heavens! can you be serious?" exclaimed his friend. "Perfectly so!" proceeded he; "listen! if it be a delusion, it is one which has continued for a long year; alone I have wrestled with it, and have neither yielded to madness nor despair: it is a foe I cannot destroy, but have, at length, learned to endure. During my illness, its first impression was as a wild and hateful dream; it mingled, on my recovery, with my waking thoughts; its frightful reality increased as my health improved, until it has become a dark shadow and 'plague spot' in my existence! My nerves have never entirely failed me; yet even now, when time and habit have accustomed me to its presence, its shadowy influence thrills my very marrow!" "Where, and at what time," enquired Stanley, "does it most predominate?" "At all times, and every where," replied he, "even now, 'tis there!" pointing upwards, and gazing wildly on the high and darkened wainscot. "It's form—*my own discovered head*; dark drops of gore are falling from it, and the eyes are fixed in the dull and stony glare of death!" It was night, and Stanley felt the blood creep coldly

through his veins, as Elmore, with his eyes fixed on the spot immediately above where he was seated, made this strange disclosure. "Yes," resumed he, "I have reasoned, I have struggled against it,—still 'tis there!" He arose, and hastily drew the curtain from the window, "and there!" he cried, "in the dark cloud of night, in the lighted chamber—in the broad face of day—alone—or in the crowd—that cold eye and ghastly head are still before me, but I have not entirely sunk under it," rejoined he, "nor will I:—it must be some optical illusion proceeding from my late illness; time and change of scene may, at length, remove it; or, at least, render it less distressing. I have thus," concluded he, "explained myself, as I wished you to know the real cause of my uneasiness; but I beg you will consider this communication confidential, for, indifferent as I am to the opinion of the world, I would yet avoid the reputation of a 'ghost seer,' or dreamer." The following morning Elmore embarked for Liverpool, taking with him Hector; and Stanley returned, deeply impressed with the strange communication he had received.

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Six years elapsed, the greater portion of which were passed in travel, when Elmore was again domesticated at Ranoke; he had been fortunate in a judicious marriage, and the addition to his family of two lovely children. The errors of his early career had been repaired, his affairs were prosperous, and no person more generally respected in the State of South Carolina. The malady so much affecting his spirits had yielded so far to time and resolution, as to be regarded with little of dread or apprehension; although, strange to say, it had never entirely disappeared. This was a secret to all but his friend Stanley, who continued his constant visitor; and he had no cause for regret or anxiety, beyond a circumstance which might appear of trifling importance; viz. the sudden disappearance of Hector.

He had been sent early in the morning on business to Charleston, and had not returned; enquiries were made, and it was ascertained he had neither executed his commission, nor been seen in the neighbourhood. His long attachment to Elmore, and apparent affection for his children, made his absence a source of great uneasiness; his steady habits and extreme sobriety, rendered it more extraordinary; apprehensions were naturally entertained for his safety; and when weeks elapsed, and no tidings of him were received, Elmore feared his worst anticipations had been realized.

It was one of those calm and delightful evenings, nowhere more highly appreciated than in a Southern climate, when the extreme heat of day is succeeded by the cool night-breeze, laden with the perfume of the orange tree and the myrtle; Elmore sat with his family beneath a verandah adjoining the house, and

overlooking a landscape of surpassing beauty. His mind was calm and serene; the mental disease he had laboured under was all but subdued, the visitations it produced had become 'few and far between;' and as he gazed upon his wife and children, he felt, once more, a proud and happy man. They remained in conversation until it became nearly dark; the moon arose partially obscured, and they were about retiring, when a servant entered, and announced the return of Hector:—"Tell him to come to me instantly," hastily answered Elmore, "He must speak with you, Sir, he says, before he enters the house," replied the servant, "Must!" said Elmore; "well, well; I suppose he is ashamed of his absence, and wishes to give me some explanation;—tell him I'll come to him;" and assuring Mrs. Elmore he would not be long, he passed from the verandah through the apartment to the front of the house.

Mrs. Elmore retired with the children; lights were brought, and she awaited with some anxiety the return of her husband; ten minutes—a quarter—half an hour elapsed,—and still he did not appear. She at length became uneasy, and rang for the servant; to her enquiry, he replied, Mr. Elmore had walked with Hector up the avenue, a distance of some fifty yards from the door, and had not returned. It was now quite dark; she felt alarmed, and hastened to the front of the house; all was silent—she called, but no answer was returned; and she rushed down the steps leading to the avenue, followed by the servants. There was a rising ground about thirty yards from the house, and workmen had been employed during the day, felling timber. She had reached the spot, when a wild and piercing shriek broke upon her ear—and the moon, at that moment, bursting from a dark and heavy cloud, shone full upon the giant form of Hector; he still brandished a large wood-axe streaming with blood, and, at his feet, lay the *headless corpse* of Harry Elmore!

NOTE.—On the execution of the Mulatto for the murder, (the particulars of which are on the judicial records of Charleston, South Carolina) he steadily adhered to the account he rendered on his apprehension; viz. that he had cherished neither malice nor enmity against his master; nor had any motive but the 'instigation of the devil,' who, he insisted, had prompted him to the crime; that his reason for leaving the establishment of his master was, if possible, to escape from a power which appeared to urge him to the committal of the crime; and that a fate, which he could not account for or control, prompted his return.

A similar instance is recorded in England as regards Nicholson, who was executed for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Bonner.—See *Criminal Trials*.

*From the Monthly Chronicle.*

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF FORGERY.

The amelioration of our penal code has considerably diminished the interest with which trials for forgery are regarded in England. All the terrible adjuncts and accessories of the law being removed, and the exhibition being stripped of its ghastly fascination, and reduced to an ordinary legal process, leading to a commonplace catastrophe, popular excitement is at an end. Judicial proceedings in criminal cases, thus shorn of their horrors, have ceased to attract panting audiences; and it is to be hoped that the taste for such dismal performances is fast dying away. The ingenious fabricator of a forged bill of exchange no longer creates a sensation at the Old Bailey; and there must be some circumstances of a peculiar kind in his case to provoke even a morning's gossip over the newspapers. The romance of forgery is extinct. It went out with the barbarous statutes that furnished it with sessional calendars of rank and fertile materials.

The haggard anxiety with which the populace used to look forward to all trials of life and death, was in itself an evil of great magnitude. It helped to nourish in the lower orders a desperate hatred of the laws—a sort of wild chivalry that leagued their sympathies, right or wrong, with the culprit—a rage for justice after their own fashion, of self-adjusting protection—and to cultivate, by the despair and resistance it engendered, the very crimes which our sanguinary code was intended to suppress. The extreme severity of a punishment, which was held by the multitude at large to exceed the measure of the offence, had the effect, indirectly, and by crooked and wayward paths to the imagination, of making the offence, if we may so describe it, popular. The great bulk of the uneducated classes, while they denounced the sentence, felt themselves unconsciously drawn into the defence of the condemned. If they did not believe him to be innocent, they thought he was persecuted; which, in their estimation, was pretty much the same thing. The same morbid sensibility, keenly alive to the inflictions of the law, indiscriminately resented almost all cases where the last penalty was carried into effect, except those in which the criminal had outraged the ties of nature, or exhibited a reckless and savage disposition. In such instances, with equal excess on the other side, the impulses of the populace would lead them to take the law into their own hands, and substitute tremendous vengeance for unimpassioned justice. It is fortunate for the morals of the country, that the age of both extremes is past. An irrepressible feeling of indignation still breaks out whenever some monstrous violation of the sacred obligations of humanity takes place;



but this is the type of the better instincts of the people, of that generous enthusiasm which survives the influence of superstition, and which education may restrain but cannot extinguish in civilized communities. The interposition, however, of a vague and clamorous sentiment between the law and the offender, is no more to be apprehended. Highwaymen and housebreakers are no longer the heroes of doggerel ballads and storied wood-cuts; they no longer lead the fashions in the cut of their doublets, the ties of their neckcloths, or the shape of their swords; they no longer stamp their image upon the contemporary age, or contest the glory of immortality with the poets, generals, and ministers of their day. If another Claude du Val were to arise, there is no danger that he would run away with the hearts of half the young ladies of family in the kingdom, or be followed to Tyburn with streaming eyes and mourning coaches. In the times when the "gentlemen of the road" were regarded on "the tree" as martyrs to a principle of honourable restitution, which robbed the rich to assist the poor, the crowd who commiserated their fate so deeply had all the inclination, short of the genius, to imitate their example. There never was a more apt illustration than those times exhibited of the threadbare but sage political maxim, that persecution (that is, law) makes martyrs, and martyrs make proselytes.

But those pleasant, picturesque, free-and-easy, roystering, simple times are over. We have arrived at a period when juster and harder notions of things are entertained; and we can now afford to look back upon the course and consequences of laws, which for the most part belong to the past, and which cast their shadows upon us only from a few points, which yet remain to be repealed and abolished. It is not our intention to speculate upon the principles of legislation applicable to that "offspring of letters," the crime of Forgery, but to trace a few of the principal illustrations of its history.

Forgery was anciently punished by the common law with fine, imprisonment, and pillory; but by the statute of the 5th of Elizabeth, c. 14., "to forge any deed, roll or will, to affect the right to any property, freehold or copyhold," was more severely dealt with; and the offender, besides being convicted in double costs and damages, was to stand in the pillory, have his ears cut off, and his nose slit and seared. He was liable moreover to perpetual imprisonment, all his lands being forfeited to the crown. Sir Robert Peel, when he introduced his bill for abating the penalties in certain cases, seems to have considered this enactment as the earliest of the kind in our records. The act of Elizabeth, however, was not the first that was passed against forgery. A statute was framed in the reign of Richard II. for the express purpose of punishing judges and clerks of courts for the delinquency of forging legal

and other records. Now, as such a statute would hardly have been submitted to the legislature unless the judges and clerks had actually been in the practice, to a greater or lesser extent, of committing frauds of this description, it gives us no very exalted notion of the integrity of those legal functionaries, to find that a declaratory law of this nature, directly addressed to them, should have been considered necessary. The administration of justice was evidently corrupt throughout all its departments, and the means adopted to remedy the evil indicate the slow perception of the legislature to its enormity. By the statute alluded to, the judges and the officers of the courts were condemned to pay a fine to the king, and make satisfaction to the party injured, for "falsely entering pleas, or raising rolls, or changing verdicts to the disherison of any one." Agreeably to this statute, the fraudulent judge was only required to make compensation and pay a fine to the king (who at all events was sure to benefit by the fraud), and having complied with the conditions of the law, was allowed to resume his functions, and commit more frauds in the hope of escaping detection. It never occurred to the legislature to remove him, and effectually protect the public against the recurrence of such acts.

In this instance it will be seen that, grave as the offence was, in so far as the interests of the community were concerned, it was treated with extraordinary leniency in comparison with the severity of modern legislation. At a period long subsequent to the reign of Richard II., and even to that of Elizabeth, it was considered necessary to visit the crime of forgery, in almost all cases, with death. As we have become more civilized, we seem to have become more stringent in our laws in some instances; and it must be confessed, that in others we have become more tolerant and merciful. Thus, while kings divorced their wives on Tower-hill for the crime of having "outlived their liking," they merely imposed fines upon the judges (who could well afford to pay them) for committing frauds at the very spring-head of justice. If in later times we hung the forgers of legal and commercial instruments, it must be admitted, as a set-off, that we have dealt more reasonably with our wives.

The forgery of a document to enable one man to possess himself of the property of another is unquestionably a fraud of the most serious kind, against which it is difficult to devise protection, and which it is of the highest importance to repress in a mercantile country. Other outrages upon property require the confederation of accomplices, great bodily strength, presence of mind, personal courage, and subtle ingenuity; they can be accomplished only by consummate strategy, and always at the risk of immediate detection, and perhaps of life. The highway robber and the burglar cannot take their first step without exposing themselves to the imminent danger of speedy apprehension, or instant

death; but the forger, if he be a skilful penman, or have even an indifferent eye for imitation, can effect his object unseen, without communication with others, and in perfect security. It requires neither pre-organization, assistance, physical power, nor courage—save the bad courage of cowards; and a youth, expert with the pen or the graver, could commit a forgery with as much ease as the most practised writer. The elaborate Ireland-Shakespeare MSS., which deceived some of the most sagacious critics of the day, were the work of a young man in his teens.

Whether the facility and secrecy with which the forger can carry on his operations ought to have been taken into the account, as furnishing an additional reason for increasing the severity of the punishment, it would now be idle to inquire; but it is certain that the law by degrees became more and more coercive, and that the number of forgeries increased in proportion—the law and the crime apparently acting and reacting on each other—until the height of the penalty and the crime were attained under the system which has been described by the humorous appellation of “blest paper credit.” The 8th and 9th of William III. rendered it a capital offence to forge bank bills, bank notes, or other securities. The real object of this act was to protect the operations of the Bank of England, which was then an infant establishment, and which the government was pledged by circumstances to sustain.

In the time of George II. the forgery of promissory notes and of bills of exchange was punished with death. “I have little doubt,” said Sir Robert Peel, referring to this part of the subject, “that such a law was provided in consequence of the detection of some very extensive forgeries in the preceding year (1727). The accounts of these are amply given in the State Trials, and the details are curious. Forgeries had been committed by a person named Hale, in one case of a bill of 1,000*l.* and in another of 4,700*l.* in all, I believe, by the forgery of promissory notes for 6,300*l.*, if not more, purporting to be those of Mr. Gibson, then a member of Parliament. At that time a member’s frank consisted simply of his name written on a sheet of paper, with the word ‘free’ prefixed; the rest of the address could be filled up by any body. Hale got several of these franks with the word ‘free’ which he altered to the word ‘for,’ adding R. Gibson, the member’s name, and converting each paper into a promissory note.” It was the indignation inspired by the facility thus afforded to the commission of frauds, that produced, according to Sir Robert Peel, those enactments which were long afterwards deplored as a disgrace to our statute book. But this opinion is not historically accurate: one description of forgery at least was punishable with death many years before the Bank of England was called into existence. By the

39th of Elizabeth, cap. 17. “Every idle and wandering mariner or soldier coming from beyond seas, who should not have a testimonial under the hand of some justice of the peace of, or near, the place where he landed, setting down therein the place and time when he landed, and the place of his dwelling or birth unto which he would pass, and allowing him a certain time to proceed thither, or who should at any time thereafter forge or counterfeit any such testimonial, or have with him such forged testimonial, was to be adjudged a felon, and suffer without benefit of clergy.” This mild and reasonable regulation, which rendered the fortunate veteran who had escaped death in the battles of his country, liable to be executed without benefit of clergy as soon as he had been safely landed on his native shores, resembles some of the quaint decisions of Sancho Panza, over which we may ponder a long time, before we discover the occult wisdom of their intention. But there is this difference between them, that in the legislative conundrums of Barrataria, we ultimately detect a sagacious and benevolent purpose, while in this enactment it is impossible to discover any purpose beyond that of sheer superfluous cruelty. Happily there is reason to believe that it became a dead letter, without having even once been acted upon.

When the law once recognised forgery as a capital offence the number of cases to which the punishment of death became applicable, fearfully multiplied. The voluminous reports made to parliament on the subject, furnish startling evidence of the fact, and show, from the manner in which the principle thus laid down was obliged to be worked out, how solemn a responsibility rests upon those whose important duty it is to deliberate before they admit a principle, the extensive results of which they have not fully considered. Instruments respecting sums of money, writings, and deeds, determining the holding of property, wills, and other documents of similar import and value, demanded all the safeguards with which the law could surround them. But the difficulty was to discriminate between the various kinds and degrees of guilt, and to adapt the law to an endless variety of forms of forgery which, although of different shades of injury to the community, were all equally criminal, so far as the rights of property were involved. The increase of forgery in a multitude of new shapes, and the irresistible logic of the aggrieved, who maintained that one class ought to be protected as well as another, led at last to a frightful extension of the capital penalty. The multitude of laws which were demanded by the altered circumstances of the times, exceeded all calculation; the statute book swelled to an appalling magnitude; and those who contended for the propriety of visiting forgery with death, in consideration of the infinite mischief it was likely to entail in our “nation of shop-

keepers," could not, we may venture to conjecture, regard the work of their own hands without feelings of abhorrence. The law was not long confined to such documents as we have alluded to. The placing a false stamp on spoons and sugar-tongs, and the fabricating of the prescribed fiscal ace of hearts, soon after became punishable with death!

Little did the men who enlarged the provisions of the law from time to time, to arrest the march of ingenuity that tracked, or rather accompanied, the gigantic steps of science and foreign commerce, anticipate the scenes of individual misery and public excitement, their proceedings were ultimately destined to produce. The fatal decision had been pronounced, and could not be recalled: and in proportion as the enormity of the punishment became visible, the necessity of carrying it sternly into operation grew the more imperative; since, without committing a flagrant injustice, none could be relieved from the full measure of a penalty which, in like circumstances, others had suffered. The character of the influence which these events and considerations exercised upon society, will be best exhibited in a few outlines of two or three of the most memorable cases that occurred during the latter half of the reign of George III. These painful traditions of a sanguinary law will no doubt be familiar to most of our readers; but they are essential to the purposes of our sketch.

In 1775 an extraordinary sensation was created by the fate of the Perreaus, and the sympathy that was generally felt for them was afterwards probably one of the reasons why mercy was refused to be extended to others. When the life of a criminal was in suspense, and disconsolate friends importuned men in power to mitigate the severity of the sentence, the invariable answer was—"If this offender is spared, the two Perreaus will have been murdered!" This unreasoning vindication of the majesty of the law, checked all farther solicitation, and extinguished hope. But surely if the principle of the law was bad, the sooner the error was confessed, and the wrong terminated the better. The pride of legislation, however, has always been opposed to acknowledgments of this sort. Injurious laws are passed with sufficient promptitude, while law reformers have the pace of the tortoise.

Robert Perreau appeared in the station of a gentleman, and wanting a loan of 1,400*l.* in consequence of a recent purchase which he stated himself to have made to the amount of 12,000*l.* he applied for that sum to Mr. Drummond. On a subsequent day he went to the same party to borrow 5,000*l.* on a bond for 7,500*l.* purporting to have been given to him by a Mr. Adair. Though Perreau represented himself to be a man of good property, and the possessor of a house in Harley-street, Cavendish-square, which had cost him 4,000*l.*

some doubt arose as to the genuineness of the instrument, which he was told could only be removed by its being shown to Mr. Adair. Perreau made no objection to this, and went with Mr. Drummond to the house of that gentleman. Mr. Adair did not seem to know Mr. Perreau, though the latter had previously spoken of an intimacy subsisting between them, and the bond was at once repudiated. This determination seemed to cause Perreau much surprise, and he now stated that he had received the document from his sister, Mrs. Daniel Perreau. The lady was sent for. She had lived with Daniel Perreau; but her name was Rudd. On being shown the bond, Mrs. Rudd immediately declared that Perreau was innocent, and that she alone was culpable. Of the truth of this statement, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Adair were so completely satisfied, that though a constable was in attendance, Perreau was immediately liberated. Some inexplicable fatuity, however, drew him back into the peril he had thus singularly escaped, and declaring his anxiety for a full investigation into the circumstances, with a view to the complete vindication of his honour, he voluntarily surrendered to take his trial. If he were really actuated by the motives he avowed, and if he really entertained a hope of an honourable acquittal, which in his defence was most confidently and eloquently insisted upon, his disappointment must have been indescribably bitter. The statement he made in court carried conviction to the minds of many persons, that he had been cruelly deceived, and was an injured man. In closing his address he said, "I should be wanting in respect to your lordships and the jury, if I doubted the justice of their verdict, and, which is inseparable from it, my honourable acquittal!" The jury, notwithstanding, found a verdict of guilty. His having falsely pretended to be on friendly terms with Mr. Adair, was supposed to have led to the finding; and that untruth the commiserating public had no difficulty in tracing to the artful manœuvring of Mrs. Rudd. He stated his life to have been sacrificed to an "innocent lie."

His brother, Daniel Perreau, was convicted of forging a bond for 3,300*l.* with intent to defraud the same party; and in this, as in the former case, Mrs. Rudd was believed to have been the person really guilty. She was, however, subsequently tried and acquitted.

The gentlemanly deportment of the two brothers, their solemn asseverations of innocence, and other circumstances, caused the general feeling to be very strongly in their favour, and it was most earnestly hoped that their lives would be spared. The prisoners confidently indulged in this delusive expectation; and one of them, at a moment when it was thought to be probable that the sentences would be commuted to imprisonment, seemed even to have anticipated some still more lenient measure. The importance of giving the

world an appalling example, where forgery had been committed, prevailed over all the interest exerted to save these unhappy men. They suffered at Tyburn, denying their guilt in the most solemn manner to the last. Mr. Vilette, the ordinary, who wrote an account of their last moments, had a strong impression that they were innocent. The declarations they had verbally made were taken down, and according to the custom of the time, given to the minister in writing as their last speeches, though he had earnestly warned them of the awful consequences which must ensue in another world, if they died promulgating a falsehood in this.

In their case, not only were the usual kindly efforts of friends and relatives made to save the doomed, but the lord mayor and corporation of London were moved to petition in their behalf, and the question for a season occupied the whole nation.

But great as was the sensation this case created, it was far exceeded by that which was witnessed two years afterwards, when the celebrated Dr. Dodd came on the scene as a violator of the law. This divine was a gentleman of considerable talents and of great reputed eloquence, although we are afraid, it must be added, that he was more showy than profound, more specious than sincere. His pulpit displays were "applauded to the echo;" and perhaps one reason for their being so applauded was, that they were short. Foote makes *Mrs. Simony* say that her doctor (Doctor Dodd was understood) did not fatigue his auditory with more than twenty minutes' preaching. Be the cause what it might, the fact is certain that he was much in vogue; and if not the best minister, one of the most popular professors of the day. It is true that at the court end of the town, where his oratory, he had fondly calculated, would have been especially admired, he was regarded as a shallow pretender; but this did not cause him to be less sought after by the public generally. Some ill stories had got abroad respecting his private life, but his good-natured idolaters pronounced them to be wicked calumnies. That he was vain and extravagant was with good reason averred on the one hand; but, on the other, the bearing and the acts which had drawn down this reproach, were eulogised as proofs of a proper regard for the dignity of the high station he was ordained to fill as a chosen and highly gifted minister. It was still his happiness to be followed by admiring crowds wherever he went, and largely to benefit the funds of every institution he undertook to advocate. Thus flattered and thus supported, the fortunes of Dr. Dodd seemed to be established on almost as firm a basis as ambition could covet or prudence desire.

But not all his popularity, though he exerted great industry, and in a variety of ways—though as an author, and as the editor of a newspaper, he must have been

in the receipt of considerable sums—could furnish him with means equal to his supposed wants. Spared as he was the expense of maintaining a family, the improvidences of his wife kept him poor; and his necessities became so great, that, on the rectory of Saint George's, Hanover-square, falling vacant, he had the rashness to venture on offering a bribe of 300*l.* to the lord chancellor's lady, for her influence in his behalf, towards obtaining him the living. Insulted by this offer, and disgusted by the craving spirit it betrayed, she exposed the sordid application, and the name of Dr. Dodd was struck out of the list of his majesty's chaplains. Thus disgraced, he left the country for a time, but returned, and was presented to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, by Lord Chesterfield, to whom he had been preceptor.

This noble lord was the son of that *arbiter elegantium*, whose letters on manners and society are so well known; and it was supposed at the time, and not without some show of reason, that it was because the doctor had studied the maxims of the noble author so carefully, that his lordship thought him qualified to instruct his son. That he gained the goodwill of his pupil is clear from the fact above stated; but the doctor made an ungrateful return for his kindness, by forging his lordship's name to a bond for 4,300*l.* He always declared, that though he committed this crime, it was not his intention to act fraudulently in the end; and that, had not the forgery been discovered, the cash should have been duly replaced. It is probable that such was really his intention, and the public, with whom he had always been a distinguished favourite, gave full credit to his assertion.

Then was witnessed a scene, such as has rarely been presented in any age or nation, a whole people sorrowing for a criminal convicted by some of themselves of a crime punishable by death, and seeking to put aside the sentence awarded by law, as if doing this were to avert one of the most awful calamities that could befall the people. All classes, including the jury who convicted, petitioned for his life; and one petition was subscribed by no fewer than 23,000 individuals! These efforts, however, in which the whole country might be said to have moved, were made in vain. The recent fate of the Perreaus forbade the stream of mercy to flow in behalf of Dr. Dodd. By his writings in prison, he attempted to heighten the sympathy of the public; and not trusting to himself alone, the more powerful pen of Dr. Johnson was employed in his behalf, not openly as Dr. Johnson's, but privately, to furnish compositions, which for the time were supposed to have been those of Dr. Dodd. The trick succeeded to a considerable extent, and the cry in favour of the culprit throughout the kingdom was almost universal. But this could effect nothing in the highest quarter. It was rumoured that when George III.

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manifested some disposition to spare the culprit, a learned judge at once met him with the remarkable observation we have already quoted, that if Dr. Dodd escaped, the two Perreaus were murdered. This was believed at the time, but has since been contradicted and re-asserted. Whatever truth, however, may be in the anecdote which assigns the remark to a judge, there is no doubt that some person about the king employed the argument, and that the execution of the Perreaus opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the success of the petitioners for the life of Dr. Dodd. On the 27th of June 1777, he met his melancholy fate. A weeping multitude attended him to Tyburn, whose cares for the unhappy man ended not even with his life, for after he was cut down, the body was conveyed, with all possible speed, to the house of an undertaker in Goodge-street, where every expedient was resorted to in order to recall the vital spark, but without success.\*

The catastrophe of Dr. Dodd, added to that so often referred to of the Perreaus, greatly strengthened the feeling, that in all cases of forgery the law must take its course. To the importance of so visiting it, memorable testimony was borne by another remarkable man, who was about to suffer for the same crime. William Wynne Ryland, writing to a friend from the condemned cell in Newgate, a few days before his execution, thus expressed himself:—"The crime for which I suffer is as dangerous as any within the catalogue of legal interdictions; it strikes at the vital part of commerce, and carries with it a poison most deadly to public credit. It is a crime unpardonable, and I therefore never sought mercy under the idea of court interest. I looked for royal favour through those circumstantial,

which indicated more the probability of innocence than the certainty of guilt."

Yet this writer, those who knew his singular and melancholy story must be aware, might have expected more from court interest than many persons moving in a much higher rank of life. He was a man of great genius, and after much study and labour, both in England and in foreign lands, rose to such eminence in the art of engraving, that he obtained the special patronage of King George III., whose well-known portrait by Allan Ramsay, son to the poet, was engraved by the hand of Ryland. Enjoying great celebrity, admired for his affability, and famed for the propriety of his conduct, Ryland was generally regarded as one of the happiest of the sons of men. Such was his influence at court, that it was powerful enough to enable him, in a case in which his feelings were interested, to avert from another at the last moment that dreadful fate which eventually became his own. He had a brother who, in a drunken frolic, stopped a carriage and robbed some ladies who were in it of a few shillings. For this he was tried at Croydon and found guilty. The morning on which he was to suffer had arrived, when a pardon was granted through the intercession of Ryland with the king. Such being his enviable position, and such his character, on the 5th of April, 1783, the public were perfectly astounded at finding an advertisement in all the newspapers, stating William Wynne Ryland to have been charged before the lord mayor with falsely making, forging, and counterfeiting an acceptance to two bills of exchange, for payment of 7,114*l.* and offering for his apprehension a reward of 300*l.* He was apprehended two days afterwards at Stepney, and nearly escaped the punishment reserved for him by law, by cutting his throat with a razor, the moment he perceived that he had been betrayed. The wound was so serious, that the officers could not immediately remove him from the lodging to which they had traced him. He afterwards recovered, and on the 27th of July following was tried at the Old Bailey. His defence was plausible: it set forth that he was rich; that besides 200*l.* per annum, which he received from his sovereign, he had shares in the Liverpool waterworks, valued at 7,000*l.*; his stock in trade was worth 10,000*l.* and the profits of his business produced 2,000*l.* a year. He had been a bill discounter, and the bill charged to have been forged he declared had come to him in the regular way of business. However probable this might appear to his friends, it did not satisfy the jury; and they, with little hesitation, pronounced a verdict of guilty.

Public feeling was again strongly moved, and in most quarters a strong hope was cherished, that he might be saved. That Ryland, "the man whom the king delighted to honour," whose powerful recommendation had been sufficient to save the life of another,

\* Numerous anecdotes are related of Dr. Dodd's conduct in prison, and throughout the period when his case was pending. We have not encumbered the text with any of these anecdotes, because some of them are not authenticated, and others are hardly worth retailing. It is said, amongst other things, that an opportunity was given him to destroy the forged bond, which was placed in his hands while he was standing close to a fire-place; but either through confusion or misapprehension of the purpose with which it was for the moment confided to him, he did not take advantage of the occasion. By casting the bond into the fire he would have escaped. It has been thought that he was restrained from adopting the expedient by a sense of honour: we confess we are disposed to attribute it to a very different cause—stupor, fear, pride, any thing but honour. We are told that the politeness he acquired in the school of Chesterfield lingered with him to the last. When he was in the cart, and the halter round his neck, he gave a guinea to the executioner and five shillings to his man, and inquired whether any farther gratuity was necessary. The executioner, desiring to be equally ceremonious, and to spare the criminal a sudden start, when the fatal moment arrived, whispered to Dr. Dodd that he was about to drive away the cart! Of such a quality are many of the stories that are preserved concerning the subject of this desultory notice.

should be consigned to the gallows himself, and by the same monarch whose royal favour he had so largely enjoyed, was hardly to be credited by a people who were accustomed to see the royal prerogative stretched on less interesting occasions. No efforts were neglected by Ryland's friends to prevent the execution of his sentence; and his wife, accompanied by her children in deep mourning, presented a petition to their majesties at St. James's. Her appearance thus attended is said to have deeply affected Queen Charlotte, who commiserated the calamity it was not in her power to avert. The petition which the unhappy wife presented, was written with great delicacy and power. It questioned not the justice of the sentence under which the object of her solicitude was doomed to die; but implored the king, as the fountain of mercy to turn away the meditated blow, and thus spare a desolate family the last extremity of anguish and degradation. Representations so touching it was hoped would produce a favourable result; but the same considerations which had proved fatal to Dr. Dodd, were here again brought into play. It was thought there would be no security for the mercantile body in England, if forgery were not inexorably punished with death; and the ill-fated Ryland expiated his offence on the scaffold.

It would be a tedious, as well as a melancholy, task, to trace the course of administrative justice through the awful scenes that followed. The cases of the Perreaus, Dr. Dodd, and Ryland, left to the convicted hardly the shadow of a hope. Murder itself was quite as likely to be pardoned.

Now comes the important question,—What was the effect of this severity? Did it, besides punishing guilt, deter from crime? Did it, by the widely spread terrors of the law, so work upon those who were dishonestly inclined, that, in that way at least, they feared to offend, so that forgery became almost obsolete? Was this the result? Was a large amount of good purchased at a comparatively small expense of misery?

The answer to these questions must be in the negative. Though many lives were sacrificed, the crime continued awfully to increase. It has been attempted to account for this by a reference to the increased population of the country, and the vast varieties of commercial speculations entered into within the last forty years, which were unknown in former times. But if this accounted in some measure for the augmented number of convictions, the opponents of capital punishments successfully contended that their view of the inutility of such severity was proved to be any thing but incorrect. On the contrary, they did not hesitate to affirm that that very severity greatly extended the evil, as many humane persons, when a clerk or dependent was detected in the crime of forgery, preferred conniving at the escape of the culprit, to any participation in proceedings which must bring him to

the scaffold. Of this many instances were certainly adduced, till in the end commercial men, who had, in the first instance, been convinced that the last penalty of the law could not be dispensed with, began to waiver and give way. On the other hand, it was forcibly urged by the late Sir Thomas Plomer and others, that while the public at large was deeply impressed with the horrible nature of the punishment, it was not a little singular that it seemed to produce no effect whatever upon those for whom it was designed. To this argument which, like the Libyan serpent, stung at both ends, it was replied that the forger calculated on the known reluctance of the public to prosecute in such cases, and was emboldened to proceed in the hope of enjoying perfect impunity.

In 1803 the case of Mr. Astlett came before the public. He committed forgeries to the enormous amount of 400,000*l*. The offender was tried and convicted, but a point in his favour was reserved for the consideration of the judges. They decided against him, and affirmed his conviction. Execution, however, did not follow in this instance. He was detained in Newgate for some years, and in the end permitted to leave the country.

The last case which it will be necessary here to notice is of comparatively recent date, that of the celebrated Fauntleroy. This individual was a banker in Berners-street, and had been conspicuous in the fashionable world. His connections were in the most respectable classes, embracing many of the nobility; and civilities had even been exchanged between him and the first person in the realm. Great was the amazement of every individual acquainted with the court end of the town, when it transpired that Mr. Henry Fauntleroy had been apprehended in his banking-house on a charge of forgery. On the 30th of October, 1824, he appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey. It was shown that the prisoner had been a partner in the house of Messrs. March and Co. from the year 1807. He had been the acting manager of the concern, and, in that capacity, had seized a power of attorney belonging to a Mrs. Frances Young, withdrawing it from the Bank by means of forged attesting signatures. For some years no suspicion was excited, as the dividends were regularly paid, though the principal had been appropriated. On the trial, a remarkable document was brought forward, which would almost seem to have been prepared by the accused himself, to insure his own destruction. The officer who apprehended him, found a key attached to his watch chain which opened his desk, and in that desk he found another key. On entering one room in which there were tin boxes containing title-deeds, &c. it was remarked that the names of the proprietors were painted on all of them except one. This one case the key discovered in Fauntleroy's desk unlocked. It was

examined; and among many private papers one was found, in the handwriting of the accused, which set forth a variety of items, exhibiting a series of forgeries, amounting to upwards of 170,000*l.* which, at various periods, he had committed on the customers of the Bank. To this enumeration of particulars was appended the following declaration, which was also in his own hand-writing.

"In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payment of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books."

(Signed) "HENRY FAUNTLEROY."

"Berners-street, May 7, 1816."

To this declaration the following postscript was added:—

"P. S.—The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house: the Bank shall smart for it."

The fullest proof was offered that this paper, the most extraordinary document perhaps, as the attorney-general remarked, that had ever been produced in a court of justice, was written in Mr. Fauntleroy's own hand, and had remained for eight years where it was found; yet in all that time the prisoner appeared never to have entertained the slightest misgivings as to the probability of its becoming, one day or another, a conclusive evidence against him.

In his defence he was anxious to gain commiseration, but made no attempt to repel the charge. He complained of having been hardly dealt with by the public prints; and replying to some of their statements, hoped, though unable to justify his proceedings, so as to obtain his liberation through the verdict of a jury, to offer that which would be regarded by the court and the public as some extenuation of his offence. He went on to say that the house was established by his father in 1792; he had entered it as a clerk in 1800. His attention and zeal had caused him to be honourably distinguished by the partners. He succeeded in 1807 to his father's share in the business, when he found the concern deeply involved from advances which it had made to builders and brickmakers. In 1819, the most responsible partner died, and the house was called upon to pay over the amount of his capital. Mr. Stracey went to France, and he was left alone to struggle with difficulties which were almost insurmountable. "Tortured as I have been," said he, "it now becomes an imperative duty to explain to you, gentlemen, and through you to the world at large, that the vile accusations heaped upon me, known to be utterly false by all those who are best acquainted with my private life and habits, have been so heaped upon me for the purpose of loading me with the whole of

the obloquy of those transactions, by which alone the partners were preserved from bankruptcy. I have been accused of crimes I never even contemplated, and of acts of profligacy I never committed; and I appear at this bar with every prejudice against me, and almost prejudged. To suit the purposes of the persons to whom I allude, I have been represented as a man of prodigal extravagance,—prodigal, indeed, I must have been, had I expended those large sums which will hereafter be proved to have gone exclusively to support the credit of a tottering firm, the miseries of which were greatly accelerated by the drafts of two of its head members to the amount of nearly 100,000*l.*" He then went on to explain, that his habits of living had never been extravagant; to deny that he had at any time been a gambler, and to vindicate his general character on other points not material to the charge before the court. The result was, as might have been expected, his instant conviction on the first indictment preferred, and the consequences which that involved rendered it unnecessary to proceed on any other.

The change which had by this time been wrought in the public mind as to the fitness of punishing forgery in every case with death, now caused the question to be re-opened with great animation, as to whether this distinguished criminal should suffer. It was urged on the one side, with much good feeling, that, as it was generally felt the rigour of the law might be abated with propriety, the life of Mr. Fauntleroy ought to be spared; but on the other hand, it was answered with overpowering force, that it was not because Mr. Fauntleroy had been a banker and a rich man that mercy ought to be extended to him, which would be denied to a meaner criminal. If, indeed, the heads of the legal profession had already resolved to attempt effecting a change of system, in that case there might be an excuse for anticipating the humane operation of the intended alteration by sparing this offender. But it was remarked, if thereafter it was intended that the existing law should still be carried into effect where the poor and the friendless were concerned, to whom life was as sweet as it was to Mr. Fauntleroy, he ought not, from the favourable position in which he had once been placed, to be singled out for mercy.

His friends were most active to procure a mitigation of his sentence. George IV. to whom he was not unknown, wished to save him. He anxiously inquired if there was no point in his case on which a favourable decision might, without great impropriety, be taken. The answers returned were necessarily, under the circumstances, adverse to the merciful leaning of the king. Great excitement prevailed on the subject; and on the day when the Privy Council sat, which was to pronounce his fate, Pall-Mall was filled

with crowds impatient to learn the result. We need not add that, on the following Tuesday, the 30th of November, the sentence of the law was fulfilled.

This was the last case under the old law. The gradual abolition of the punishment of death in different kinds of forgeries followed the energetic expression of public opinion, and the unwearied exertions of philanthropists of all sects and parties. Our code was at length completely relieved of that sanguinary feature which had not only revolted the feelings of the country, but failed to secure the end it was devised in the hope of effecting. A sufficient time has not yet elapsed to decide whether the abolition of capital punishments will be followed by the result predicted by its advocates—the diminution of crime. But who can doubt the issue? In this, as in all other cases of delinquency, the certainty of a secondary punishment is more effectual in preventing guilt than the remote chance even of death itself. Desperate men would rather incur the doubtful risk of death, especially where society is opposed to its infliction, than expose themselves to a lesser punishment from which there is no escape.

But in substituting transportation for death in cases of forgery, it is by no means sure that the object proposed has been really accomplished in the spirit in which it was conceived. Every body is familiar with the story of the man who, on crossing a bridge famous in a story of parables, gave such answers to the questions propounded to him, as rendered it necessary to hang him, in order to save him from the commission of an offence for which the law ordained he should be hung. Either way—whether he fulfilled or violated the law—death was inevitable. This seems to be very much the situation of the unfortunate beings who are consigned to our penal colonies. It was formerly understood that convicts upon reaching Australasia were placed in circumstances highly favourable to the amendment of their lives; and, consequently, to the future welfare of the settlement. We have even had some instances amongst them of men who amassed large fortunes, and attained positions of respectability and eminence. The comfort, the prosperity, and the independence, which were thus in numerous cases secured by the good conduct of the felon, produced an impression in England, that if transportation were permitted to lead to such results, the ends of justice would be defeated; and instructions were accordingly issued, with a view to make the punishment more efficient. These instructions—although they were founded in correct views of the philosophy of cause and effect—appear unhappily to have been acted upon with such strictness and severity, as to nullify the operation of the modified law, and bring us back to a worse and more barbarous system than that it was intended to displace. From the melancholy accounts which

have been received of the sufferings of some of the convicts, it would seem that their lives were spared in this country only that they might be sacrificed under more dreadful circumstances in another. In some instances, it appears, they found their situation so insupportable, that they have perpetrated new crimes in the hope—the hope!—of gaining a brief respite from their misery by imprisonment previous to trial, with the certainty of death in the end. It is stated, that when the court has pronounced the awful sentence of death upon them for their last and voluntary guilt, they have been known to fall upon their knees, ejaculating thanks for the boon of death at the hands of the executioner! This picture is too appalling to be contemplated with calmness—showing us the flower of horrible joy blooming out of the dark depths of human despair! The Report of the Committee on Transportation which sat last year, presents an account of these terrible scenes, which verifies in shuddering details the facts we have here only slightly indicated. It would carry us beyond our present purpose to enter more at length into this subject, but the following passage may be subjoined from the Report, as a specimen of the general character of its fearful relations:—

“The condition of convicts in these settlements has been shown to your committee to be one of unmitigated wretchedness. Sir Francis Forbes, chief-justice of Australia, stated in a letter to Mr. Amos, on the subject of transportation, that ‘the experience furnished by these penal settlements has proved that transportation is capable of being carried to an extent of suffering such as to render death desirable, and to induce many prisoners to seek it under its most appalling aspects.’ And the same gentleman, in his evidence before your committee, said that he had known many cases in which it appeared that convicts in Norfolk Island had committed crimes which subjected them to execution, for the mere purpose of being sent up to Sydney, and the cause of their desiring to be so sent, was to avoid the state of endurance under which they were placed in Norfolk Island; that he thought, from the expressions they employed, that they contemplated the certainty of execution; that he believed they deliberately preferred death, because there was no chance of escape; and they stated ‘they were weary of life, and would rather go to Sydney and be hanged.’ Sir Francis Forbes likewise mentioned the case of several men at Norfolk Island cutting the heads of their fellow-prisoners with a hoe while at work, with a certainty of being detected, and with a certainty of being executed; and, according to him, they acted in this manner, apparently without malice, and with very little excitement, stating ‘they knew they should be hanged, but it was better than being where they were.’ A similar case was mentioned by the Reverend Henry Styles in his report to Sir Richard Bourke on the state of Norfolk Island, and Sir George Arthur assured your committee that similar cases had recently occurred at Port Arthur. Sir Francis Forbes was then asked, ‘What good do you think is produced by the infliction of so horrible a punishment in Norfolk Island, and upon whom do you think it produces good?’ His answer was, that he thought that it did not produce any good, and that if it



were to be put to himself, he should not hesitate to prefer death, under any form, rather than such a state of endurance as that of a convict at Norfolk Island."

If life is to be spared, some distinct limit ought to be put to the miseries even of the most depraved culprits. They ought not to be forced into fresh crimes, in the desperate attempt to escape from inflictions greater than they can endure. This living death—this dire agony of prolonged torture—this lingering dissolution—this *ultima* Thule of banishment and blank existence, worse than solitary imprisonment, worse than the rack, worse than the fate of the gladiator, in preference to which the block, the yard-arm, the wild horses of Rome, would be welcome, ought to be abolished for the sake of civilization, of Christian charity, and our national honour.

*From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

### MRS. BRUNTON.

Mary Balfour was born in the island of Barra, in Orkney, on the 1st of November 1778. She was descended from a respectable and ancient family, being the only daughter of Colonel Balfour of Elwick, by his wife Frances Ligonier, niece of Field-Marshal Lord Ligonier. Having been brought up in the house of this distinguished nobleman and soldier, the lady of Colonel Balfour had received accomplishments suited to a much higher sphere than that in which her lot was ultimately and permanently cast. These acquirements, however, did not prove useless, for Mrs. Balfour was assiduous in conveying as much of them as she retained to her daughter, and thus, undoubtedly, laid the foundation of that elegant and refined taste which the subject of our memoir afterwards evinced. Under her parent's care, Mary became no mean proficient in music, and a good French and Italian scholar; while, in other respects, the excellent natural parts which she appears to have inherited from her mother, were cultivated with equal care and success. Any defects which might have arisen from the indulgent license, almost inseparable from merely parental instruction, were in a measure remedied by a short residence at school in Edinburgh. Yet much of Miss Balfour's reading, as she emerged from childhood, was dictated by her own choice, and lay in the walks of poetry and fiction. This course of training, while favourable certainly to the growth of original powers, was prevented from being injurious by her native strength of mind and sound sense.

At the age of sixteen, Mary's attention was almost entirely diverted from her studies to matters of a different character. By her mother's death, the charge of her father's household devolved upon her, and for a

period of four years the fatiguing details of Orkney housekeeping left little leisure for any other employments. Towards the close of this period, an opportunity was held out to her of changing the sphere in which she had hitherto moved, for a much more brilliant one. The Viscountess Wentworth (who had formerly been the wife of Mrs. Balfour's deceased brother, the second Earl Ligonier) invited her god-daughter, Mary, to come to London and reside with her. But Miss Balfour preferred a less dazzling destiny. She had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Brunton, a young and talented clergyman of the Scottish established church, and a mutual attachment was ere long the result. In her twentieth year, Mary became the wife of Mr. Brunton, and retired with him to the manse of Bolton, a small parish in the county of Haddington, of which he had been recently appointed incumbent.

This important change brought with it a great accession of leisure, and, as a natural consequence, Mrs. Brunton's taste for reading returned in all its original strength. The range of her studies widened, and, though she never lost her liking for literature of a lighter kind, the philosophy of mind, history, and other of the graver branches of knowledge, became favourite objects of her pursuit. Altogether, under the kind and able guidance of her new companion, her course of mental improvement was rendered much more comprehensive and methodical. To her acquirements as a linguist, she, at this time, added a little acquaintance with German; and she even made several earnest, though not very successful, attempts to master the science of mathematics. It was natural, also, that the increased incentives and facilities which her present situation afforded, should turn her thoughts more seriously than ever to religion. The issue of the re-examination of the principles of her belief which she entered into, is beautifully expressed by her husband in the memoir prefixed to her posthumous work. "Both in her own mind, and in the minds of her pupils (two East Indian wards whose education she superintended), she was anxious to make religion an *active* principle, to carry its influence habitually into life. It mingled now with all her own pursuits. She sought knowledge, not merely for the sake of the pleasure which it bestowed, but from a strong sense of duty. She loved nature, not for its own beauty alone, but for the traces with which it abounds of the wisdom and the love of the Creator. Her religion was not a religion of gloom. It shed brightness and peace around her. It gladdened the heart which it purified and exalted."

After a happy residence of six years at the small but prettily situated manse of Bolton, Mr. Brunton's abilities became so widely known, as to procure for him a call to one of the churches of the Scottish capi-

tal, and he accordingly removed thither with his lady in the autumn of 1803. Hitherto Mrs. Brunton does not seem to have been aware of the powers of her own mind. Her circle of friends had been too circumscribed to furnish her with any striking examples of talent whereby she might measure and estimate her own abilities. To letter-writing, which often gives the first consciousness of a literary turn to its possessor, Mrs. Brunton had ever evinced a peculiar aversion, and was thus precluded from another chance of acquiring this species of self-knowledge. In Edinburgh, however, the new and extended circle in which her station called upon her to move, speedily supplied the opportunities which had heretofore been wanting. Mrs. Brunton now mingled in the society of persons of known and proved ability, joined with them in conversation and discussion, and, from the part which she found herself enabled to play, acquired by degrees that intellectual confidence necessary to bring her literary powers into light. Still, a considerable period elapsed, after she had left the country, ere she began the composition of her first work, *SELF-CONTROL*; and when she did take up the pen, she appears to have had no definite intention of ever laying her labours before the public eye. But, as the manuscript swelled on her hands, this design began to be entertained, and the more so, it would seem, from a circumstance, which her husband thus relates. "She had often urged me to undertake some literary work; and once she appealed to an intimate friend, who was present, whether he would not be the publisher. He consented readily, but added, that he would, at least as willingly, publish a book of her own writing. This seemed, at the time, to strike her as something, the possibility of which had never occurred to her before; and she asked, more than once, whether he was in earnest." This suggestion was not without its influence, and after a portion of the novel was written, the warm approbation of her husband, when it was for the first time shown to him, confirmed Mrs. Brunton in the intention both to proceed and to publish. From that time forward, she adhered pretty closely to the rule of writing a certain portion daily; but a visit to Harrowgate, which the state of her health rendered necessary, deferred considerably the completion of the work. It went to press, finally, in September 1810, and appeared before the public, anonymously, in the commencement of the following year. It was dedicated to the most illustrious sister-writer of the age, Joanna Baillie.

Good novels were of comparatively rare issue in Britain, and particularly in the Scottish metropolis, when *Self-Control* was published. With the high merits which it undoubtedly possesses, therefore, it is less wonderful that so great a sensation should have been produced by the work, as actually took place.

The first edition went off in one month, and a second and third were called for with almost unexampled rapidity. The *sanctum* of Mr. Miller, the Edinburgh publisher, then the rendezvous of all the blues and critics, great and small, male and female, of the city, was kept for months in a continual buzz of conjecture, curiosity, and interest, respecting the nameless and unknown writer. Meanwhile, the authoress remained behind her veil, justly proud of her success, and not unamused by all the criticisms, favourable and unfavourable, which her position enabled her to draw with sincerity from those around her who were not in her secret. Joanna Baillie acknowledged the compliment of the dedication by a letter to the publisher, and to this Mrs. Brunton replied in her own name, in a letter which commences as follows:—"No circumstance, connected with the publication of *Self-Control*, has given me half so much pleasure as your very obliging letter—so kind, so natural, so different from the pompous strictures and bombastical praises which have been volunteered on the same occasion. I thank you most heartily and sincerely." A succeeding portion of this epistle may also be quoted, because in it the authoress gives a fair account of the plan of the work, and apologises in the best way possible for its defects:—"Till I began *Self-Control*, I had never in my life written any thing but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to show the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command; and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband." The plot, as here and elsewhere admitted by the authoress, is indeed defective in parts; but the lofty tone of sentiment, the pure morality of purpose, the acuteness of observation, and the prevailing eloquence of diction, which characterize it, might well cover greater blemishes, and render *Self-Control* worthy, upon the whole, of the repute which it gained.

In 1812, Mrs. Brunton, who had at all times much pleasure in travelling, accompanied her husband on a visit to London. The travellers went by land, and in a short journal appended to the fragment called *EMMELINE*, we find some of the observations made by Mrs. Brunton on the journey. These jottings, and others written on a second tour in 1815, prove that she was capable of writing in a style much more lively than that which characterizes her larger productions. It was on her return from her first London journey that the novel of *DISCIPLINE* was thought of, its subject having been suggested by Dr. Brunton, who imagined it might be beneficial "to show the means through which, when self-control has been neglected,

the mind must be trained by suffering ere it can hope for usefulness or for true enjoyment." Upon a regular plan, formed in consonance with this suggestion, Mrs. Brunton's second novel was begun, in the end of 1812. Having projected the introduction into it of the sketch of the manners of the Scottish highlanders, she spent a considerable portion of the following year among that people, adding to the previous knowledge which she had of their various peculiarities. At this very period *Waverly* was published, and our authoress saw the field, which she was preparing to enter, pre-occupied by one whom she at once recognised and acknowledged as a master. From pure and unaffected humility, she would now have cancelled the highland part of her own story altogether; but her husband prevailed on her, with much difficulty, to retain it, in the hope that the same objects, sketched by a different hand, would still be found to possess novelty. *Discipline* was published in December 1814, and met with very decided approbation from the reading world. But the applause which it received brought the writer much less gratification, than in the case of *Self-Control*; for the authorship was now no secret, and the sincerity of the praise bestowed was open to doubt.

*Discipline*, with less energy and beauty in individual parts, is more pleasing as a whole than its predecessor, while it has the same excellence of purpose, and general felicity of style. After its publication, Dr. Brunton and his lady made their second tour to England, already adverted to. On their return, Mrs. Brunton projected the composition of short tales, having "grown distrustful of her power to combine the incidents of a long-continued narrative," to use Dr. Brunton's words. Departing a little, however, from the original plan, she began the story of *Emmeline*. Though this occurred in 1816, and her life was prolonged for a considerable period afterwards, *Emmeline* was never finished. As low fever had attacked her when last in London, and it recurred at home with increased violence. When intervals of tolerable health occurred, many avocations interfered to impede her literary labours. Numerous friends courted her society; the share she took in the management of public charities was laborious; and, above all, a noble resolution, which she had long adhered to, of investigating personally every case of distress which claimed relief from her, led to extensive and increasing occupation. What with delicate health, and various calls upon her attention, composition was looked upon as a task, and "she rather (says her memorialist) sought reasons to justify to her own mind the desertion of her former habits, than opportunities of renewing them in their strength." In the summer of 1818, however, she appeared to feel a revival of her literary enthusiasm, and, had health and life been spared to her, would most

probably have produced something superior to all her former efforts. The power exhibited in the opening of *Emmeline*, the fragmentary tale published by her husband, justifies such an anticipation. But matters were otherwise ordered. No children had as yet blessed the fireside of Dr. Brunton and his lady; but, in the course of the year mentioned, Mrs. Brunton was evidently about to become a mother. "She was strongly impressed (says Dr. Brunton) that her confinement was to prove fatal; not on vague presentiment, but on grounds of which I could not entirely remove the force, though I obstinately refused to join in the inference which she drew from them." Under this impression, she set her house in order, yet with undiminished fortitude and unshaken cheerfulness. When the hour of trial came, her foresight proved but too clear and acute. She gave birth to a still-born son on the 7th of December 1818, and, after seeming to recover partially, was attacked by fever, and died on the 19th of the month.

In private life, the character of this excellent lady presented an exemplar and model to her sex. Her "mind and heart were open as the day." Of her literary powers something has already been said, but her husband's remark seems to us too just not to call for repetition, that "in all she had done, she was only trying her strength," and might have yet more "heightened the standard of female intellect by her labours." Mrs. Brunton's novels have now been in a measure cast aside by the passing legionary novelties of the day, but the sifting hand of time will yet separate them from the ephemeral chaff which has followed them, and give *Self-Control* and *Discipline* a place among the sterling fictions which the incipient years of our century have added to British literature. With the Hamiltons and Ferriers of her country will the name of Mrs. Brunton be remembered.

We cannot conclude better than by giving an extract from Joanna Baillie's testimony to the virtues of this amiable lady.

No more shall bed-ridden pauper watch  
The gentle rising of the latch,  
And as she enters, shift his place  
To hear her voice, and see her face.  
The helpless vagrant, oft reliev'd,  
From her hath his last dole received.  
The circle, social and enlighten'd,  
Whose evening hour her converse brighten'd,  
Have seen her quit the friendly door,  
Whose threshold she shall cross no more.  
And he, by holy ties endear'd,  
Whose life her love so sweetly cheer'd,  
Of her cold clay, the mind's void cell,  
Hath ta'en a speechless last farewell.  
Yea, those who never saw her face,  
Nor did on blue horizon trace  
One mountain of her native land,  
Now turn that leaf with eager hand  
On which appears th' unfinished page  
Of her, whose works did oft engage  
Untir'd attention, int'rest deep,

While searching, healthful thoughts would creep  
 To the heart's core like balmy air,  
 To leave a kindly lesson there—  
 And gaze, till stain of fallen tears  
 Upon the snowy blank appears.  
 Now all, who did her friendship claim,  
 With alter'd voice pronounce her name,  
 And quickly turn with wistful ear  
 Her praise from stranger's lips to hear,  
 And hoard as saintly relics gain'd  
 Aught that to her hath e'er pertain'd.  
 Thus wert thou lov'd and priz'd on earth, and now  
 Fair, disembodied Spirit! where art thou?  
 The task of love thou had'st to do is done,  
 And thou art to thy Father's mansion gone.

### MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness, who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves. They are a burden to themselves.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

*From the Sunbeam.*

### A VISION OF THE VIOLET.

'A vision of a violet,'  
 Ye smile, but so it was;  
 Of many heavy dreams beset  
 My couch as night hours pass;  
 But this was pure and beautiful,  
 Undimmed by shade or stain,  
 And seemed my very heart to lull,  
 Like the drip of summer rain.

Methought I wandered through a wood—  
 A stately wood, and old;  
 Then out upon its skirts I stood,  
 And saw the heavens unrolled,  
 All glorious in their sunset flood  
 Of crimson and of gold.

The dark and solemn trees were sighing,  
 Just tipped with parting light,  
 The sunset beams were gently dying,  
 Then upwards flushing bright.  
 Then 'midst the gold and crimson stream  
 That decked that blessed sky,  
 There was a little azure gleam  
 Blue as the violet's dye.

Methought that little lonely streak  
 Drew tears into mine eyes,  
 It looked so very pure and meek,  
 Amidst those richer dyes;  
 And lo! *they* faded, yet it shone  
 Clear 'neath the purpling skies.

And out into its loneliness  
 There came a single star,  
 That seemed with loving look to bless  
 The weary world afar;  
 And the dew wept softly o'er the trees,  
 And the last red light was gone,  
 And chillily moaned the midnight breeze,  
 Yet still the sweet star shone.

Then with the inconsistency  
 That mingles in a dream,  
 I thought I stood beside the flood  
 Of a proudly-swelling stream,  
 And at my feet a violet sweet,  
 Looked up with azure gleam.

And with the same strange ecstasy  
 That stirred me just before,  
 I felt that violet's beauty lie  
 Close to my bosom's core;  
 I felt as if a living thing  
 Called for affection there,  
 Too pure for earth's deep suffering,  
 Too spiritually fair!

Then spake to me the violet—  
 'I am the very star  
 That shone so brightly, and was set  
 In the blue heaven afar;  
 But I am brought to earth and taught  
 What earthly sorrows are.

'The cold wind creepeth over me,  
 The dust defiles my leaves,  
 The fretting murmur of the bee  
 My inmost spirit grieves;  
 The foot of man too near me comes,  
 The sun's hot glances shine,  
 Birds in their branches have their homes,  
 But close to earth is mine.

'Yet think not I repine; not all  
 My early state is lost;  
 The dew of heaven may o'er me fall,  
 And the bright starry host  
 Send gentle beams like fairy dreams,  
 Clear through the April frost.

'And not for ever shall the chain  
 Of dust confine me here;  
 I know my state I shall regain  
 In that celestial sphere.  
 From whence'—I heard no more, for then  
 There rose a little gale,  
 And scattered far across the plain  
 The purple leaflets frail.

But from those tiny leaves came forth  
 A tiny spark of fire,  
 It trembled gently o'er the earth,  
 Then higher rose, and higher;  
 And once again the star was seen  
 Joining the sparkling choir!

It was a vision, and it fled,  
 Aimless, perchance, and wild,  
 Just such a one as might be shed  
 Upon a slumbering child.  
 And when I see with fond regret  
 Some gentle mind in pain,  
 The vision of the violet  
 Comes on my heart again.  
 The flower whose lot on earth seemed cast  
 Yet won its way to heaven at last!"



## NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

## CHAPTER XL.

*In which Nicholas falls in love. He employs a mediator, whose proceedings are crowned with unexpected success, excepting in one solitary particular.*

ONCE more out of the clutches of his old persecutor, it needed no fresh stimulation to call forth the utmost energy and exertion that Smike was capable of summoning to his aid. Without pausing for a moment to reflect upon the course he was taking, or the probability of its leading him homewards or the reverse, he fled away with surprising swiftness and constancy of purpose, borne upon such wings as only Fear can wear, and impelled by imaginary shouts in the well-remembered voice of Squeers, who, with a host of pursuers, seemed to the poor fellow's disordered senses to press hard upon his track; now left at a greater distance in the rear, and now gaining faster and faster upon him, as the alternations of hope and terror agitated him by turns. Long after he had become assured that these sounds were but the creation of his excited brain, he still held on at a pace, which even weakness and exhaustion could scarcely retard; and it was not until the darkness and quiet of a country road recalled him to a sense of external objects, and the starry sky above warned him of the rapid flight of time, that, covered with dust and panting for breath, he stopped to listen and look about him.

All was still and silent. A glare of light in the distance, casting a warm glow upon the sky, marked where the huge city lay. Solitary fields, divided by hedges and ditches, through many of which he had crashed and scrambled in his flight, skirted the road, both by the way he had come and upon the opposite side. It was late now. They could scarcely trace him by such paths as he had taken, and if he could hope to regain his own dwelling, it must surely be at such a time as that, and under cover of the darkness. This by degrees became pretty plain even to the mind of Smike. He had at first entertained some vague and childish idea of travelling into the country for ten or a dozen miles, and then returning homewards by a wide circuit, which should keep him clear of London—so great was his apprehension of traversing the streets alone, lest he should again encounter his dreaded enemy—but, yielding to the conviction which these thoughts inspired, he turned back, and taking the open road, though not without many fears and misgivings, made for London again with scarcely less speed of foot than that with which he had left the temporary abode of Mr. Squeers.

By the time he re-entered it at the western extremity, the greater part of the shops were closed; of the throngs of people who had been tempted abroad after the heat of the day, but few remained in the streets, and they were lounging home. But of these he asked his way from time to time, and by dint of repeated inquiries he at length reached the dwelling of Newman Noggs.

All that evening Newman had been hunting and searching in byways and corners for the very person

who now knocked at his door, while Nicholas had been pursuing the same inquiry in other directions. He was sitting with a melancholy air at his poor supper, when Smike's timorous and uncertain knock reached his ears. Alive to every sound in his anxious and expectant state, Newman hurried down stairs, and, uttering a cry of joyful surprise, dragged the welcome visitor into the passage and up the stairs, and said not a word until he had him safe in his own garret and the door was shut behind them, when he mixed a great mug-full of gin and water, and holding it to Smike's mouth, as one might hold a bowl of medicine to the lips of a refractory child, commanded him to drain it to the very last drop.

Newman looked uncommonly blank when he found that Smike did little more than put his lips to the precious mixture; he was in the act of raising the mug to his own mouth with a deep sigh of compassion for his poor friend's weakness, when Smike, beginning to relate the adventures which had befallen him, arrested him half-way, and he stood listening with the mug in his hand.

It was odd enough to see the change that came over Newman as Smike proceeded. At first he stood rubbing his lips with the back of his hand, as a preparatory ceremony towards composing himself for a draught; then, at the mention of Squeers, he took the mug under his arm, and opening his eyes very wide, looked on in the utmost astonishment. When Smike came to the assault upon himself in the hackney-coach, he hastily deposited the mug upon the table, and limped up and down the room in a state of the greatest excitement, stopping himself with a jerk every now and then as if to listen more attentively. When John Browdie came to be spoken of, he dropped by slow and gradual degrees into a chair, and rubbing his hands upon his knees—quicker and quicker as the story reached its climax—burst at last into a laugh composed of one loud sonorous "Ha! Ha!" having given vent to which, his countenance immediately fell again as he inquired, with the utmost anxiety, whether it was probable that John Browdie and Squeers had come to blows.

"No! I think not," replied Smike. "I don't think he could have missed me till I had got quite away."

Newman scratched his head with a show of great disappointment, and once more lifting up the mug, applied himself to the contents, smiling meanwhile over the rim with a grim and ghastly smile at Smike.

"You shall stay here," said Newman; "you're tired—fagged. I'll tell them you're come back. They have been half mad about you. Mr. Nicholas—"

"God bless him!" cried Smike.

"Amen!" returned Newman. "He hasn't had a minute's rest or peace; no more has the old lady, nor Miss Nickleby."

"No, no. Has *she* thought about me?" said Smike. "Has she though? Oh, has she—has she? Don't tell me so, if she has not."

"She has," cried Newman. "She is as noble-hearted as she is beautiful."

"Yes, yes!" cried Smike. "Well said!"

"So mild and gentle," said Newman.

"Yes, yes!" cried Smike, with increasing eagerness.

"And yet with such a true and gallant spirit," pursued Newman.

He was going on in his enthusiasm, when chancing to look at his companion, he saw that he had covered his face with his hands, and that tears were stealing out between his fingers.

A moment before, the boy's eyes were sparkling with unwonted fire, and every feature had been lighted up with an excitement which made him appear for the moment quite a different being.

"Well, well," muttered Newman, as if he were a little puzzled. "It has touched me more than once, to think such a nature should have been exposed to such trials; this poor fellow—yes, yes,—he feels that too—it softens him—makes him think of his former misery. Hah! That's it! Yes, that's—hum!"

It was by no means clear from the tone of these broken reflections that Newman Noggs considered them as explaining, at all satisfactorily, the emotion which had suggested them. He sat in a musing attitude for some time, regarding Smike occasionally with an anxious and doubtful glance, which sufficiently showed that he was not very remotely connected with his thoughts.

At length he repeated his proposition that Smike should remain where he was for that night, and that he (Noggs) should straitway repair to the cottage to relieve the suspense of the family. But as Smike would not hear of this, pleading his anxiety to see his friends again, they eventually sallied forth together, and the night being by this time far advanced, and Smike being besides so foot-sore that he could hardly crawl along, it was within an hour of sunrise when they reached their destination.

At the first sound of their voices outside the house, Nicholas, who had passed a sleepless night, devising schemes for the recovery of his lost charge, started from his bed and joyfully admitted them. There was so much noisy conversation and congratulation, and indignation, that the remainder of the family were soon awakened, and Smike received a warm and cordial welcome, not only from Kate, but from Mrs. Nickleby also, who assured him of her future favor and regard; and was so obliging as to relate, for his entertainment and that of the assembled circle, a most remarkable account extracted from some work the name of which she had never known, of a miraculous escape from some prison, but what one she couldn't remember, effected by an officer whose name she had forgotten, confined for some crime which she didn't clearly recollect.

At first Nicholas was disposed to give his uncle credit for some portion of this bold attempt (which had so nearly proved successful) to carry off Smike, but on more mature consideration he was inclined to think that the full merit of it rested with Mr. Squeers. Determined to ascertain if he could, through John Browdie, how the case really stood, he betook himself to his daily occupation: meditating as he went on a great variety of schemes for the punishment of the Yorkshire schoolmaster, all of which had their foundation in the strictest principles of retributive justice, and had but the one drawback of being wholly impracticable.

"A fine morning, Mr. Linkinwater," said Nicholas, entering the office.

"Ah!" replied Tim, "talk of the country, indeed! What do you think of this now for a day—a London day—eh?"

"It's a little clearer out of town," said Nicholas. "Clearer!" echoed Tim Linkinwater. "You shall see it from my bed-room window."

"You shall see it from mine," replied Nicholas, with a smile.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Tim Linkinwater, "don't tell me. Country!" (Bow was quite a rustic place to Tim,) "Nonsense. What can you get in the country but new-laid eggs and flowers? I can buy new-laid eggs in the Leadenhall market any morning before breakfast; and as to flowers, it's worth a run up-stairs to smell my mignonette, or to see the double-wallflower in the back-attic window, at No. 6, in the court."

"There is a double-wallflower at No. 6, in the court, is there?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, is there," replied Tim, "and planted in a cracked jug, without a spout. There were hyacinths there this last spring, blossoming in—but you'll laugh at that, of course."

"At what?"

"At their blossoming in old blacking-bottles," said Tim.

"Not I, indeed," returned Nicholas.

Tim looked wistfully at him for a moment, as if he were encouraged by the tone of this reply to be more communicative on the subject; and sticking behind his ear a pen that he had been making, and shutting up his knife with a smart click, said,

"They belong to a sickly bed-ridden hump-backed boy, and seem to be the only pleasures, Mr. Nickleby, of his sad existence. How many years is it," said Tim, pondering, "since I first noticed him, quite a little child, dragging himself about on a pair of tiny crutches? Well! well! not many; but though they would appear nothing, if I thought of other things, they seem a long, long time, when I think of him. It is a sad thing," said Tim, breaking off, "to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children, who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in. He made my heart ache very often."

"It is a good heart," said Nicholas, "that disentangles itself from the close avocations of every day, to heed such things. You were saying—"

"That the flowers belonged to this poor boy," said Tim, "that's all. When it is fine weather, and he can crawl out of bed, he draws a chair close to the window, and sits there looking at them, and arranging them all day long. We used to nod at first, and then we came to speak. Formerly, when I called to him of a morning, and asked him how he was, he would smile, and say 'better;' but now he shakes his head, and only bends more closely over his old plants. It must be dull to watch the dark house-tops and the flying clouds for so many months; but he is very patient."

"Is there nobody in the house to cheer or help him?" asked Nicholas.

"His father lives there, I believe," replied Tim, "and other people too; but no one seems to care much for the poor sickly cripple. I have asked him very often if I can do nothing for him; his answer is always the same,—'Nothing.' His voice has grown weak of late, but I can see that he makes the old reply. He can't leave his bed now, so they have moved it close to the window, and there he lies all day: now looking at the sky, and now at his flowers, which he

still makes shift to trim and water with his own thin hands. At night, when he sees my candle, he draws back his curtain, and leaves it so till I am in bed. It seems such company to him to know that I am there, that I often sit at my window for an hour and more, that he may see I am still awake; and sometimes I get up in the night to look at the dull melancholy light in his little room, and wonder whether he is awake or sleeping.

"The night will not be long coming," said Tim, "when he will sleep and never wake again on earth. We have never so much as shaken hands in all our lives; and yet I shall miss him like an old friend. Are there any country flowers that could interest me like these, do you think? Or do you suppose that the withering of a hundred kinds of the choicest flowers that blow, called by the hardest Latin names that were ever invented, would give me one fraction of the pain that I shall feel when these old jugs and bottles are swept away as lumber?" Country!" cried Tim, with a contemptuous emphasis; "don't you know that I couldn't have such a court under my bed-room window anywhere but in London?"

With which inquiry, Tim turned his back, and pretending to be absorbed in his accounts, took an opportunity of hastily wiping his eyes when he supposed Nicholas was looking another way.

Whether it was that Tim's accounts were more than usually intricate that morning, or whether it was that his habitual serenity had been a little disturbed by these recollections, it so happened that when Nicholas returned from executing some commission, and inquired whether Mr. Charles Cheeryble was alone in his room, Tim promptly, and without the smallest hesitation, replied in the affirmative, although somebody had passed into the room not ten minutes before, and Tim took especial and particular pride in preventing any intrusion on either of the brothers when they were engaged with any visiter whatever.

"I'll take this letter to him at once," said Nicholas, "if that's the case." And with that he walked to the room and knocked at the door.

No answer.

Another knock, and still no answer.

"He can't be here," thought Nicholas. "I'll lay it on his table."

So Nicholas opened the door and walked in; and very quickly he turned to walk out again, when he saw to his great astonishment and discomfiture a young lady upon her knees at Mr. Cheeryble's feet, and Mr. Cheeryble beseeching her to rise, and entreating a third person, who had the appearance of the young lady's female attendant, to add her persuasions to his to induce her to do so.

Nicholas stammered out an awkward apology, and was precipitately retiring, when the young lady, turning her head a little, presented to his view the features of the lovely girl whom he had seen at the register-office on his first visit long before. Glancing from her to the attendant, he recognized the same clumsy servant who had accompanied her then; and between his admiration of the young lady's beauty, and the confusion and surprise of this unexpected recognition, he stood stock-still, in such a bewildered state of surprise and embarrassment, that for the moment he was quite bereft of the power either to speak or move.

"My dear ma'am—my dear young lady," cried

brother Charles in violent agitation, "pray don't—not another word, I beseech and entreat you. I implore you—I beg of you—to rise. We—we—are not alone."

As he spoke he raised the young lady, who staggered to a chair and swooned away.

"She has fainted, sir," said Nicholas, darting eagerly forward.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" cried brother Charles. "Where is my brother Ned? Ned, my dear brother, come here pray."

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow," replied his brother, hurrying into the room, "what is the—ah! what—"

"Hush! hush!—not a word for your life, brother Ned," returned the other. "Ring for the housekeeper, my dear brother—call Tim Linkinwater. Here, Tim Linkinwater, sir—Mr. Nickleby, my dear sir, leave the room, I beg and beseech of you."

"I think she is better now," said Nicholas, who had been watching the patient so eagerly that he had not heard the request.

"Poor bird!" cried brother Charles, gently taking her hand in his, and laying her head upon his arm. "Brother Ned, my dear fellow, you will be surprised, I know, to witness this in business hours; but—" here he was again reminded of the presence of Nicholas, and shaking him by the hand, earnestly requested him to leave the room, and to send Tim Linkinwater without an instant's delay.

Nicholas immediately withdrew, and on his way to the counting-house met both the old housekeeper and Tim Linkinwater, jostling each other in the passage, and hurrying to the scene of action with extraordinary speed. Without waiting to hear his message, Tim Linkinwater darted into the room, and presently afterwards Nicholas heard the door shut and locked on the inside.

He had abundance of time to ruminate on this discovery, for Tim Linkinwater was absent during the greater part of an hour, during the whole of which time Nicholas thought of nothing but the young lady and her exceeding beauty, and what could possibly have brought her there, and why they made such a mystery of it. The more he thought of all this, the more it perplexed him, and the more anxious he became to know who and what she was. "I should have known her among ten thousand," thought Nicholas. And with this he walked up and down the room, and recalling her face and figure, (of which he had a peculiarly vivid remembrance,) discarded all other subjects of reflection, and dwelt upon that alone.

At length Tim Linkinwater came back—provokingly cool, and with papers in his hand, and a pen in his mouth, as if nothing had happened.

"Is she quite recovered?" said Nicholas, impatiently.

"Who?" returned Tim Linkinwater.

"Who?" repeated Nicholas. "The young lady."

"What do you make, Mr. Nickleby," said Tim, taking his pen out of his mouth, "what do you make of four hundred and twenty-seven times three thousand two hundred and thirty-eight?"

"Nay," returned Nicholas, "what do you make of my question first? I asked you—"

"About the young lady," said Tim Linkinwater, putting on his spectacles. "To be sure. Yes. Oh! she's very well."



"Very well, is she?" returned Nicholas.

"Very well," replied Mr. Linkinwater, gravely.

"Will she be able to go home to-day?" asked Nicholas.

"She's gone," said Tim.

"Gone!"

"Yes."

"I hope she has not far to go?" said Nicholas, looking earnestly at the other.

"Ay," replied the immovable Tim, "I hope she hasn't."

Nicholas hazarded one or two further remarks, but it was evident that Tim Linkinwater had his own reasons for evading the subject, and that he was determined to afford no further information respecting the fair unknown, who had awakened so much curiosity in the breast of his young friend. Nothing daunted by this repulse, Nicholas returned to the charge next day, emboldened by the circumstance of Mr. Linkinwater being in a very talkative and communicative mood; but directly he resumed the theme, Tim relapsed into a state of most provoking taciturnity, and from answering in monosyllables, came to returning no answers at all, save such as were to be inferred from several grave nods and shrugs, which only served to whet that appetite for intelligence in Nicholas, which had already attained a most unreasonable height.

Foiled in these attempts, he was fain to content himself with watching for the young lady's next visit, but here again he was disappointed. Day after day passed, and she did not return. He looked eagerly at the superscription of all the notes and letters, but there was not one among them which he could fancy to be in her hand-writing. On two or three occasions he was employed on business which took him to a distance, and had formerly been transacted by Tim Linkinwater. Nicholas could not help suspecting that for some reason or other he was sent out of the way on purpose, and that the young lady was there in his absence. Nothing transpired, however, to confirm this suspicion, and Tim could not be entrapped into any confession or admission tending to support it in the smallest degree.

Mystery and disappointment are not absolutely indispensable to the growth of love, but they are very often its powerful auxiliaries. "Out of sight, out of mind," is well enough as a proverb applicable to cases of friendship, though absence is not always necessary to hollowness of heart even between friends, and truth and honesty, like precious stones, are perhaps most easily imitated at a distance, when the counterfeits often pass for real. Love, however, is very materially assisted by a warm and active imagination, which has a long memory, and will thrive for a considerable time on very slight and sparing food. Thus it is that it often attains its most luxuriant growth in separation and under circumstances of the utmost difficulty; and thus it was that Nicholas, thinking of nothing but the unknown young lady from day to day and from hour to hour, began at last to think that he was very desperately in love with her, and that never was such an ill-used and persecuted lover as he.

Still, though he loved and languished after the most orthodox models, and was only deterred from making a confidante of Kate by the slight considerations of having never, in all his life, spoken to the

object of his passion, and having never set eyes upon her except on two occasions, on both of which she had come and gone like a flash of lightning—or, as Nicholas himself said, in the numerous conversations he held with himself, like a vision of youth and beauty much too bright to last—his ardour and devotion remained without its reward. The young lady appeared no more; so that there was a great deal of love wasted (enough indeed to have set up half-a-dozen young gentlemen, as times go, with the utmost decency) and nobody was a bit the wiser for it; not even Nicholas himself, who, on the contrary, became more dull, sentimental, and lackadaisical every day.

While matters were in this state, the failure of a correspondent of the Brothers Cheeryble, in Germany, imposed upon Tim Linkinwater and Nicholas the necessity of going through some very long and complicated accounts extending over a considerable space of time. To get through them with the greater despatch, Tim Linkinwater proposed that they should remain at the counting-house for a week or so, until ten o'clock at night; to this, as nothing damped the zeal of Nicholas in the service of his kind patrons—not even romance, which has seldom business habits—he cheerfully assented. On the very first night of those later hours, at nine exactly, there came—not the young lady herself, but her servant, who being closeted with Brother Charles for some time went away, and returned next night at the same hour, and on the next, and on the next again.

These repeated visits inflamed the curiosity of Nicholas to the very highest pitch. Tantalized and excited beyond all bearing, and unable to fathom the mystery without neglecting his duty, he confided the whole secret to Newman Noggs, imploring him to be on the watch next night, to follow the girl home, to set on foot such inquiries relative to the name, condition, and history of her mistress, as he could without exciting suspicion; and to report the result to him with the least possible delay.

Beyond all measure proud of this commission, Newman Noggs took up his post in the square on the following evening, a full hour before the needful time, and planting himself behind the pump and pulling his hat over his eyes, began his watch with an elaborate appearance of mystery admirably calculated to excite the suspicion of all beholders. Indeed, divers servant-girls who came to draw water, and sundry little boys who stopped to drink at the ladle, were almost scared out of their senses by the apparition of Newman Noggs looking stealthily round the pump, with nothing of him visible but his face, and that wearing the expression of a meditative Ogre.

Punctual to her time, the messenger came again, and after an interview of rather longer duration than usual, departed. Newman had made two appointments with Nicholas, one for the next evening conditional on his success, and one the next night following which was to be kept under all circumstances. The first night he was not at the place of meeting (a certain tavern about half-way between the City and Golden Square), but on the second night he was there before Nicholas, and received him with open arms.

"It's all right," whispered Newman. "Sit down—sit down, there's a dear young man, and let me tell you all about it."

Nicholas needed no second invitation, and eagerly inquired what was the news,



"There's a great deal of news," said Newman, in a flutter of exultation. "It's all right. Don't be anxious. I don't know where to begin. Never mind that. Keep up your spirits. It's all right."

"Well!" said Nicholas eagerly. "Yes?"

"Yes," replied Newman, "That's it."

"What's it?" said Nicholas. "The name—the name, my dear fellow."

"The name's Bobster," replied Newman.

"Bobster!" repeated Nicholas, indignantly.

"That's the name," said Newman. "I remembered it by lobster."

"Bobster!" repeated Nicholas, more emphatically than before. "That must be the servant's name."

"No, it an't," said Newman, shaking his head with great positiveness. "Miss Cecilia Bobster."

"Cecilia, eh?" returned Nicholas, muttering the two names together over and over again in every variety of tone, to try the effect. "Well, Cecilia is a pretty name."

"Very. And a pretty creature too," said Newman.

"Who?" said Nicholas.

"Miss Bobster."

"Why, where have you seen her?" demanded Nicholas.

"Never mind, my dear boy," retorted Noggs, clapping him on the shoulder. "I have seen her. You shall see her. I have managed it all."

"My dear Newman," cried Nicholas, grasping his hand, "are you serious?"

"I am," replied Newman. "I mean it all. Every word. You shall see her to-morrow night. She consents to hear you speak for yourself. I persuaded her. She is all affability, goodness, sweetness, and beauty."

"I know she is; I know she must be, Newman," said Nicholas, wringing his hand.

"You are right," returned Newman.

"Where does she live?" cried Nicholas, "What have you learnt of her history? Has she a father—mother—any brothers—sisters? What did she say? How came you to see her? Was she not very much surprised? Did you say how passionately I have longed to speak to her? Did you tell her where I had seen her? Did you tell her how, and when, and where, and how long and how often I have thought of that sweet face which came upon me in my bitterest distress like a glimpse of some better world—did you, Newman—did you?"

Poor Noggs literally gasped for breath as this flood of questions rushed upon him, and moved spasmodically in his chair at every fresh inquiry, staring at Nicholas meanwhile with a most ludicrous expression of perplexity.

"No," said Newman, "I didn't tell her that."

"Didn't tell her which?" asked Nicholas.

"About the glimpse of the better world," said Newman. "I didn't tell her who you were, either, or where you'd seen her. I said you loved her to distraction."

"That's true, Newman, replied Nicholas, with his characteristic vehemence. "Heaven knows I do!"

"I said too, that you had admired her for a long time in secret," said Newman.

"Yes, yes. What did she say to that?" asked Nicholas.

"Blushed," said Newman.

"To be sure. Of course she would," said Nicholas approvingly.

Newman then went on to say that the young lady was an only child, that her mother was dead and that she resided with her father; and that she had been induced to allow her lover a secret interview at the intercession of her servant, who had great influence with her. He further related how it had required much moving and great eloquence to bring the young lady to this pass; how it was expressly understood that she merely afforded Nicholas an opportunity of declaring his passion, and how she by no means pledged herself to be favourably impressed with his attentions. The mystery of her visits to the Brothers Cheeryble remained wholly unexplained, for Newman had not alluded to them either in his preliminary conversations with the servant or his subsequent interview with the mistress, merely remarking that he had been instructed to watch the girl home and plead his young friend's cause, and not saying how far he had followed her, or from what point. But Newman had hinted that from what had fallen from the confidante, he had been led to suspect that the young lady led a very miserable and unhappy life, under the strict control of her only parent, who was of a violent and brutal temper—a circumstance which he thought might in some degree account, both for her having sought the protection and friendship of the brothers, and her suffering herself to be prevailed upon to grant the promised interview. The last he held to be a very logical deduction from the premises, inasmuch as it was but natural to suppose that a young lady, whose present condition was so unenviable, would be more than commonly desirous to change it.

It appeared on further questioning—for it was only by a very long and arduous process that all this could be got out of Newman Noggs—that Newman, in explanation of his shabby appearance, had represented himself as being, for certain wise and indispensable purposes connected with the intrigue, in disguise; and being questioned how he had come to exceed his commission so far as to procure an interview, he responded, that the lady appearing willing to grant it, he considered himself bound, both in duty and gallantry, to avail himself of such golden means of enabling Nicholas to prosecute his addresses. After these and all possible questions had been asked and answered twenty times over, they parted, undertaking to meet on the following night at half-past ten, for the purpose of fulfilling the appointment, which was for eleven o'clock.

"Things come about very strangely," thought Nicholas, as he walked home. "I never contemplated anything of this kind; never dreamt of the possibility of it. To know something of the life of one in whom I felt such interest; to see her in the street, to pass the house in which she lived, to meet her sometimes in her walks, to hope that a day might come when I might be in a condition to tell her of my love; this was the utmost extent of my thoughts. Now, however—but I should be a fool, indeed, to repine at my own good fortune."

Still Nicholas was dissatisfied; and there was more in the dissatisfaction than mere revulsion of feeling. He was angry with the young lady for being so easily won, "because," reasoned Nicholas, "it is not as if she knew it was I, but it might have been anybody,"—which was certainly not pleasant. The next moment he was angry with himself for

entertaining such thoughts, arguing that nothing but goodness could dwell in such a temple, and that the behaviour of the brothers sufficiently showed the estimation in which they held her. "The fact is, she's a mystery altogether," said Nicholas. This was not more satisfactory than his previous course of reflection, and only drove him out upon a new sea of speculation and conjecture, where he tossed and tumbled in great discomfort of mind until the clock struck ten, and the hour of meeting drew nigh.

Nicholas had dressed himself with great care, and even Newman Noggs had trimmed himself up a little: his coat presenting the phenomenon of two consecutive buttons, and the supplementary pins being inserted at tolerably regular intervals. He wore his hat, too, in the newest taste, with a pocket-handkerchief in the crown, and a twisted end of it straggling out behind, after the fashion of a pigtail, though he could scarcely lay claim to the ingenuity of inventing this latter decoration, inasmuch as he was utterly unconscious of it: being in a nervous and excited condition which rendered him quite insensible to everything but the great object of the expedition.

They traversed the streets in profound silence; and after walking at a round pace for some distance, arrived in one of a gloomy appearance and very little frequented, near the Edgeware-road.

"Number twelve," said Newman.

"Oh!" replied Nicholas, looking about him.

"Good street!" said Newman.

"Yes," returned Nicholas, "rather dull."

Newman made no answer to this remark, but halting rather abruptly, planted Nicholas with his back to some area railings, and gave him to understand that he was to wait there, without moving hand or foot, until it was satisfactorily ascertained that the coast was clear. This done, Noggs limped away with great alacrity, looking over his shoulder every instant to make quite certain that Nicholas was obeying his directions; and ascending the steps of a house some half-dozen doors off, was lost to view.

After a short delay, he re-appeared, and limping back again, halted midway, and beckoned Nicholas to follow him.

"Well!" said Nicholas, advancing towards him on tiptoe.

"All right," replied Newman, in high glee. "All ready; nobody at home. Couldn't be better. Ha! ha!"

With this fortifying assurance, he stole past a street-door, on which Nicholas caught a glimpse of a brass plate, with "BOBSTER," in very large letters; and stopping at the area-gate, which was open, signed to his young friend to descend.

"What the devil!" cried Nicholas, drawing back. "Are we to sneak into the kitchen, as if we came after the forks?"

"Hush!" replied Newman. "Old Bobster—ferocious Turk. He'd kill 'em all—box the young lady's ears—he does—often."

"What!" cried Nicholas, in high wrath, "do you mean to tell me that any man would dare box the ears of such a—?"

He had no time to sing the praises of his mistress just then, for Newman gave him a gentle push which had nearly precipitated him to the bottom of the area steps, thinking it best to take the hint in good part,

Nicholas descended without further remonstrance; but with a countenance bespeaking anything rather than the hope and rapture of a passionate lover. Newman followed—he would have followed head first, but for the timely assistance of Nicholas—and taking his hand, led him through a stone passage, profoundly dark, into a back kitchen or cellar of the blackest and most pitchy obscurity, where they stopped.

"Well! said Nicholas, in a discontented whisper, "this is not all, I suppose, is it?"

"No, no," rejoined Noggs; "they'll be here directly. It's all right."

"I am glad to hear it," said Nicholas. "I shouldn't have thought it, I confess."

They exchanged no further words, and there Nicholas stood, listening to the loud breathing of Newman Noggs, and imagining that his nose seemed to glow like a red-hot coal, even in the midst of the darkness which enshrouded them. Suddenly the sound of cautious footsteps attracted his ear, and directly afterwards a female voice inquired if the gentlemen were there.

"Yes," replied Nicholas, turning towards the corner from which the voice proceeded. "Who is that?"

"Only me, sir," replied the voice. "Now if you please, ma'am."

A gleam of light shone into the place, and presently the servant-girl appeared, bearing a light, and followed by her young mistress, who seemed to be overwhelmed by modesty and confusion.

At sight of the young lady, Nicholas started and changed colour; his heart beat violently, and he stood rooted to the spot. At that instant, and almost simultaneously with her arrival and that of the candle, there was heard a loud and furious knocking at the street-door, which caused Newman Noggs to jump up with great agility from a beer-barrel, on which he had been seated astride, and to exclaim abruptly, and with a face of ashy paleness, "Bobster, by the Lord!"

The young lady shrieked, the attendant wrung her hands, Nicholas gazed from one to the other in apparent stupefaction, and Newman hurried to and fro, thrusting his hands into all his pockets successively, and drawing out the linings of every one in the excess of his irresolution. It was but a moment, but the confusion crowded into that one moment no imagination can exaggerate.

"Leave the house, for Heaven's sake! We have done wrong, we deserve it all," cried the young lady. "Leave the house, or I am ruined and undone for ever."

"Will you hear me say but one word?" cried Nicholas. "Only one. I will not detain you. Will you hear me say one word in explanation of this mischance?"

But Nicholas might as well have spoken to the wind, for the young lady with distracted looks hurried up the stairs. He would have followed her, but Newman twisting his hands in his coat-collar, dragged him towards the passage by which they had entered.

"Let me go, Newman, in the devil's name," cried Nicholas. "I must speak to her—I will; I will not leave this house without."

"Reputation—character—violence—consider," said Newman, clinging round him with both arms, and hurrying him away. "Let them open the door."

"We'll go as we came directly it's shut. Come. This way. Here."

Overpowered by the remonstrances of Newman and the tears and prayers of the girl, and the tremendous knocking above, which had never ceased, Nicholas allowed himself to be hurried off; and precisely as Mr. Bobster made his entrance by the street-door, he and Noggs made their exit by the area-gate.

They hurried away through several streets without stopping or speaking. At last they halted and confronted each other with blank and rueful faces.

"Never mind," said Newman, gasping for breath. "Don't be cast down. It's all right. More fortunate next time. It couldn't be helped. I did my part."

"Excellently," replied Nicholas, taking his hand. "Excellently, and like the true and zealous friend you are. Only—mind, I am not disappointed, Newman, and feel just as much indebted to you—only *it was the wrong lady.*"

"Eh?" cried Newman Noggs. "Taken in by the servant?"

"Newman, Newman," said Nicholas, laying his hand upon his shoulder; "it was the wrong servant too."

Newman's under-jaw dropped, and he gazed at Nicholas with his sound eye fixed fast and motionless in his head.

"Don't take it to heart," said Nicholas; "it's of no consequence; you see I don't care about it; you followed the wrong person, that's all."

That was all. Whether Newman Noggs had looked round the pump in a slanting direction so long, that his sight became impaired, or whether, finding that there was time to spare, he had recruited himself with a few drops of something stronger than the pump could yield—by whatsoever means it had come to pass, this was his mistake. And Nicholas went home to brood upon it, and to meditate upon the charms of the unknown young lady, now as far beyond his reach as ever.

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Containing some romantic passages between Mrs. Nickleby and the Gentleman in the small-clothes next door.*

EVER since her last momentous conversation with her son, Mrs. Nickleby had by little and little begun to display unusual care in the adornment of her person, gradually superadding to those staid and matronly habiliments, which had up to that time formed her ordinary attire, a variety of embellishments and decorations, slight perhaps in themselves, but, taken together, and considered with reference to the subject of her disclosure, of no mean importance. Even her black dress assumed something of a deadlively air from the jaunty style in which it was worn; and, eked out as its lingering attractions were, by a prudential disposal here and there of certain juvenile ornaments of little or no value, which had for that reason alone escaped the general wreck and been permitted to slumber peacefully in odd corners of old drawers and boxes where daylight seldom shone, her mourning garments assumed quite a new character, and from being the outward tokens of respect and

sorrow for the dead, were converted into signals of very slaughterous and killing designs upon the living.

Mrs. Nickleby might have been stimulated to this proceeding by a lofty sense of duty, and impulses of unquestionable excellence. She might by this time have become impressed with the sinfulness of long indulgence in unavailing woe, or the necessity of setting a proper example of neatness and decorum to her blooming daughter. Considerations of duty and responsibility apart, the change might have taken its rise in feelings of the purest and most disinterested charity. The gentleman next door had been vilified by Nicholas; rudely stigmatised as a dotard and an idiot; and for these attacks upon his understanding, Mrs. Nickleby was in some sort accountable. She might have felt that it was the act of a good Christian to show, by all means in her power, that the abused gentleman was neither the one nor the other. And what better means could she adopt towards so virtuous and laudable an end, than proving to all men, in her own person, that his passion was the most rational and reasonable in the world, and just the very result of all others which discreet and thinking persons might have foreseen, from her incautiously displaying her matured charms, without reserve, under the very eye, as it were, of an ardent and too-susceptible man!

"Ah!" said Mrs. Nickleby, gravely shaking her head; "If Nicholas knew what his poor dear papa suffered before we were engaged, when I used to hate him, he would have a little more feeling. Shall I ever forget the morning I looked scornfully at him when he offered to carry my parasol! Or that night when I frowned at him? It was a mercy he didn't emigrate. It very nearly drove him to it."

Whether the deceased might not have been better off if he had emigrated in his bachelor days, was a question which his relief did not stop to consider, for Kate entered the room with her work-box in this stage of her reflections; and a much slighter interruption, or no interruption at all, would have diverted Mrs. Nickleby's thoughts into a new channel at any time.

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; "I don't know how it is, but a fine warm summer day like this, with the birds singing in every direction, always puts me in mind of roast pig, with sage and onion sauce and made gravy."

"That's a curious association of ideas, is it not, mamma?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," replied Mrs. Nickleby. "Roast pig—let me see. On the day five weeks after you were christened, we had a roast—no that couldn't have been a pig, either, because I recollect there were a pair of them to carve, and your poor papa and I could never have thought of sitting down to two pigs—they must have been partridges. Roast pig! I hardly think we ever could have had one, now I come to remember, for your papa could never bear the sight of them in the shops, and used to say that they always put him in mind of very little babies, only the pigs had much fairer complexions; and he had a horror of little babies, too, because he couldn't very well afford any increase to his family, and had a natural dislike to the subject. It's very odd now, what can put that in my head. I recollect dining once at Mrs. Bevan's in that broad street, round the corner by the coachmaker's,



where the tipsy man fell through the cellar-flap of an empty house nearly a week before quarter-day, and wasn't found till the new tenant went in—and we had roast pig there. It must be that, I think, that reminds me of it, especially as there was a little bird in the room that would keep on singing all the time of dinner—at least, not a little bird, for it was a parrot, and he didn't sing exactly, for he talked and swore dreadfully; but I think it must be that. Indeed I am sure it must. Shouldn't you say so, my dear?"

"I should say there was not a doubt about it, mamma," returned Kate, with a cheerful smile.

"No; but do you think so, Kate?" said Mrs. Nickleby, with as much gravity as if it were a question of the most imminent and thrilling interest. "If you don't, say so at once, you know; because it's just as well to be correct, particularly on a point of this kind, which is very curious and worth settling while one thinks about it."

Kate laughingly replied that she was quite convinced; and as her mamma still appeared undetermined whether it was not absolutely essential that the subject should be renewed, proposed that they should take their work into the summer-house and enjoy the beauty of the afternoon. Mrs. Nickleby readily assented, and to the summer-house they repaired without further discussion.

"Well, I will say," observed Mrs. Nickleby, as she took her seat, "that there never was such a good creature as Smike. Upon my word, the pains he has taken in putting this little arbour to rights and training the sweetest flowers about it, are beyond any thing I could have—I wish he wouldn't put *all* the gravel on your side, Kate, my dear, though, and leave nothing but mould for me."

"Dear mamma," returned Kate, hastily, "take this seat—do—to oblige me, mamma."

"No, indeed, my dear. I shall keep my own side," said Mrs. Nickleby, "Well I declare!"

Kate looked up inquiringly.

"If he hasn't been," said Mrs. Nickleby, "and got, from somewhere or other, a couple of roots of those flowers that I said I was so fond of the other night, and asked you if you were not—no, that you said you were so fond of, the other night, and asked me if I wasn't—it's the same thing—now, upon my word, I take that as very kind and attentive indeed! I don't see," added Mrs. Nickleby, looking narrowly about her, "any of them on my side, but I suppose they grow best near the gravel. You may depend they do, Kate, and that's the reason they are all near you, and he has put the gravel there because it's the sunny side. Upon my word, that's very clever now. I shouldn't have had half as much thought myself!"

"Mamma," said Kate hurriedly, bending over her work so that her face was almost hidden, "before you were married—"

"Dear me, Kate," interrupted Mrs. Nickleby, "what in the name of goodness graciousness makes you fly off to the time before I was married, when I'm talking to you about his thoughtfulness and attention to me! You don't seem to take the smallest interest in the garden."

"Oh! mamma," said Kate, raising her face again, "you know I do."

"Well then, my dear, why don't you praise the neatness and prettiness with which it's kept?" said Mrs. Nickleby, "How very odd you are, Kate!"

"I do praise it, mamma," answered Kate, gently. "Poor fellow!"

"I scarcely ever hear you, my dear," retorted Mrs. Nickleby; "that's all I've got to say." By this time the good old lady had been a long while upon one topic, so she fell at once into her daughter's little trap for changing it—if trap it were—and inquired what she had been going to say.

"About what, mamma?" said Kate, who had apparently quite forgotten her diversion.

"Lor, Kate, my dear," returned her mother, "why, you're asleep or stupid. About the time before I was married."

"Oh yes!" said Kate, "I remember. I was going to ask, mamma, before you were married, had you many suitors?"

"Suitors, my dear!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a smile of wonderful complacency. "First and last, Kate, I must have had a dozen at least."

"Mamma!" returned Kate, in a tone of remonstrance.

"I had indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; not including your poor papa, or a young gentleman who used to go at that time to the same dancing-school, and who would send gold watches and bracelets to our house in gilded-paper, (which were always returned,) and who afterwards unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep, (I don't know how they got there) and was going to be hung, only he accidentally choked himself, and the government pardoned him. Then there was young Lukin," said Mrs. Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb and checking off the names on her fingers—"Mogley—Tipstark—Cabbery—Smifer—"

Having now reached her little finger, Mrs. Nickleby was carrying the account over to the other hand, when a loud "Hem!" which appeared to come from the very foundation of the garden wall, gave both herself and her daughter a violent start.

"Mamma! what was that?" said Kate, in a low tone of voice.

"Upon my word, my dear," returned Mrs. Nickleby, considerably startled, "unless it was the gentleman belonging to the next house, I don't know what it could possibly—"

"A—hem!" cried the same voice; and that not in the tone of an ordinary clearing of the throat, but in a kind of bellow, which woke up all the echoes in the neighbourhood, and was prolonged to an extent which must have made the unseen bellower quite black in the face.

"I understand it now, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, laying her hand on Kate's; "don't be alarmed, my love, it's not directed to you, and is not intended to frighten anybody. Let us give every body their due, Kate; I am bound to say that."

So saying, Mrs. Nickleby nodded her head, and patted the back of her daughter's hand a great many times, and looked as if she could tell something vastly important if she chose, but had self-denial, thank God! and wouldn't do it.

"What do you mean, mamma?" demanded Kate, in evident surprise.

"Don't be flurried, my dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, looking towards the garden-wall, "for you see I'm not, and if it would be excusable in anybody to be flurried, it certainly would—under all the circumstances be excusable in me, but I am not, Kate—not at all."

"It seems designed to attract our attention, mamma," said Kate.

"It is designed to attract our attention, my dear—at least," rejoined Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, and patting her daughter's hand more blandly than before, "to attract the attention of one of us. Hem! you needn't be at all uneasy, my dear."



Kate looked very much perplexed, and was apparently about to ask for further explanation, when a shouting and scuffling noise, as of an elderly gentlemen whooping, and kicking up his legs on loose gravel with great violence, was heard to proceed from the same direction as the former sounds; and, before they had subsided, a large cucumber was seen to shoot up in the air with the velocity of a sky-rocket, whence it descended, tumbling over and over, until it fell at Mrs. Nickleby's feet.

This remarkable appearance was succeeded by another of a precisely similar description; then a fine vegetable marrow, of unusually large dimensions, was seen to whirl aloft, and come toppling down; then several cucumbers shot up together; and, finally, the air was darkened by a shower of onions, turnip-radishes, and other small vegetables, which fell rolling and scattering and bumping about in all directions.

As Kate rose from her seat in some alarm, and caught her mother's hand to run with her into the house, she felt herself rather retarded than assisted in her intention; and, following the direction of Mrs. Nickleby's eyes, was quite terrified by the apparition of an old black velvet cap, which, by slow degrees, as if its wearer were ascending a ladder or pair of steps, rose above the wall dividing their garden from that of the next cottage, (which, like their own was a detached building,) and was gradually followed by a very large head, and an old face, in which were a pair of most extraordinary grey eyes, very wild, very wide open, and rolling in their sockets with a dull, languishing, and leering look, most ugly to behold.

"Mamma!" cried Kate, really terrified for the moment, "why do you stop, why do you lose an instant?—Mamma, pray come in!"

"Kate, my dear," returned her mother, still holding back, "how can you be so foolish? I'm ashamed of you. How do you suppose you are ever to get through life, if you're such a coward as this! What do you want sir?" said Mrs. Nickleby, addressing the intruder with a sort of simpering displeasure. "How dare you look into this garden?"

"Queen of my soul," replied the stranger, folding his hands together, "this goblet sir."

"Nonsense, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Kate, my love, pray be quiet."

"Won't you sip the goblet?" urged the stranger, with his head imploringly on one side, and his right hand on his breast. "Oh, do sip the goblet!"

"I shall not consent to do anything of the kind, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby, with a haughty air. "Pray, be gone."

"Why is it," said the old gentleman, coming up a step higher, and leaning his elbows on the wall, with as much complacency as if he were looking out of a window, "why is it that beauty is always obdurate, even when admiration is as honourable and respectful as mine?" Here he smiled, kissed his hand, and made several low bows. "Is it owing to the bees, who, when the honey season is over, and they are supposed to have been killed with brimstone, in reality fly to Barbary and lull the captive Moors to sleep with their drowsy songs? Or is it," he added, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "in consequence of the statue at Charing Cross having been lately seen on the Stock Exchange at midnight, walking arm-in-arm with the Pump from Aldgate, in a riding-habit?"

"Mamma," murmured Kate, "do you hear him?"

"Hush, my dear!" replied Mrs. Nickleby, in the same tone of voice, "he is very polite, and I think that was a quotation from the poets. Pray don't worry me so—you'll pinch my arm black and blue. Go away, sir."

"Quite away," said the gentleman with a languishing look, "Oh! quite away?"

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"Yes," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "certainly. You have no business here. This is private property, sir; you ought to know that."

"I do know," said the old gentleman, laying his finger on his nose with an air of familiarity most reprehensible, "that this is a sacred and enchanted spot, where the most divine charms"—here he kissed his hand and bowed again—"waft mellifluousness over the neighbours' gardens, and force the fruit and vegetables into premature existence. That fact I am acquainted with. But will you permit me, fairest creature, to ask you one question, in the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone on business to the Horse Guards, and would otherwise—jealous of your superior charms—interpose between us?"

"Kate," observed Mrs. Nickleby, turning to her daughter, "it's very awkward, positively, I really don't know what to say to this gentleman. One ought to be civil, you know."

"Dear mamma," rejoined Kate, "don't say a word to him, but let us run away as fast as we can, and shut ourselves up till Nicholas comes home."

Mrs. Nickleby looked very grand, not to say contemptuous, at this humiliating proposal; and turning to the old gentleman, who had watched them during these whispers with absorbing eagerness, said—

"If you will conduct yourself, sir, like the gentleman which I should imagine you to be from your language and—appearance, (quite the counterpart of your grand-papa, Kate, my dear, in his best days,) and will put your question to me in plain words, I will answer it."

If Mrs. Nickleby's excellent papa had borne in his best days, a resemblance to the neighbour now looking over the wall, he must have been to say the least, a very queer-looking old gentleman in his prime. Perhaps Kate thought so, for she ventured to glance at his living portrait with some attention, as he took off his black velvet cap, and exhibiting a perfectly bald head made a long series of bows, each accompanied with a fresh kiss of the hand. After exhausting himself, to all appearance, with this fatiguing performance, he covered his head once more, pulled the cap very carefully over the tips of his ears, and resuming his former attitude, said,

"The question is—"

Here he broke off to look round in every direction, and satisfy himself beyond all doubt that there were no listeners near. Assured that there were not, he tapped his nose several times, accompanying the action with a cunning look, as though congratulating himself on his caution; and stretching out his neck, said in a loud whisper.

"Are you a princess?"

"You are mocking me, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby, making a feint of retreating towards the house.

"No, but you are?" said the old gentleman.

"You know I am not, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"Then are you any relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury?" inquired the old gentleman with great anxiety, "or to the Pope of Rome? or the Speaker of the House of Commons? Forgive me, if I am wrong, but I was told you were niece to the Commissioners of Paving, and daughter-in-law to the Lord Mayor and Court of Common Council, which would account for your relationship to all three."

"Whoever has spread such reports, sir," returned Mrs. Nickleby, with some warmth, "has taken great liberties with my name, and one which I am sure my son Nicholas, if he was aware of it, would not allow for an instant. The idea!" said Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, "niece to the Commissioners of Paving!"

"Pray, mamma, come away!" whispered Kate.

"Pray, mamma!" Nonsense, Kate," said Mrs.

Nickleby, angrily, "but that's just the way. If they had said I was niece to a piping bullfinch, what would you care! But I have no sympathy"—whimpered Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't expect it, that's one thing."

"Tears!" cried the old gentleman, with such an energetic jump, that he fell down two or three steps, and grated his chin against the wall. "Catch the crystal globules—catch 'em—bottle 'em up—cork 'em tight—put sealing-wax on the top—seal 'em with a cupid—label 'em 'Best quality'—and stow 'em away in the fourteenth binn, with a bar of iron on the top to keep the thunder off!"

Issuing these commands, as if there were a dozen attendants all actively engaged in their execution, he turned his velvet cap inside out, put it on with great dignity so as to obscure his right-eye and three-fourths of his nose, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, looked very fiercely at a sparrow hard by, till the bird flew away, when he put his cap in his pocket with an air of great satisfaction, and addressed himself with a respectful demeanour to Mrs. Nickleby.

"Beautiful madam," such were his words—"if I have made any mistake with regard to your family or connexions, I humbly beseech you to pardon me. If I supposed you to be related to Foreign Powers or Native Boards, it is because you have a manner, a carriage, a dignity, which you will excuse my saying that none but yourself (with the single exception perhaps of the tragic muse, when playing extemporaneously on the barrel-organ before the East India Company) can parallel. I am not a youth, ma'am, as you see; and although beings like you can never grow old, I venture to presume that we are fitted for each other.

"Really, Kate, my love!" said Mrs. Nickleby faintly, and looking another way.

"I have estates, ma'am," said the old gentleman, flourishing his right hand negligently, as if he made very light of such matters, and speaking very fast; "jewels, light-houses, fish-ponds, a whalery of my own in the North Sea, and several oyster-beds of great profit in the Pacific Ocean. If you will have the kindness to step down to the Royal Exchange and to take the cocked hat off the stoutest beadle's head, you will find my card in the lining of the crown, wrapped up in a piece of blue paper. My walking-stick is also to be seen on application to the chaplain of the House of Commons, who is strictly forbidden to take any money for showing it. I have enemies about me, ma'am," he looked towards his house and spoke very low, "who attack me on all occasions, and wish to secure my property. If you bless me with your hand and heart, you can apply to the Lord Chancellor or call out the military if necessary—sending my toothpick to the commander-in-chief will be sufficient—and so clear the house of them before the ceremony is performed. After that, love bliss and rapture; rapture love and bliss. Be mine, be mine!"

Repeating these words with great rapture and enthusiasm, the old gentleman put on his black velvet cap again, and looking up into the sky in a hasty manner, said something that was not quite intelligible concerning a balloon he expected, and which was rather after its time.

"Be mine, be mine!" repeated the old gentleman.

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, "I have hardly the power to speak; but it is necessary for

the happiness of all parties that this matter should be set at rest for ever."

"Surely there is no necessity for you to say one word, mamma!" reasoned Kate.

"You will allow me, my dear, if you please, to judge for myself," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"Be mine, be mine!" cried the old gentleman.

"It can scarcely be expected, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby, fixing her eyes modestly on the ground. "that I should tell a stranger whether I feel flattered and obliged by such proposals, or not. They certainly are made under very singular circumstances; still at the same time, as far as it goes, and to a certain extent of course," (Mrs. Nickleby's customary qualification,) "they must be gratifying and agreeable to one's feelings."

"Be mine, be mine," cried the old gentleman. "Gog and Magog. Be mine, be mine!"

"It will be sufficient for me to say, sir," resumed Mrs. Nickleby, with perfect seriousness—"and I am sure you'll see the propriety of taking an answer and going away—that I have made up my mind to remain a widow, and to devote myself to my children. You may not suppose I am the mother of two children—indeed many people have doubted it, and said that nothing on earth could ever make 'em believe it possible—but it is the case, and they are both grown up. We shall be very glad to have you for a neighbor—very glad; delighted, I'm sure—but in any other character it's quite impossible, quite. As to my being young enough to marry again, that perhaps may be so, or it may not be; but I couldn't think of it for an instant, not on any account whatever. I said I never would, and I never will. It's a very painful thing to have to reject proposals, and I would much rather that none were made; at the same time this is the answer that I determined long ago to make, and this is the answer I shall always give."

These observations were partly addressed to the old gentleman, partly to Kate, and partly delivered in soliloquy. Towards their conclusion, the suitor evinced a very irreverent degree of inattention, and Mrs. Nickleby had scarcely finished speaking, when, to the great terror both of that lady and her daughter, he suddenly flung off his coat, and springing on the top of the wall, threw himself into an attitude which displayed his small-clothes and grey worsteds to the fullest advantage, and concluded by standing on one leg, and repeating his favourite bellow with increased vehemence.

While he was still dwelling on the last note, and embellishing it with a prolonged flourish, a dirty hand was observed to glide stealthily and swiftly along the top of the wall, as if in pursuit of a fly, and then to clasp with the utmost dexterity one of the old gentleman's ankles. This done, the companion hand appeared, and clasped the other ankle.

Thus encumbered, the old gentleman lifted his legs awkwardly once or twice, as if they were very clumsy and imperfect pieces of machinery, and then looking down on his own side of the wall, burst into a loud laugh.

"It's you, is it?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes, it's me," replied a gruff voice.

"How's the Emperor of Tartary?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh! he's much the same as usual," was the reply. "No better and no worse."

"The young Prince of China," said the old gentleman.

man, with much interest. "Is he reconciled to his father-in-law, the great potato salesman?"

"No," answered the gruff voice; "and he says he never will be, that's more."

"If that's the case," observed the old gentleman, "perhaps I'd better come down."

"Well," said the man on the other side. "I think you had, perhaps."

One of the hands being then cautiously unclasped, the old gentleman dropped into a sitting posture, and was looking round to smile and bow to Mrs. Nickleby, when he disappeared with some precipitation, as if his legs had been pulled from below.

Very much relieved by his disappearance, Kate was turning to speak to her mamma, when the dirty hands again became visible, and were immediately followed by the figure of a coarse squat man, who ascended by the steps which had been recently occupied by their singular neighbour.

"Beg your pardon, ladies," said this new comer, grinning and touching his hat. "Has he been making love to either of you?"

"Yes," said Kate.

"Ah!" rejoined the man, taking his handkerchief out of his hat and wiping his face, "he always will, you know. Nothing will prevent his making love."

"I need not ask you if he is out of his mind, poor creature," said Kate.

"Why no," replied the man, looking into his hat, throwing his handkerchief in at one dab, and putting it on again. "That's pretty plain, that is."

"Has he been long so?" asked Kate.

"A long while."

"And is there no hope for him?" said Kate, compassionately.

"Not a bit, and don't deserve to be," replied the keeper. "He's a deal pleasanter without his senses than with 'em. He was the cruellest, wickedest, out-and-outerest old flint that ever drew breath."

"Indeed!" said Kate.

"By George!" replied the keeper, shaking his head so emphatically that he was obliged to frown to keep his hat on, "I never come across such a vagabond, and my mate says the same. Broke his poor wife's heart, turned his daughters out of doors, drove his sons into the streets—it was a blessing he went mad at last, through evil tempers, and covetousness, and selfishness, and guzzling, and drinking, or he'd have drove many others so. Hope for him, an old rip! There isn't too much hope going, but I'll bet a crown that what there is, is saved for more deserving chaps than him, anyhow."

With which confession of his faith, the keeper shook his head again, as much as to say that nothing short of this would do, if things were to go on at all; and touching his hat sulkily—not that he was in an ill humour, but that his subject ruffled him—descended the ladder, and took it away.

During this conversation, Mrs. Nickleby had regarded the man with a severe and steadfast look. She now heaved a profound sigh, and pursing up her lips, shook her head in a slow and doubtful manner.

"Poor creature!" said Kate.

"Ah! poor indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Nickleby. "It's shameful that such things should be allowed.—Shameful?"

"How can they be helped, mamma?" said Kate, mournfully. "The infirmities of nature—"

"Nature!" said Mrs. Nickleby. "What! Do you suppose this poor gentleman is out of his mind?"

"Can anybody who sees him entertain any other opinion, mamma?"

"Why then I just tell you this, Kate," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "that he's nothing of the kind, and I am surprised you can be so imposed upon. It's some plot of these people to possess themselves of his property—didn't he say so himself? He may be a little odd and flighty, perhaps, many of us are that; but downright mad! and express himself as he does, respectfully, and in quite poetical language, and making offers with so much thought, and care, and prudence—not as if he ran into the streets, and went down upon his knees to the first chit of a girl he met, as a madman would! No, no, Kate, there's a great deal too much method in his madness; depend upon that, my dear."

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Illustrative of the convivial sentiment, that the best of friends must sometimes part.*

THE pavement of Snow Hill had been baking and frying all day in the heat, and the twain Saracens' heads, guarding the entrance to the hostelry of whose name and sign they are the duplicate presentments, looked—or seemed in the eyes of jaded and foot-sore passers by, to look—more vicious than usual, after blistering and scorching in the sun, when, in one of the inn's smallest sitting-rooms, through whose open window there rose, in a palpable steam, wholesome exhalations from reeking coach-horses, the usual furniture of a tea-table was displayed in neat and inviting order, flanked by large joints of roast and boiled, a tongue, a pigeon-pie, a cold fowl, a tankard of ale, and other little matters of the like kind which, in degenerate towns and cities, are generally understood to belong more particularly to solid lunches, stage-coach dinners, or unusually substantial breakfasts.

Mr. John Browdie, with his hands in his pockets, hovered restlessly about these delicacies, stopping occasionally to whisk the flies out of the sugar-basin with his wife's pocket-handkerchief, or to dip a tea-spoon in the milkpot and carry it to his mouth, or to cut off a little knob of crust, and a little corner of meat, and swallow them at two gulps like a couple of pills. After every one of these flirtations with the eatables, he pulled out his watch, and declared with an earnestness quite pathetic, that he couldn't undertake to hold out two minutes longer.

"Tilly!" said John to his lady, who was reclining half awake and half asleep upon a sofa.

"Well, John!"

"Weel, John!" retorted her husband, impatiently, "Dost thou feel hongry, lass?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Browdie.

"Not vary!" repeated John, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "Hear her say not vary, and us dining at three and lounching off pasthry that aggravates a mon 'stead of pacifying him! Not vary!"

"Here's a gen'lman for you, sir," said the waiter, looking in.

"A wa'at for me?" cried John, as though he thought it must be a letter, or a parcel.

"A gen'lman, sir."

"Stars and garters, chap!" said John, "wa'at dost thou coom and say thot for. In wi' 'un."

"Are you at home, sir?"

"At whoam!" cried John, "I wish I wur; I'd ha tea'd two hour ago. Why, I told t'other chap to look sharp outside door, and tell 'un d'rectly he coom, thot we was faint wi' hoonger. In wi' 'un. Aha! Thee hond, Mither Nickleby. This is nigh to be the proodest day o' my life, sir. Hoo be all wi' ye? Ding! But I'm glad o' this!"

Quite forgetting even his hunger in the heartiness of



his salutation, John Browdie shook Nicholas by the hand again and again, slapping his palm with great violence between each shake, to add warmth to the reception.

"Ah! there she be," said John, observing the look which Nicholas directed towards his wife. "There she be—we shan't quarrel about her noo—Eh? Ecod, when I think o' thot—but thou want'st soom'at to eat. Fall to, mun, fall to, and for wa'at we're aboot to receive——"

No doubt the grace was properly finished, but nothing more was heard, for John had already begun to play such a knife and fork, that his speech was for the time, gone.

"I shall take the usual license, Mr. Browdie, said Nicholas, as he placed a chair for the bride.

"Tak' whatever thou like'st," said John, "and when a's gane, cu' for more."

Without stopping to explain, Nicholas kissed the blushing Mrs. Browdie, and handed her to her seat.

"I say," said John, rather astounded for the moment, "mak' theeself quite at whoam, will 'ee?"

"You may depend upon that," replied Nicholas: "on one condition."

"And wa'at may that be?" asked John.

"That you make me a godfather the very first time you have occasion for one."

"Eh! d' ye hear thot!" cried John laying down his knife and fork. "A godfeyther! Ha! ha! ha! Tilly—hear till 'un—a godfeyther! Divn't say a word more, ye'll never beat thot. Occasion for 'un—a godfeyther! Ha! ha! ha!"

Never was a man so tickled with a respectable old joke as John Browdie was with this. He chuckled, roared, half suffocated himself by laughing large pieces of beef into his windpipe, roared again, persisted in eating at the same time, got red in the face, and black in the forehead, coughed, cried, got better, went off again laughing inwardly, got worse, choked, had his back thumped, stamped about, frightened his wife, and at last recovered in a state of the last exhaustion and with the water streaming from his eyes, but still faintly ejaculating "a godfeyther—a godfeyther, Tilly!" in a tone bespeaking an exquisite relish of the sally, which no suffering could diminish.

"You remember the night of our first tea-drinking?" said Nicholas.

"Shall I e'er forget it, mun?" replied John Browdie.

"He was a desperate fellow that night though, was he not, Mrs. Browdie?" said Nicholas. "Quite a monster?"

"If you had only heard him as we were going home, Mr. Nickleby, you'd have said so indeed," returned the bride. "I was never so frightened in all my life."

"Coom, coom," said John with a broad grin; "thou know'st better than thot, Tilly."

"So I was," replied Mrs. Browdie. "I almost made up my mind never to speak to you again."

"A'most!" said John, with a broader grin than the last. "A'most made up her mind! And she wur coaxin', and coaxin', and wheedlin', and wheedlin', a' the blessed wa'. 'Wa'at did'st thou let yon chap mak' oop tiv'ee for?' says I. 'I deecn't, John,' says she, a squeegegin my arm. 'You deecn't?' says I. 'Noa,' says she, a squeegegin of me agean."

"Lor, John!" interposed his pretty wife, colouring very much, how can you talk such nonsense? As if I should have dreamt of such a thing!"

"I dinnot know whether thou'd ever dreamt of it, though I think that's the loike enef, mind," retorted John; "but thou didst it. 'Ye're a feckle, changeable weather-cock, lass,' says I. 'Not feckle, John,' says she. 'Yes,' says I, feckle, dom'd feckle. Dinnot tell me thou bean't either yon chap at schoolmeaster's," says I. 'Him!' says she, quite screeching. 'Ah! him!' says I. 'Why, John,' says she—and she coom a deal closer and squeegeged a deal harder than she'd deane afore—dost thou think

it's nat'ral noo, that having such a proper mun as thou to keep company wi' I'd ever tak' oop wi' such a leetle scanty-whipper-snapper as yon?' she says. Ha! ha! ha! She said whipper-snapper! 'Ecod!' I says, 'either thot, name the day, and let's have it ower!' Ha! ha! ha!"

Nicholas laughed very heartily at this story, both on account of its telling against himself, and his being desirous to spare the blushes of Mrs. Browdie, whose protestations were drowned in peals of laughter from her husband. His good-nature soon put her at her ease; and although she still denied the charge, she laughed so heartily at it, that Nicholas had the satisfaction of feeling assured that in all essential respects it was strictly true.

"This is the second time," said Nicholas, "that we have ever taken a meal together, and only the third time I have ever seen you; and yet it really seems to me as if I were among old friends."

"Weel!" observed the Yorkshireman, "so I say."

"And I am sure I do," added his young wife.

"I have the best reason to be impressed with the feeling, mind," said Nicholas; "for if it had not been for your kindness of heart, my good friend, when I had no right or reason to expect it, I know not what might have become of me, or what plight I should have been in by this time."

"Talk about soom'at else," replied John, gruffly, "and dinnot bother."

"It must be a new song to the same tune, then," said Nicholas, smiling. "I told you in my letter that I deeply felt and admired your sympathy with that poor lad, whom you released at the risk of involving yourself in trouble and difficulty; but I can never tell you how grateful he and I, and others whom you don't know, are to you for taking pity on him."

"Ecod!" rejoined John Browdie, drawing up his chair; "and I can never tell you how grateful soom folks that we do know would be loikewise, if they know'd I had takken pity on him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Browdie, "what a state I was in, that night!"

"Were they all disposed to give you credit for assisting in the escape?" inquired Nicholas of John Browdie.

"Not a bit," replied the Yorkshireman, extending his mouth from ear to ear. "There I lay, snoog in schoolmeaster's bed long effer it was dark, and nobody coom nigh the place. 'Weel!' thinks I, 'he's got a pretty good start, and if he bean't whoam by noo, he never will be; so you may coom as quick as you loike, and find us reddy'—that is, you know, schoolmeaster might coom."

"I understand," said Nicholas.

"Presently," resumed John, "he *did* coom. I heerd door shut doon stairs, and him a warking oop in the daark. 'Slow and steady,' I says to myself, 'tak' your time, sir—no hurry.' He cooms to the door, turns the key—turns the key when there warn't nothing to hoold the lock—and ca's oot 'Hallo there!'—'Yes,' thinks I, 'you may do thot agean, and not waken anybody, sir.' 'Hallo, there,' he says, and then he stops. 'Thou'd better not aggravate me,' says schoolmeaster, 'effer a little time. 'I'll brak' every boan in your boddy, Smike,' he says, effer another little time. Then all of a sudden, he sings oot for a loight, and when it cooms—ecod, such a hoorly-boorly! 'Wa'ats the matter!' says I. 'He's gane,' says he,—stark mad wi' vengeance. 'Have you heerd nought?' 'Ees,' says I, 'I heerd street



door shut, no time at a' ago. I heerd a person run doon there' (pointing t'other wa'—eh!) 'Help!' he cries. 'I'll help you,' says I; and off we set—the wrong wa'! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Did you go far?" asked Nicholas.

"Far!" replied John; "I run him clean off his legs in quarther of an hoor. To see old schoolmeaster wi'out his hat, skimming along oop to his knees in mud and wather, tumbling over fences, and rowling into ditches, and bawling out like mad, wi' his one eye looking sharp out for the lad, and his coat-tails flying out behind, and him spattered wi' mud all ower, face and all;—I thot I should ha' dropped doon, and killed myself wi' laughing."

John laughed so heartily at the mere recollection, that he communicated the contagion to both his hearers, and all three burst into peals of laughter, which were renewed again and again, until they could laugh no longer.

"He's a bad 'un," said John, wiping his eyes; "a very bad 'un, is schoolmeaster."

"I can't bear the sight of him, John," said his wife.

"Coom," retorted John, "thot's tidy in you, that is. If it wa'nt along o' you, we shouldn't know nought about 'un. 'Thou know'd 'un first, Tilly, didn't thou?"

"I couldn't help knowing Fanny Squeers, John," returned his wife; "she was an old playmate of mine, you know."

"Weel," replied John, "dean't I say so, lass! It's best to be neighbourly, and keep up old acquaintance loike; and what I say is, dean't quarrel if 'ee can help it. Dinnot think so, Mr. Nickleby!"

"Certainly," returned Nicholas; "and you acted upon that principle when I met you on horseback on the road, after our memorable evening."

"Surely," said John. "Wa't I say, I stick by."

"And that's a fine thing to do, and manly too," said Nicholas, "though it's not exactly what we understand by 'coming Yorkshire over us' in London. Miss Squeers is stopping with you, you said in your note."

"Yes," replied John, "Tilly's brides-maid; and a queer brides-maid she be, too. She wean't be a bride in a hurry, I reckon."

"For shame, John," said Mrs. Browdie; with an acute perception of the joke though, being a bride herself.

"The groom will be a blessed mun," said John, his eyes twinkling at the idea. "He'll be in luck, he will."

"You see, Mr. Nickleby," said his wife, "that it was in consequence of her being here, that John wrote to you and fixed to-night, because we thought that it wouldn't be pleasant for you to meet, after what has passed—"

"Unquestionably. You were quite right in that," said Nicholas, interrupting.

"Especially," observed Mrs. Browdie, looking very sly, "after what we know about past and gone love matters."

"We know, indeed!" said Nicholas, shaking his head. "You behaved rather wickedly there, I suspect."

"O' course she did," said John Browdie, passing his huge fore-finger through one of his wife's pretty ringlets, and looking very proud of her. "She wur always as skittish and full o' tricks as a—"

"Well, as a what?" said his wife.

"As a woman," returned John. "Ding! But I dinnot know what else cooms near it."

"You were speaking about Miss Squeers," said Nicholas, with the view of stopping some slight connubialities which had begun to pass between Mr. and Mrs. Browdie, and which rendered the position of a third party in some degree embarrassing, as occasioning him to feel rather in the way than otherwise.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Browdie. "John, ha' done—John fixed to-night, because she had settled that she would go and drink tea with her father. And to make quite sure of there being nothing amiss, and of your being quite alone with us, he settled to go out there and fetch her home."

"That was a very good arrangement," said Nicholas; "though I am sorry to be the occasion of so much trouble."

"Not the least in the world," returned Mrs. Browdie; "for we have looked forward to seeing you—John and I have—with the greatest possible pleasure. Do you know, Mr. Nickleby," said Mrs. Browdie, with her archest smile, "that I really think Fanny Squeers was very fond of you?"

"I am very much obliged to her," said Nicholas; "but upon my word, I never aspired to making any impression upon her virgin heart."

"How you talk!" tittered Mrs. Browdie. "No, but you do know that really—seriously now and without any joking—I was given to understand by Fanny herself, that you had made an offer to her, and that you two were going to be engaged quite solemn and regular."

"Was you, ma'am—was you?" cried a shrill female voice, "was you given to understand that I—I—was going to be engaged to an assassinating thief that shed the gore of my pa? Do you—do you think, ma'am—that I was very fond of such dirt beneath my feet, as I couldn't condescend to touch with kitchen tongs, without blacking and crocking myself by the contact? Do you ma'am—do you? Oh! base and degrading 'Tilda?"

With these reproaches Miss Squeers flung the door wide open, and disclosed to the eyes of the astonished Browdies and Nicholas, not only her own symmetrical form, arrayed in the chaste white garments before described, (a little dirtier,) but the form of her brother and father, the pair of Wackfords.

"This is the hend, is it?" continued Miss Squeers, who, being excited, aspired her h's strongly; "this is the hend, is it, of all my forbearance and friendship for that double-faced thing—that viper, that—that—mermaid?" (Miss Squeers hesitated a long time for this last epithet, and brought it out triumphantly at last, as if it quite clinched the business.) "This is the hend, is it, of all my bearing with her deceitfulness, her lowness, her falseness, her laying herself out to catch the admiration of vulgar minds, in a way which made me blush for myself for my—"

"Gender," suggested Mr. Squeers, regarding the spectators with a malevolent eye—literally a malevolent eye.

"Yes," said Miss Squeers; "but I thank my stars that my ma' is of the same—"

"Hear, hear!" remarked Mr. Squeers; "and I wish she was here to have a scratch at this company."

"This is the hend, is it," said Miss Squeers, tossing her head, and looking contemptuously at the floor, "of my taking notice of that rubbishy creature, and demeaning myself to patronise her?"

"Oh, come," rejoined Mrs. Browdie, disregarding all the endeavours of her spouse to restrain her, and forcing herself into a front row, "don't talk such nonsense as that."

"Have I not patronised you, ma'am?" demanded Miss Squeers.

"No," returned Mrs. Browdie.

"I will not look for blushes in such a quarter," said Miss Squeers, haughtily, "for that countenance is a stranger to everything but hignominiousness and red-faced boldness."

"I say," interposed John Browdie, nettled by these accumulated attacks on his wife, "dra' it mild, dra' it mild."

"You, Mr. Browdie," said Miss Squeers, taking him up very quickly, "I pity. I have no feeling for you, sir, but one of unliquidated pity."

"Oh!" said John.

"No," said Miss Squeers, looking sideways at her parent, "although I *am* a queer bridesmaid, and *shan't* be a bride in a hurry, and although my husband *will* be in luck, I entertain no sentiments towards you, Sir, but sentiments of pity."

Here Miss Squeers looked sideways at her father again, who looked sideways at her, as much as to say, 'There you had him.'

"I know what you've got to go through," said Miss Squeers, shaking her curls violently. "I know what life is before you, and if you was my bitterest and deadliest enemy, I could wish you nothing worse."

"Could'n't you wish to be married to him yourself, if that was the case?" inquired Mrs. Browdie, with great suavity of manner.

"Oh, ma'am, how witty you are!" retorted Miss Squeers, with a low curtsy, "almost as witty, ma'am, as you are clever. How very clever it was in you, ma'am, to choose a time when I had gone to tea with my pa', and was sure not to come back without being fetched! What a pity you never thought that other people might be as clever as yourself, and spoil your plans!"

"You won't vex me, child, with such airs as these," said the late Miss Price, assuming the matron.

"Don't *Missis* me, ma'am, if you please," returned Miss Squeers, sharply. "I'll not bear it. Is this the hend—"

"Dang it ae!" cried John Browdie, impatiently. "Say the say, out, Fanny, and mak' sure it's the end, and din't ask nobody whether it is or not."

"Thanking you for your advice which was not required, Mr. Browdie," returned Miss Squeers, with laborious politeness, "have the goodness not to presume to meddle with my christian name. Even my pity shall never make me forget what's due to myself, Mr. Browdie. 'Tilda," said Miss Squeers, with such a sudden accession of violence that John started in his boots, "I throw you off for ever, Miss. I abandon you, I renounce you. I wouldn't," cried Miss Squeers in a solemn voice, "have a child named 'Tilda—not to save it from its grave."

"As for the matther o' that," observed John, "it'll be time enef to think about neaming of it when it cooms."

"John!" interposed his wife, "don't tease her."

"Oh! Tease, indeed!" cried Miss Squeers, bridling up. "Tease, indeed! He! He! Tease, too! No, don't tease her. Consider her feelings, pray."

"If it's fated that listeners are never to hear any good of themselves, said Mrs. Browdie, "I can't help it, and I am very sorry for it. But I will say, Fanny, that times out of number I have spoken so kindly of you behind your back, that even you could have found no fault with what I said."

"Oh, I dare say not, ma'am!" cried Miss Squeers, with another curtsy. "Best thanks to you for your goodness, and begging and praying you not to be hard upon me another time!"

"I don't know," resumed Mrs. Browdie, "that I have said any thing very bad of you, even now—at all events,

what I did say was quite true; but if I have, I am very sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. You have said much worse of me, scores of times, Fanny; but I have never borne any malice to you, and I hope you'll not bear any to me."

Miss Squeers made no more direct reply than surveying her former friend from top to toe, and elevating her nose in the air with ineffable disdain. But some indignant allusions to a 'puss,' and a 'minx,' and a 'contemptible creature,' escaped her; and this, together with a severe biting of the lips, great difficulty in swallowing, and very frequent comings and goings of breath, seemed to imply that feelings were swelling in Miss Squeer's bosom too great for utterance.

While the foregoing conversation was proceeding, Master Wackford, finding himself unnoticed, and feeling his preponderating inclinations strong upon him, had by little and little sidled up to the table and attacked the food with such slight skirmishing as drawing his fingers round and round the inside of the plates, and afterwards sucking them with infinite relish—picking the bread, and dragging the pieces over the surface of the butter—pocketing lumps of sugar, pretending all the time to be absorbed in thought—and so forth. Finding that no interference was attempted with these small liberties, he gradually mounted to greater, and, after helping himself to a moderately good cold collation, was, by this time, deep in the pie.

Nothing of this had been unobserved by Mr. Squeers, who, so long as the attention of the company was fixed upon other objects, hugged himself to think that his sin and heir should be fattening at the enemy's expense. But there being now an appearance of a temporary calm, in which the proceedings of little Wackford could scarcely fail to be observed, he feigned to be aware of the circumstance for the first time, and inflicted upon the face of that young gentleman a slap that made the very tea-cups ring.

"Eating!" cried Mr. Squeers, "of what his father's enemies has left! It's fit to go and poison you, you unnatural boy."

"It wean't hurt him," said John, apparently very much relieved by the prospect of having a man in the guard; "let 'um eat. I wish the whole school was here. I'd give 'em 'soun't to stay their unfort'nate stomachs wi', if I spent the last penny I had!"

Squeers scowled at him with the worst and most malicious expression of which his face was capable—it was a face of remarkable capability, too, in that way—and shook his fist stealthily.

"Coom, coom, schoolmeaster," said John, "dinnot make a fool o' thyself; for if I was to shake mine—only once—thou'd fe' doon wi' the wind o' it."

"It was you, was it," returned Squeers, "that helped off my runaway boy! It was you, was it!"

"Me!" returned John in a loud tone. "Yes, it w' me, coom; wa'at o' that! It wa' me. Noo then!"

"You hear him say he did it, my child!" said Squeers, appealing to his daughter. "You hear him say he did it!"

"Did it!" cried John. "I'll tell'ee more; hear this too. If thou'd get another runaway boy, I'd do it agene. If thou'd got twenty roonaway boys, I'd do it twenty times over, and twenty more to that; and I tell thee more," said John, "noo my blood is oop, that thou't as old ra'scal; and that it's weel for thou, thou be'st an old 'un, or I'd ha pooned thee to flour, when thou told as honest mun hoo' thou'd licked that poor chap in't coorsh."

"An honest man!" cried Squeers, with a sneer.

"Ah! an honest man," replied John; "honest in ougl but ever putting legs under seame table wi' such as thou."

"Scandal!" said Squeers, exultingly. "Two witness

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to it; Wackford knows the nature of an oath, he does—we shall have you there, sir. Rascal, eh?" Mr. Squeers took out his pocket-book and made a note of it—"Very good. I should say that was worth full twenty pounds at the next assizes, without the honesty, sir."

"Soizes," cried John, "thou'd better not talk to me o' 'Soizes. Yorkshire schools have been shown up at 'Soizes afore noo, mun, and it's a ticklish subject to revive, I can tell ye."

Mr. Squeers shook his head in a threatening manner, looking very white with passion; and taking his daughter's arm, and dragging little Wackford by the hand, retreated towards the door.

"As for you," said Squeers, turning round and addressing Nicholas, who, as he had caused him to smart pretty soundly on a former occasion, purposely abstained from taking any part in the discussion, "see if I ain't down upon you before long. You'll go a kidnapping of boys, will you? Take care their fathers don't turn up—mark that—take care their fathers don't turn up, and send 'em back to me to do as I like with in spite of you."

"I am not afraid of that," replied Nicholas, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, and turning away.

"Ain't you!" retorted Squeers, with a diabolical look.

"Now then, come along."

"I leave such society, with my pa', for hever," said Miss Squeers, looking contemptuously and loftily round. "I am defiled by breathing the air with such creatures. Poor Mr. Browdie! He! he! he! I do pity him, that I do; he's so deluded! He! he! he!—Artful and designing 'Tilda!"

With this sudden relapse into the sternest and most majestic wrath, Miss Squeers swept from the room; and having sustained her dignity until the last possible moment, was heard to sob and scream and struggle in the passage.

John Browdie remained standing behind the table, looking from his wife to Nicholas, and back again, with his mouth wide open, until his hand accidentally fell upon the tankard of ale, when he took it up, and having obscured his features therewith for some time, drew a long breath, handed it over to Nicholas, and rang the bell.

"Here, waither," said John, briskly. "Look alive here. Tak' these things awa', and let's have soomast broiled for sooper—vary comfortable and plenty o' it—at ten o'clock. Bring soom brandy and soom wather, and a pair o' slippers—the largest pair in the house—and be quick about it. Dash ma' wig!" said John, rubbing his hands, "there's no ganging oot to-neeght, noo, to fetch anybody whoam, and ecod, we'll begin to spend the evening in earnest."

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

JACK SHEPPARD.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER VI.

*Jack Sheppard's first Robbery.*

If there is one thing on earth more lovely than another, it is a fair girl of the tender age of Winifred Wood! Her beauty awakens no feeling beyond that of admiration. The charm of innocence breathes around her, as fragrance is diffused by the flower, sanctifying her light-

est thought and action, and shielding her, like a spell, from the approach of evil. Beautiful is the girl of twelve,—who is neither child nor woman, but something between both, something more exquisite than either!

Such was the fairy creature presented to Thames Darrell, under the following circumstances.

Glad to escape from the scene of recrimination that ensued between his adoptive parents, Thames seized the earliest opportunity of retiring, and took his way to a small chamber in the upper part of the house, where he and Jack were accustomed to spend most of their leisure in the amusements, or pursuits, proper to their years. He found the door ajar, and to his surprise perceived little Winifred seated at a table, busily engaged in tracing some design upon a sheet of paper. She did not hear his approach, but continued her occupation without raising her head.

It was a charming sight to watch the motion of her tiny fingers as she pursued her task; and though the posture she adopted was not the most favourable that might have been chosen for the display of her sylphlike figure, there was something in her attitude, and the glow of her countenance, lighted up by the mellow radiance of the setting sun falling upon her through the panes of the little dormer window, that seemed to the youth inexpressibly beautiful. Winifred's features would have been pretty, for they were regular and delicately formed, if they had not been slightly marked by the small-pox;—a disorder, that sometimes spares more than it destroys, and imparts an expression to be sought for in vain in the smoothest complexion. We have seen pitted cheeks, which we would not exchange for dimples and a satin skin. Winifred's face had a thoroughly amiable look. Her mouth was worthy of her face; with small, pearly-white teeth; lips glossy, rosy, and pouting; and the sweetest smile imaginable playing constantly about them. Her eyes were soft and blue, arched over by dark brows, and fringed by long silken lashes. Her hair was of the darkest brown, and finest texture; and, when unloosed, hung down to her heels. She was dressed in a little white frock, with a very long body, and very short sleeves, which looked (from a certain fulness about the hips,) as if it was intended to be worn with a hoop. Her slender throat was encircled by a black riband, with a small locket attached to it; and upon the top of her head rested a diminutive lace cap.

The room in which she sat was a portion of the garret assigned, as we have just stated, by Mr. Wood as a playroom to the two boys; and, like most boys' playrooms, it exhibited a total absence of order, or neatness. Things were thrown here and there, to be taken up, or again cast aside, as the whim arose; while the broken-backed chairs and crazy table bore the marks of many a conflict. The characters of the youthful occupants of the room might be detected in every article it contained. Darrell's peculiar bent of mind was exemplified in a rusty broadsword, a tall grenadier's cap, a musket without lock or ramrod, a belt and cartouch-box, with other matters, evincing a decided military taste. Among his books, Plutarch's Lives, and the Histories of great commanders, appeared to have been frequently consulted; but the dust had gathered thickly upon the Carpenter's Manual, and a Treatise on Trigonometry and Geometry. Beneath the shelf, containing these books, hung the fine old ballad of 'St. George for England,' and a loyal ditty, then much in vogue, called 'True Protestant Gratitude, or Britain's Thanksgiving for the first of August, Being the Day of his Majesty's Happy Accession to the Throne.' Jack Sheppard's library consisted of a few ragged and well-thumbed volumes abstracted from the tremendous chronicles bequeathed to the world by those Froissarts and Holinsheds of crime—the Ordinaries of Newgate. His vocal collection comprised a couple of flash songs

pasted against the wall, entitled '*The Thief-Catcher's Prophecy*,' and the '*Life and Death of the Darkman's Budget*,' while his extraordinary mechanical skill was displayed in what he termed (Jack had a supreme contempt for orthography,) a '*Model of his Mas. Jale off New Gate*,' another model of the pillory at Fleet Bridge; and a third of the permanent gibbet at Tyburn. The latter specimen of his workmanship was adorned with a little scare-crow figure, intended to represent a house-breaking chimney-sweeper at the time, described in Sheppard's own hand-writing, as '*Jack Hall a-hanging*.' We must not omit to mention that a family group from the pencil of little Winifred representing Mr. and Mrs. Wood in very characteristic attitudes, occupied a prominent place on the walls.

For a few moments, Thames regarded the little girl through the half-opened door in silence. On a sudden a change came over her countenance, which, up to this moment, had worn a smiling and satisfied expression. Throwing down the pencil, she snatched up a piece of Indian-rubber, and exclaiming,—"It isn't at all like him! it isn't half handsome enough!" was about to efface the sketch, when Thames darted into the room.

"Who isn't it like?" he asked, endeavouring to gain possession of the drawing, which, at the sound of his footstep, she crushed between her fingers.

"I can't tell you!" she replied, blushing deeply, and clinching her little hand as tightly as possible; "it's a secret!"

"I'll soon find it out, then," he returned playfully, forcing the paper from her grasp.

"Don't look at it, I entreat," she cried.

But her request was unheeded. Thames unfolded the drawing, smoothed out its creases, and beheld a portrait of himself.

"I've a good mind not to speak to you again, sir!" cried Winifred, with difficulty repressing a tear of vexation; "you've acted unfairly."

"I feel I have, dear Winny!" replied Thames, abashed at his own rudeness; "my conduct is inexcusable."

"I'll excuse it, nevertheless," returned the little damsel, affectionately extending her hand to him.

"Why were you afraid to show me this picture, Winny?" asked the youth.

"Because it's not like you," was her answer.

"Well, like or not, I'm greatly pleased with it, and must beg it from you as a memorial—"

"Of what?" she interrupted, startled by his change of manner.

"Of yourself," he replied, in a mournful tone. "I shall value it highly, and will promise never to part with it. Winny, this is the last night I shall pass beneath your father's roof."

"Have you told him so?" she inquired reproachfully.

"No; but I shall, before he retires to rest."

"Then you *will* stay!" she cried, clapping her hands joyfully; "for I'm sure he won't part with you. Oh! thank you—thank you! I'm so happy!"

"Stop, Winny!" he answered gravely; "I haven't promised yet."

"But you will,—won't you?" she rejoined, looking him coaxingly in the face.

Unable to withstand this appeal, Thames gave the required promise, adding,—"*Oh! Winny, I wish Mr. Wood had been my father, as well as yours.*"

"So do I!" she cried; "for then you would have been really my brother. No, I don't, either; because—"

"Well, Winny?"

"I don't know what I was going to say," she added, in some confusion; "only I'm sorry you were born a gentleman."

"Perhaps, I wasn't," returned Thames gloomily, as the remembrance of Jonathan Wild's foul insinuation

crossed him. "But never mind who or what I am. Give me this picture. I'll keep it for your sake."

"I'll give you something better worth keeping," she answered, detaching the ornament from her neck, and presenting it to him; "this contains a lock of my hair, and may remind you sometimes of your little sister. As to the picture, I'll keep it myself; though, if you do go, I shall need no memorial of you. I'd a good many things to say to you, besides—but you've put them all out of my head."

With this, she burst into tears, and sank with her face upon his shoulder. Thames did not try to cheer her. His own heart was too full of melancholy foreboding. He felt that he might soon be separated—perhaps, for ever—from the fond little creature he held in his arms, whom he had always regarded with the warmest fraternal affection, and the thought of how much she would suffer from the separation so sensibly affected him, that he could not help joining in her grief.

From this sorrowful state he was aroused by a loud derisive whistle, followed by a still louder laugh; and looking up, he beheld the impudent countenance of Jack Sheppard immediately before him.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jack, with a roguish wink, "I've caught you,—have I?"

The carpenter's daughter was fair and free—

Fair, and fickle, and false was she!

She slighted the journeyman, (meaning me!)

And smiled on a gallant of high degree.

Degree! degree!

She smiled on a gallant of high degree.

Ha! ha! ha!"

"Jack!" exclaimed Thames, angrily.

But Sheppard was not to be silenced. He went on with his song, accompanying it with the most ridiculous grimaces:

"When years were gone by, she began to rue

Her love for the gentleman (meaning you!)

'I slighted the journeyman fond,' quoth she,

'But where is my gallant of high degree?'

Where! where!

Oh where is my gallant of high degree?

Ho! ho! ho!"

"What are you doing here?" demanded Thames.

"Oh! nothing at all," answered Jack, sneeringly, "though this room's as much mine as yours, for that matter. But I don't desire to spoil sport,—not I. And if you'll give me such a smack of your sweet lips, Mum, as you've just given Thames, I'll take myself off in less than no time."

The answer to this request was a "smack" of a very different description, bestowed upon Sheppard's outstretched face by the little damsel, as she ran out of the room.

"Odd's! bodikins!" cried Jack, rubbing his cheek. "I'm in luck to day. However, I'd rather have a blow from the daughter than the mother. I know who hit hardest. I tell you what Thames," he added, flinging himself carelessly into a chair, "I'd give my right hand,—and that's no light offer for a carpenter's 'prentice,—that little minx were half as fond of me, as she is of you."

"That's not likely to be the case, if you go on in this way," replied Thames, sharply.

"Why, what the devil would you have had me do!—make myself scarce, eh? You should have tipped me the wink."

"No more of this," rejoined Thames, "or we shall quarrel."

"Who cares if we do?" retorted Sheppard, with a look of defiance.



"Jack," said the other, sternly; don't provoke me further, or I'll give you a thrashing."

"Two can play at that game, my blood," replied Sheppard, rising and putting himself into a posture of defence.

"Take care of yourself, then," rejoined Thames, doubling his fists and advancing towards him; "though my right arm's stiff, I can use it, as you'll find."

Sheppard was no match for his opponent, for, though he possessed more science, he was deficient in weight, and strength; and, after a short round, in which he had decidedly the worst of it, a well-directed hit on the *nob* stretched him at full length on the floor.

"That'll teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head for the future," observed Thames, as he helped Jack to his feet.

"I didn't mean to give offence," replied Sheppard, sulkily. "But, let me tell you, it's not a pleasant sight to see the girl one likes in the arms of another."

"You want another drubbing, I perceive," said Thames, frowning.

"No, I don't, enough 's as good as a feast of the dainties you provide. I'll think no more about her. Save us!" he cried, as his glance accidentally alighted on the drawing, which Winifred had dropped in her agitation. "Is this *her* work?"

"It is," answered Thames. "Do you see any likeness?"

"Don't I?" returned Jack, bitterly. "Strange! he continued, as if talking to himself. "How very like it is!"

"Not so strange, surely," laughed Thames, "that a picture should resemble a person for whom it's intended."

"Ay, but it is strange how much it resembles somebody for whom it's *not* intended. It's exactly like a miniature I have in my pocket."

"A miniature! Of whom?"

"That I can't say," replied Jack, mysteriously.

"But I half suspect of your father."

"My father!" exclaimed Thames, in the utmost astonishment; "let me see it!"

"Here it is," returned Jack, producing a small picture in a case set with brilliants.

Thames took it, and beheld the portrait of a young man apparently—judging from his attire—of high rank, whose proud and patrician features certainly presented a very striking resemblance to his own.

"You're right, Jack," he said, after a pause, during which he contemplated the picture with the most fixed attention; "this must have been my father!"

"No doubt of it," answered Sheppard; "only compare it with Winny's drawing, and you'll find they're as like as two peas in a pod."

"Where did you get it?" inquired Thames.

"From Lady Trafford's, where I took the box."

"Surely, you haven't stolen it?"

"Stolen's an awkward word. But, as you perceive, I brought it away with me."

"It must be returned instantly,—be the consequences what they may."

"You're not going to betray me!" cried Jack, in alarm.

"I am not," replied Thames; but I insist upon your taking it back at once."

"Take it back yourself!" retorted Jack sullenly "I shall do no such thing."

"Very well," replied Thames, about to depart.

"Stop!" exclaimed Jack, planting himself before the door; "do you want to get me sent across the water?"

"I want to save you from disgrace and ruin," returned Thames.

"Bah!" cried Jack, contemptuously; nobody's disgraced and ruined unless he's found out. I'm safe enough if you hold your tongue. Give me that picture or I'll make you!"

"Hear me," said Thames, calmly; "you well know you're no match for me."

"Not at fisticuffs, perhaps," interrupted Jack, fiercely; "but I've my knife."

"You daren't use it."

"Try to leave the room, and see whether I daren't," returned Jack, opening the blade.

"I didn't expect this from you," rejoined Thames, resolutely. "But your threats won't prevent my leaving the room when I please, and as I please. Now will you stand aside?"

"I won't," answered Jack, obstinately.

Thames said not another word, but marched boldly towards him, and seized him by the collar.

"Leave go!" cried Jack, struggling violently, and raising his hand, "or I'll maul you for life."

But Thames was not to be deterred from his purpose; and the strife might have terminated seriously, if a peace-maker had not appeared in the shape of little Winifred, who, alarmed by the noise, rushed suddenly into the room.

"Ah!" she screamed, seeing the uplifted weapon in Sheppard's hand, "don't hurt Thames—don't, dear Jack! If you want to kill somebody, kill me, not him."

And she flung herself between them.

Jack dropped the knife and walked sullenly aside.

"What has caused this quarrel, Thames?" asked the little girl, anxiously.

"You," answered Jack, abruptly.

"No such thing," rejoined Thames. "I'll tell you all about it presently. But you must leave us now, dear Winny. Jack and I have something to settle between ourselves. Don't be afraid. Our quarrel's quite over."

"Are you sure of that?" returned Winifred, looking uneasily at Jack.

"Ay, ay," rejoined Sheppard; "he may do what he pleases,—hang me, if he thinks proper—if *you* wish it."

With this assurance, and at the reiterated request of Thames, the little girl reluctantly withdrew.

"Come, come, Jack," said Thames, walking up to Sheppard, and taking his hand, "have done with this. I tell you once more, I'll say and do nothing to get you into trouble. Rest assured of that. But I'm resolved to see Lady Trafford. Perhaps she may tell me whose picture this is."

"So she may," returned Jack, brightening up; it's a good idea. I'll go with you. But you must see her alone; and that'll be no easy matter to manage, for she's a great invalid, and has generally, somebody with her. Above all, beware of Sir Rowland Trenchard. He's as savage and suspicious as the devil himself. I should never have noticed the miniature at all, if it had'n't been for him. He was standing

by, rating her ladyship,—who can scarcely stir from the sofa,—while I was packing up her jewels in the case, and I observed that she tried to hide a small casket from him. His back was no sooner turned, than she slipped this casket into the box. The next minute, I contrived, without either of 'em perceiving me, to convey it into my own pocket. I was sorry for what I did afterwards; for, I don't know why, but poor lady! with her pale face, and black eyes, she reminded me of my mother."

"That, alone, ought to have prevented you from acting as you did, Jack," returned Thames gravely.

"I should never have acted as I did," rejoined Sheppard, bitterly; "if Mrs. Wood hadn't struck me. That blow made me a thief. And, if ever I'm brought to the gallows, I shall lay my death at her door."

"Well, think no more about it," returned Thames. "Do better in future."

"I will, when I've had my revenge," muttered Jack. "But, take my advice, and keep out of Sir Rowland's way, or you'll get the poor lady into trouble as well as me."

"Never fear," replied Thames, taking up his hat. "Come, let's be off."

The two boys then emerged upon the landing, and were about to descend the stairs, when the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Wood resounded from below. The storm appeared to have blown over, for they were conversing in a very amicable manner with Mr. Kneebone, who was on the point of departing.

"Quite sorry, my good friend, there should have been any misunderstanding between us," observed the woollen draper.

"Don't mention it," returned Wood in the conciliatory tone of one who admits he has been in the wrong; "your explanation is perfectly satisfactory."

"We shall expect you to-morrow," insinuated Mrs. Wood; "and pray, don't bring anybody with you,—especially Jonathan Wild."

"No fear of that," laughed Kneebone.—"Oh! about that boy, Thames Darrell. His safety must be looked to. Jonathan's threats are not to be sneezed at. The rascal will be at work before morning. Keep your eye upon the lad. And mind he doesn't stir out of your sight, on any pretence whatever, till I call."

"You hear that," whispered Jack.

"I do," replied Thames, in the same tone; "we haven't a moment to lose."

"Take care of yourself," said Mr. Wood, "and I'll take care of Thames. It's never a bad day that has a good ending. Good night! God bless you!"

Upon this, there was a great shaking of hands, with renewed apologies and protestations of friendship on both sides; after which, Mr. Kneebone took his leave.

"And so, you really suspect me?" murmured Mrs. Wood, reproachfully, as they returned to the parlour. "Oh! you men! you men! Once get a thing into your head, and nothing will beat it out."

"Why, my love," rejoined her husband, "appearances, you must allow, were a little against you. But, since you assure me you didn't write the letters, and Mr. Kneebone assures me he didn't receive them, I can't do otherwise than believe you. And I've made up my mind that a husband ought to believe only half that he hears, and nothing that he sees."

"An excellent maxim!" replied his wife approvingly; "the best I ever heard you utter."

"I must now go and look after Thames," observed the carpenter.

"Oh! never mind him: he'll take no harm! Come with me into the parlour. I can't spare you at present. Heigho!"

"Now for it!" cried Jack, as the couple entered the room; "The coast's clear."

Thames was about to follow, when he felt a gentle grasp upon his arm. He turned, and beheld Winifred.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I shall be back presently," replied Thames, evasively.

"Don't go, I beg of you!" she implored. "You're in danger. I overheard what Mr. Kneebone said, just now."

"Death and the devil! what a cursed interruption!" cried Jack, impatiently. "If you loiter in this way, old Wood will catch us."

"If you stir, I'll call him!" rejoined Winifred. "It's you, Jack, who are persuading my brother to do wrong. Thames," she urged, "the errand, on which you're going, can't be for any good, or you wouldn't be afraid of mentioning it to my father."

"He's coming!" cried Jack, stamping his foot, with vexation. "Another moment, and it'll be too late."

"Winny, I must go!" said Thames, breaking from her.

"Stay, dear Thames!—stay!" cried the little girl. "He hears me not! he's gone!" she added, as the door was opened and shut with violence; "something tells me I shall never see him again!"

When her father, a moment afterwards, issued from the parlour to ascertain the cause of the noise, he found her seated on the stairs, in an agony of grief.

"Where's Thames?" he hastily inquired.

Winifred pointed to the door. She could not speak.

"And Jack?"

"Gone too," sobbed his daughter.

Mr. Wood uttered something like an imprecation. "God forgive me for using such a word!" he cried, in a troubled tone; "if I hadn't yielded to my wife's silly request, this wouldn't have happened!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### Brother and Sister.

On the same evening, in a stately chamber of a noble old mansion of Elizabeth's time, situated in Southampton Fields, two persons were seated. One of these, a lady, evidently a confirmed invalid, and attired in deep mourning, reclined upon a sort of couch, or easy chair, set on wheels, with her head supported by cushions, and her feet resting upon a velvet footstool. A crutch, with a silver handle, stood by her side, proving the state of extreme debility to which she was reduced. It was no easy matter to determine her age, for, though she still retained a certain youthfulness of appearance, she had

many marks in her countenance, usually indicating the decline of life, but which in her case were, no doubt, the result of constant and severe indisposition. Her complexion was wan and faded, except where it was tinged by a slight hectic flush, that made the want of colour more palpable; her eyes were large and black, but heavy and lustreless; her cheeks sunken; her frame emaciated; her dark hair thickly scattered with grey. When younger, and in better health, she must have been eminently lovely; and there were still the remains of great beauty about her. The expression, however, which would chiefly have interested a beholder, was that of settled and profound melancholy.

Her companion was a person of no inferior condition. Indeed, it was apparent, from the likeness between them, that they were nearly related. He had the same dark eyes, though lighted by a fierce flame; the same sallow complexion; the same tall, thin figure, and majestic demeanour; the same proud cast of features. But here the resemblance stopped. The expression was wholly different. He looked melancholy enough, it is true. But his gloom appeared to be occasioned by remorse, rather than sorrow. No sterner head was ever beheld beneath the cowl of a monk, or the bonnet of an inquisitor. He seemed inexorable, and inscrutable as fate itself.

"Well, Lady Trafford," he said, fixing a severe look upon her, "you depart for Lancashire to-morrow. Have I your final answer?"

"You have, Sir Rowland," she answered, in a feeble tone, but firmly. "You shall have the sum you require, but—"

"But what, madam?"

"Do not misunderstand me," she proceeded. "I give it to King James—not to you: for the furtherance of a great and holy cause, not for the prosecution of wild and unprofitable schemes."

Sir Rowland bit his lips to repress the answer that rose to them.

"And the will?" he said, with forced calmness.

"Do you still refuse to make one?"

"I have made one," replied Lady Trafford.

"How?" cried her brother, starting.

"Rowland," she rejoined, "you strive in vain to terrify me into compliance with your wishes. Nothing shall induce me to act contrary to the dictates of my conscience. My will is executed, and placed in safe custody."

"In whose favour is it made?" he inquired, sternly.

"In favour of my son."

"You have no son," rejoined Sir Rowland, moodily.

"I had one," answered his sister, in a mournful voice; "and, perhaps, I have one still."

"If I thought so—" cried the knight, fiercely; "but this is idle," he added, suddenly checking himself. "Aliva, your child perished with its father."

"And by whom were they both destroyed?" demanded his sister, raising herself by a painful effort, and regarding him with a searching glance.

"By the avenger of his family's dishonour—by your brother," he replied, coldly.

"Brother," cried Lady Trenchard, her eye blazing with unnatural light, and her cheek suffused with a crimson stain: "Brother," she cried, lifting her thin

fingers towards heaven, "as God shall judge me, I was wedded to that murdered man!"

"A lie!" ejaculated Sir Rowland, furiously; "a black, and damning lie!"

"It is the truth," replied his sister, falling backwards upon the couch. "I will swear it upon the cross!"

"His name, then?" demanded the knight. "Tell me that, and I will believe you."

"Not now—not now!" she returned, with a shudder. "When I am dead, you will learn it. Do not disquiet yourself. You will not have to wait long for the information. Rowland," she added, in an altered tone, "I am certain I shall not live many days. And, if you treat me in this way, you will have my death to answer for, as well as the deaths of my husband and child. Let us part in peace. We shall take an eternal farewell of each other."

"Be it so!" rejoined Sir Rowland, with concentrated fury; "but, before we do part, I am resolved to know the name of your pretended husband!"

"Torture shall not wrest it from me," answered his sister, firmly.

"What motive have you for concealment?" he demanded.

"A vow," she answered,—"a vow to my dead husband."

Sir Rowland looked at her for a moment, as if he meditated some terrible reply. He then arose, and, taking a few turns in the chamber, stopped suddenly before her.

"What has put it into your head that your son yet lives?" he asked.

"I have dreamed that I shall see him before I die," she rejoined.

"Dreamed!" echoed the knight, with a ghastly smile. "Is that all? Then learn from me that your hopes are visionary as their foundation. Unless he can arise from the bottom of the Thames, where he and his abhorred father lie buried, you will never behold him again in this world."

"Heaven have compassion on you, Rowland!" murmured his sister, crossing her hands, and looking upwards; "you have none on me."

"I will have none till I have forced the villain's name from you!" he cried, stamping the floor with rage.

"Rowland, your violence is killing me," she returned, in a plaintive tone.

"His name, I say!—his name!" thundered the knight.

And he unsheathed his sword.

Lady Trafford uttered a prolonged scream, and fainted. When she came to herself, she found that her brother had quitted the room, leaving her to the care of a female attendant. Her first orders were to summon the rest of her servants to make immediate preparations for her departure for Lancashire.

"To-night, your ladyship?" ventured an elderly domestic.

"Instantly, Hobson," returned Lady Trafford; "as soon as the carriage can be brought round."

"It shall be at the door in ten minutes. Has your ladyship any further commands?"

"None whatever. Yet, stay! There is one thing I wish you to do. Take that box, and put it into the carriage yourself. Where is Sir Rowland?"

"In the library, your ladyship. He has given orders that no one is to disturb him. But there's a person in the hall—a very odd sort of man—waiting to see him, who won't be sent away."

"Very well. Lose not a moment, Hobson."

The elderly domestic bowed, took up the case, and retired.

"Your ladyship is far too unwell to travel," remarked the female attendant, assisting her to rise; "you'll never be able to reach Manchester."

"It matters not, Norris," replied Lady Trafford; "I would rather die on the road, than be exposed to another such scene as I have just encountered."

"Dear me!" sympathised Mrs. Norris. "I was afraid, from the scream I heard, that something dreadful had happened. Sir Rowland has a terrible temper indeed—a shocking temper! I declare he frightens me out of my senses."

"Sir Rowland is my brother," resumed Lady Trafford, coldly.

"Well, that's no reason why he should treat your ladyship so shamefully, I'm sure. Ah! how I wish poor dear Sir Cecil were alive! he'd keep him in order."

Lady Trafford sighed deeply.

"Your ladyship has never been well since you married Sir Cecil," rejoined Mrs. Norris. "For my part, I don't think you ever quite got over the accident you met with on the night of the Great Storm."

"Norris!" gasped Lady Trafford, trembling violently.

"Mercy on us! what have I said!" cried the attendant, greatly alarmed by the agitation of her mistress; "do sit down, your ladyship, while I run for the *ratifa* and *rosa solis*."

"It is past," rejoined Lady Trafford, recovering herself by a powerful effort; "but never allude to the circumstance again. Go, and prepare for our departure."

In less time than Hobson had mentioned, the carriage was announced. And Lady Trafford having been carried down stairs, and placed within it, the postboys drove off, at a rapid pace, for Barnet.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### *Miching Mallecho.*

SIR ROWLAND, mean time, paced his chamber with a quick and agitated step. He was ill at ease, though he would not have confessed his disquietude even to himself. Not conceiving that his sister—feeble as she was, and yielding as she had ever shown herself to his wishes, whether expressed or implied,—would depart without consulting him, he was equally surprised and enraged to hear the servants busied in transporting her to the carriage. His pride, however, would not suffer him to interfere with their proceedings; much less could he bring himself to acknowledge that he had been in the wrong, and entreat Lady Trafford to remain, though he was well aware that her life might be endangered if she travelled by night. But, when the sound of the carriage-wheels died away, and he felt that she was actually gone, his resolution failed him, and he rang the bell violently.

"My horses, Charcam," he said, as a servant appeared.

The man lingered.

"'Sdeath! why am I not obeyed?" exclaimed the knight, angrily. "I wish to overtake Lady Trafford. Use despatch!"

"Her ladyship will not travel beyond Saint Albans to-night, Sir Rowland, so Mrs. Norris informed me," returned Charcam, respectfully; "and there's a person without, anxious for an audience, whom, with submission, I think your honour would desire to see."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, glancing significantly at Charcam, who was a confidant in his Jacobite schemes; "is it the messenger from Orchard-Windham, from Sir William?"

"No, Sir Rowland."

"From Mr. Corbet Kynaston, then? Sir John Packington's courier was here yesterday."

"No, Sir Rowland."

"Perhaps he is from Lord Derwentwater, or Mr. Forster? News is expected from Northumberland."

"I can't exactly say, Sir Rowland. The gentleman didn't communicate his business to me. But I'm sure it's important."

Charcam said this, not because he knew anything about the matter; but having received a couple of guineas to deliver the message, he, naturally enough, estimated its importance by the amount of the gratuity.

"Well, I will see him," replied the knight after a moment's pause; "he may be from the Earl of Mar. But let the horses be in readiness. I shall ride to Saint Albans to-night."

So saying he threw himself into a chair. And Charcam, fearful of another change in his master's present uncertain mood, disappeared.

The person, shortly afterwards ushered into the room, seemed, by the imperfect light—for the evening was advancing, and the chamber darkened by heavy drapery,—to be a middle-sized, middle-aged man, of rather vulgar appearance, but with a very shrewd aspect. He was plainly attired in a riding-dress and boots of the period, and wore a hanger by his side.

"Your servant, Sir Rowland," said the stranger, ducking his head, as he advanced.

"Your business, sir?" returned the other, stiffly.

The new-comer looked at Charcam. Sir Rowland waved his hand and the attendant withdrew.

"You don't recollect me, I presume?" premised the stranger taking a seat.

The knight, who could ill brook this familiarity, instantly arose.

"Don't disturb yourself," continued the other, now wise disconcerted by the rebuke. "I never stand upon ceremony where I know I shall be welcome. We have met before."

"Indeed!" rejoined Sir Rowland, haughtily; "perhaps you will refresh my memory as to the time, and place?"

"Let me see. The time was the 26th of November, 1703: the place, the Mint in Southwark. I have a good memory, you perceive, Sir Rowland."

The knight staggered as if struck by a mortal wound. Speedily recovering himself, however, he rejoined, with forced calmness, "You are mistaken, sir. I was in Lancashire, at our family seat, at the time you mention."

The stranger smiled incredulously.



"Well, Sir Rowland," he said, after a brief pause, during which the knight regarded him with a searching glance, as if endeavouring to recal his feature; "I will not gainsay your words. You are in the right to be cautious, till you know with whom you have to deal; and even then, you can't be too wary. 'Avow nothing, believe nothing, give nothing for nothing,' is my own motto. And it's a maxim of universal application, or at least of universal practice. I am not come here to play the part of your father-confessor. I am come to serve you."

"In what way, sir?" demanded Trenchard, in astonishment.

"You will learn anon. You refuse me your confidence. I applaud your prudence: it is, however, needless. Your history, your actions, nay, your very thoughts are better known to me than to your spiritual adviser."

"Make good your assertions," cried Trenchard furiously, "or—"

"To the proof," interrupted the stranger, calmly.

"You are the son of Sir Montacute Trenchard, of Ashton-Hall, near Manchester. Sir Montacute had three children—two daughters and yourself. The eldest, Constance, was lost, by the carelessness of a servant, during her infancy, and has never since been heard of: the youngest alive, is the present Lady Trafford. I merely mention these circumstances to show the accuracy of my information."

"If this is the extent of it, sir," returned the knight, ironically, "you may spare yourself further trouble. These particulars are familiar to all, who have any title to the knowledge."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the stranger, "but I have others in reserve, not so generally known. With your permission, I will go on in my own way. Where I am in error, you can set me right. Your father, Sir Montacute Trenchard, who had been a loyal subject to King James the Second, and borne arms in his service, on the abdication of that monarch, turned his back upon the Stuarts, and would never afterwards recognise their claims to the crown. It was said that he received an affront from James, in the shape of a public reprimand, which his pride could not forgive. Be this as it may, though a Catholic, he died a friend to the Protestant succession."

"So far you are correct," observed Trenchard; "still, this is no secret."

"Suffer me to proceed," replied the stranger.—

"The opinions, entertained by the old knight, naturally induced him to view with displeasure the conduct of his son, who warmly espoused the cause he had deserted. Finding remonstrances of no avail, he had recourse to threats; and when threats failed, he adopted more decided measures."

"Ha!" ejaculated Trenchard.

"As yet," pursued the stranger, "Sir Montacute had placed no limit to his son's expenditure. He did not quarrel with Rowland's profusion, for his own revenues were ample; but he *did* object to the large sums lavished by him in the service of a faction he was resolved not to support. Accordingly, the old knight reduced his son's allowance to a third of its previous amount: and, upon further provocation, he even went so far as to alter his will in favour of his daughter, Aliva, who was then betrothed to her cousin Sir Cecil Trafford."

"Proceed, sir," said Trenchard, breathing hard.

"Under these circumstances, Rowland did what any other sensible person would do. Aware of his father's inflexibility of purpose, he set his wits to work to defeat the design. He contrived to break off his sister's match; and this he accomplished so cleverly, that he maintained the strictest friendship with Sir Cecil. For two years, he thought himself secure; and, secretly engaged in the Jacobite schemes of the time, in which, also, Sir Cecil was deeply involved, he began to relax in his watchfulness over Aliva. About this time,—namely, in November, 1703,—while young Trenchard was in Lancashire, and his sister in London, on a visit, he received a certain communication from his confidential servant, Davies, which at once, destroyed his hopes. He learnt that his sister was privately married—the name or rank of her husband could not be ascertained—and living in retirement in an obscure dwelling in the Borough, where she had given birth to a son. Rowland's plans were quickly formed, and as quickly executed. Accompanied by Sir Cecil, who still continued passionately enamoured of his sister, and to whom he represented that she had fallen a victim to the arts of a seducer, he set off, at fiery speed for the metropolis. Arrived there, their first object was to seek out Davies, by whom they were conducted to the lady's retreat,—a lone habitation, situated on the outskirts of Saint George's Fields in Southwark. Refused admittance, they broke open the door. Aliva's husband, who passed by the name of Darrell, confronted them sword in hand. For a few minutes, he kept them at bay. But urged by his wife's cries, who was more anxious for the preservation of her child's life than her own, he snatched up the infant and made his escape from the back of the premises. Rowland and his companions instantly started in pursuit, leaving the lady to recover as she might. They tracked the fugitive to the Mint; but, like hounds at fault, they here lost all scent of their prey. Mean time, the lady had overtaken them; but, terrified by the menaces of her vindictive kinsmen, she did not dare to reveal herself to her husband, of whose concealment on the roof of the very house the party were searching she was aware. Aided by an individual, who was acquainted with a secret outlet from the tenement, Darrell escaped. Before his departure, he gave his assistant a glove. That glove is still preserved. In her endeavour to follow him, Aliva met with a severe fall, and was conveyed away in a state of insensibility, by Sir Cecil. She was supposed to be lifeless; but she survived the accident, though she never regained her strength. Directed by the same individual, who had helped Darrell to steal a march upon him, Rowland, with Davies, and another attendant, continued the pursuit. Both the fugitive and his chasers embarked on the Thames. The elements were wrathful as their passions. The storm burst upon them in its fury. Unmindful of the terrors of the night, unscared by the danger that threatened him, Rowland consigned his sister's husband, and his sister's child to the waves."

"Bring your story to an end, sir," said Trenchard, who had listened to the recital, with mingled emotions of rage and fear.

"I have nearly done," replied the stranger. "As Rowland's whole crew perished in the tempest, and he only escaped by miracle, he fancied himself free

from detection. And, for twelve years, he has been so; until his long security well-nigh obliterating remembrance of the deed has bred almost a sense of innocence within his breast. During this period, Sir Montacute has been gathered to his fathers. His title has descended to Rowland: his estates to Aliva. The latter has, since, been induced to unite herself to Sir Cecil, on terms originating with her brother, and which, however strange and unprecedented, were acquiesced in by the suitor."

Sir Rowland looked bewildered with surprise.

"The marriage was never consummated," continued the imperturbable stranger. "Sir Cecil is no more. Lady Trafford, supposed to be childless, broken in health and spirits, frail both in mind and body, is not likely to make another marriage. The estates must, ere long, revert to Sir Rowland."

"Are you man, or fiend?" exclaimed Trenchard, staring at the stranger, as he concluded his narration.

"You are complimentary, Sir Rowland," returned the other, with a grim smile.

"If you *are* human," rejoined Trenchard, with stern emphasis, "I insist upon knowing whence you derived your information?"

"I might refuse to answer the question, Sir Rowland. But I am not indisposed to gratify you. Partly, from your confessor; partly, from other sources."

"My confessor!" ejaculated the knight, in the extremity of surprise; "has he betrayed his sacred trust?"

"He has," replied the other, grinning; "and this will be a caution to you in future, how you confide a secret of consequence to a priest. I should as soon think of trusting a woman. Tickle the ears of their reverences with any idle nonsense you please; but tell them nothing you care to have repeated. I was once a disciple of Saint Peter myself, and speak from experience."

"Who are you?" ejaculated Trenchard, scarcely able to credit his senses.

"I'm surprised you've not asked that question before, Sir Rowland. It would have saved me much circumlocution, and you some suspense. My name is Wild—Jonathan Wild."

And the great thief-taker indulged himself in a chuckle at the effect produced by this announcement. He was accustomed to such surprises, and enjoyed them.

Sir Rowland laid his hand upon his sword.

"Mr. Wild," he said, in a sarcastic tone, but with great firmness; "a person of your well-known sagacity must be aware that some secrets are dangerous to the possessor."

"I am fully aware of it, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, coolly; "but I have nothing to fear; because, in the first place, it will be to your advantage not to molest me; and, in the second, I am provided against all contingencies. I never hunt the human tiger without being armed. My janizaries are without. One of them is furnished with a packet containing the heads of the statement I have just related, which, if I don't return at a certain time, will be laid before the proper authorities. I have calculated my chances, you perceive."

"You have forgotten that you are in my power," returned the knight, sternly; "and that all your allies cannot save you from my resentment."

"I can, at least, protect myself," replied Wild, with provoking calmness. "I am accounted a fair shot, as well as a tolerable swordsman, and I will give proof of my skill in both lines, should occasion require it. I have had a good many desperate engagements in my time, and have generally come off victorious. I bear the marks of some of them about me still," he continued, taking off his wig, and laying bare a bald scull, covered with cicatrices and plates of silver. "This gash," he added, pointing to one of the larger scars, "was a wipe from the hanger of Tom Thurland, whom I apprehended for the murder of Mrs. Knap. This wedge of silver," pointing to another, "which would mend a coffee-pot, serves to stop up a breach made by Will Colthurst, who robbed Mr. Hearl on Hounslow-Heath. I secured the dog after he had wounded me. This fracture was the handiwork of Jack Parrot (otherwise called Jack the Grinder), who broke into the palace of the Bishop of Norwich. Jack was a comical scoundrel, and made a little too free with his grace's best burgundy, as well as his grace's favourite house-keeper. The Bishop, however, to show him the danger of meddling with the church, gave him a dance at Tyburn for his pains. Not a scar but has its history. The only inconvenience I feel from my shattered noddle is an incapacity to drink. But that's an infirmity shared by a great many sounder heads than mine. The hardest bout I ever had was with a woman—Sally Wells, who was afterwards lagged for shoplifting. She attacked me with a carving-knife, and, when I had disarmed her, the jade bit off a couple of fingers from my left hand. Thus, you see, I've never hesitated, and never *shall* hesitate to expose my life where anything is to be gained. My profession has hardened me."

And, with this, he coolly re-adjusted his peruke.

"What do you expect to gain from this interview, Mr. Wild?" demanded Trenchard, as if he had formed a sudden resolution.

"Ah! now we come to business," returned Jonathan, rubbing his hands, gleefully. "These are my terms, Sir Rowland," he added, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket, and pushing it towards the knight.

Trenchard glanced at the document.

"A thousand pounds," he observed, gloomily, "is a heavy price to pay for doubtful secrecy, when *certain silence* might be so cheaply procured."

"You would purchase it at the price of your head," replied Jonathan, knitting his brows. "Sir Rowland," he added, savagely, and with somewhat of the look of a bull-dog before he flies at his foe, "if it were my pleasure to do so, I could crush you with a breath. You are wholly in my power. Your name, with the fatal epithet of 'dangerous' attached to it, stands foremost on the list of Disaffected now before the Secret Committee. I hold a warrant from Mr. Walpole for your apprehension."

"Arrested!" exclaimed Trenchard, drawing his sword.

"Put up your blade, Sir Rowland," rejoined Jonathan, resuming his former calm demeanour, "King James the Third, will need it. I have no intention of arresting you. I have a different game to play; and it'll be your own fault, if you don't come off the winner. I offer you my assistance on certain terms. The proposal is so far from being exorbitant, that it

should be trebled if I had not a fellow-feeling in the cause. To be frank with you, I have an affront to requite, which can be settled at the same time, and in the same way with your affair. That's worth something to me; for I don't mind paying for revenge. After all, a thousand pounds is a trifle to rid you of an upstart, who may chance to deprive you of tens of thousands."

"Did I hear you aright?" asked Trenchard, with startling eagerness.

"Certainly," replied Jonathan, with the most perfect *sang-froid*, "I'll undertake to free you from the boy. That's part of the bargain."

"Is he alive?" vociferated Trenchard.

"To be sure," returned Wild; "he's not only alive, but likely for life, if we don't clip the thread."

Sir Rowland caught at a chair for support, and passed his hand across his brow, on which the damp had gathered thickly.

"The intelligence seems new to you. I thought I'd been sufficiently explicit," continued Jonathan. "Most persons would have guessed my meaning."

"Then it was *not* a dream!" ejaculated Sir Rowland, in a hollow voice, and as if speaking to himself. "I did see them on the platform of the bridge—the child and his preserver! They were *not* struck by the falling ruin, nor whelmed in the roaring flood,—or, if they *were*, they escaped, as I escaped. God! I have cheated myself into a belief that the boy perished! And now, my worst fears are realized—he lives!"

"As yet," returned Jonathan, with fearful emphasis.

"I cannot—dare not injure him," rejoined Trenchard, with a haggard look, and sinking, as if paralysed, into a chair.

Jonathan laughed scornfully.

"Leave him to me," he said. "He shan't trouble you further."

"No," replied Sir Rowland, who appeared completely prostrated. "I will struggle no longer with destiny. Too much blood has been shed already."

"This comes of fine feelings!" muttered Jonathan, contemptuously. "Give me your thoroughpaced villain. But I shan't let him off thus. I'll try a strong dose.—Am I to understand that you intend to plead guilty, Sir Rowland?" he added. "If so, I may as well execute my warrant."

"Stand off, sir!" exclaimed Trenchard, starting suddenly backwards.

"I knew that would bring him to," thought Wild.

"Where is the boy?" demanded Sir Rowland.

"At present, under the care of his preserver—one Owen Wood, a carpenter, by whom he was brought up."

"Wood!" exclaimed Trenchard,—*"of Wych Street!"*

"The same."

"A boy from his shop was here a short time ago. Could it be him you mean?"

"No. That boy was the carpenter's apprentice, Jack Sheppard. I've just left your nephew."

At this moment, Charcam entered the room.

"Beg pardon," Sir Rowland, said the attendant; "but there's a boy from Mr. Wood, with a message for Lady Trafford."

"From whom?" vociferated Trenchard.

"From Mr. Wood, the carpenter."

"The same who was here just now?"

"No, Sir Rowland, a much finer boy."

"'Tis he, by heaven!" cried Jonathan; "this is lucky. Sir Rowland," he added, in a deep whisper, "do you agree to my terms?"

"I do," answered Trenchard, in the same tone.

"Enough!" rejoined Wild; "he shall not return."

"Have you acquainted him with Lady Trafford's departure," said the knight, addressing Charcam, with as much composure as he could assume.

"No, Sir Rowland," replied the attendant, "as you proposed to ride to Saint Alban's to-night, I thought you might choose to see him yourself. Besides, there's something odd about the boy; for, though I questioned him pretty closely concerning his business, he declined answering my questions, and said he could only deliver his message to her ladyship. I thought it better not to send him away, till I'd mentioned the circumstance to you."

"You did right," returned Trenchard.

"Where is he?" asked Jonathan.

"In the hall," replied Charcam.

"Alone?"

"Not exactly, sir. There's another lad at the gate waiting for him—the same who was here just now, that Sir Rowland was speaking of, who fastened up the jewel-case for her ladyship."

"A jewel-case!" exclaimed Jonathan. "Ah, I see it all!" he cried, with a quick glance. "Jack Sheppard's fingers are lime-twigs. Was anything missed after the lad's departure, Sir Rowland?"

"Not that I'm aware of," said the knight;—"Stay! something occurs to me." And he conferred apart with Jonathan.

"That's it!" cried Wild, when Trenchard concluded. "This young fool is come to restore the article—whatever it may be—which Lady Trafford was anxious to conceal, and which his companion purloined. It's precisely what such a simpleton would do. We have him as safe as a linnet in a cage; and could wring his neck round as easily. Oblige me by acting under my guidance in the matter, Sir Rowland. I'm an old hand at such things. Harkee," he added, "Mr. What's-your-name!"

"Charcam," replied the attendant, bowing.

"Very well, Mr. Charcoal, you may bring in the boy. But not a word to him of Lady Trafford's absence—mind that. A robbery has been committed, and your master suspects this lad is an accessory to the offence. He, therefore, desires to interrogate him. It will be necessary to secure his companion: and as you say he is not in the house, some caution must be used in approaching him, or he may chance to take to his heels, for he's a slippery little rascal. When you've seized him, cough thrice—thus, and two rough looking gentlemen will make their appearance. Don't be alarmed by their manners, Mr. Charcoal. They're apt to be surly to strangers, but it soon wears off. The gentleman with the red beard will relieve you of your prisoner. The other must call a coach as quickly as he can."

"For whom, sir?" inquired Charcam.

"For me—his master, Mr. Jonathan Wild."

"Are you Mr. Jonathan Wild?" asked the attendant in great trepidation.

"I am, Charcoal. But don't let my name frighten you. Though," said the thief-taker, with a complacent smile, "all the world seems to tremble at it. Obey my orders, and you've nothing to fear. About them quickly. Lead the lad to suppose that he'll be introduced to Lady Trafford. You understand me, Charcoal."



The attendant did *not* understand him. He was confounded by the presence in which he found himself. But, not daring to confess his want of comprehension, he made a profound reverence, and retired.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Consequences of the Theft.*

"How do you mean to act, sir?" inquired Trenchard, as soon as they were left alone.

"As circumstances shall dictate, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan. "Something is sure to arise in the course of the investigation, of which I can take advantage. If not, I'll convey him to Saint Gile's roundhouse on my own responsibility."

"Is this your notable scheme?" asked the knight, scornfully.

"Once there," proceeded Wild, without noticing the interruption, "he's as good as in his grave. The constable, Sharples, is in my pay. I can remove the prisoner at any hour of the night I think fit: and I *will* remove him. You must know, Sir Rowland—for I've no secrets from you—that, in the course of my business I've found it convenient to become the owner of a small Dutch sloop; by means of which I can transmit any light ware,—such as gold watches, rings, and plate, as well as occasionally a bank or goldsmith's note, which has been spoken with by way of the mail,—you understand me?—to Holland or Flanders, and obtain a secure and ready market for them. This vessel is now in the river, off Wapping. Her cargo is nearly shipped. She will sail, at early dawn to-morrow, for Rotterdam. Her commander, Rykhart Van Galgebok is devoted to my interests. As soon as he gets into bluewater, he'll think no more of pitching the boy overboard than of lighting his pipe. This will be safer than cutting his throat on shore. I've tried the plan, and found it answer. The Northern Ocean keeps a secret better than the Thames, Sir Rowland. Before midnight, your nephew shall be safe beneath the hatches of the *Zeeslang*."

"Poor child!" muttered Trenchard, abstractedly; "the whole scene upon the river is passing before me. I hear the splash in the water—I see the white object floating like a sea-bird on the tide—it will not sink!"

"Shlood!" exclaimed Jonathan, in a tone of ill-disguised contempt; "it won't do to indulge these fancies now. Be seated, and calm yourself."

"I have often conjured up some frightful vision of the dead," murmured the knight, "but I never dreamed of an interview with the living."

"It'll be over in a few minutes," rejoined Jonathan, impatiently; "in fact, it'll be over too soon for me. I like such interviews. But we waste time. Have the goodness to affix your name to that memorandum, Sir Rowland. I require nothing, you see, till my share of the contract is fulfilled."

Trenchard took up a pen.

"It's the boy's death-warrant," observed Jonathan, with a sinister smile.

"I cannot sign it," returned Trenchard.

"Damnation!" exclaimed Wild with a snarl, that displayed his glistening fangs to the furthest extremity of his mouth, "I'm not to be trifled with thus. That paper *must* be signed, or I take my departure."

"Go, sir," rejoined the knight, haughtily.

"Ay, ay, I'll go, fast enough!" returned Jonathan, putting his hands into his pockets, "but not alone, Sir Rowland."

At this juncture, the door was flung open, and Chaream

entered, dragging in Thames, whom he held by the collar, and who struggled in vain to free himself from the grasp imposed upon him.

"Here's one of the thieves, Sir Rowland!" cried the attendant. "I was only just in time. The young rascal had learnt from some of the women servants that Lady Trafford was from home, and was in the very act of making off when I got down stairs. Come along, my Newgate bird!" he continued, shaking him with great violence.

Jonathan gave utterance to a low whistle.

"If things had gone smoothly," he thought, "I should have cursed the fellow's stupidity. As it is, I'm not sorry for the blunder."

Trenchard, mean while, whose gaze was fixed upon the boy, became livid as death, but he moved not a muscle.

"'Tis he!" he mentally ejaculated.

"What do you think of your nephew, Sir Rowland?" whispered Jonathan, who sat with his back towards Thames, so that his features were concealed from the youth's view. "It would be a thousand pities, wouldn't it, to put so promising a lad out of the way?"

"Devil!" exclaimed the knight, fiercely. "Give me the paper."

Jonathan hastily picked up the pen, and presented it to Trenchard, who attached his signature to the document.

"If I *am* the devil," observed Wild, "as some folks assert, and I, myself, am not unwilling to believe, you'll find that I differ from the generally-received notions of the arch-fiend, and faithfully execute the commands of those who confide their souls to my custody."

"Take hence this boy, then," rejoined Trenchard; "his looks unman me."

"Of what am I accused?" asked Thames, who, though a good deal alarmed at first, had now regained his courage.

"Of robbery!" replied Jonathan, in a thundering voice, and suddenly confronting him. "You're charged with assisting your comrade, Jack Sheppard, to purloin certain articles of value from a jewel-case belonging to Lady Trafford. Aha!" he continued, producing a short silver staff, which he carried constantly about with him, and uttering a terrible imprecation, "I see you're confounded. Down on your marrowbones, sirrah! Confess your guilt, and Sir Rowland may yet save you from the gallows."

"I've nothing to confess," replied Thames, boldly; "I've done no wrong. Are you my accuser?"

"I am," replied Wild; "have you anything to allege to the contrary?"

"Only this," returned Thames: "that the charge is false, and malicious, and that you know it to be so."

"Is that all?" retorted Jonathan. "Come, I must search you, my youngster!"

"You shan't touch me," rejoined Thames; and, suddenly bursting from Chaream, he threw himself at the feet of Trenchard. "Hear me, Sir Rowland!" he cried. "I am innocent. I have stolen nothing. This person—this Jonathan Wild, whom I beheld for the first time, scarcely an hour ago, in Wych Street, is—I know not why—my enemy. He has sworn that he'll take away my life!"

"Bah!" interrupted Jonathan. "You won't listen to this nonsense, Sir Rowland!"

"If you *are* innocent, boy," said the knight,



controlling his emotion; "you have nothing to apprehend. But, what brought you here?"

"Excuse me, Sir Rowland. I cannot answer that question. My business is with Lady Trafford."

"Are you aware that I am her ladyship's brother?" returned the knight. "She has no secrets from me."

"Possibly not," replied Thames, in some confusion; "but I am not at liberty to speak."

"Your hesitation is not in your favour," observed Trenchard, sternly.

"Will he consent to be searched?" inquired Jonathan.

"No," rejoined Thames, "I won't be treated like a common felon, if I can help it."

"You shall be treated according to your deserts, then," said Jonathan, maliciously. And, in spite of the boy's resistance, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and drew forth the miniature.

"Where did you get this from?" asked Wild, greatly surprised at the result of his investigation.

Thames returned no answer.

"I thought as much," continued Jonathan. "But we'll find a way to make you open your lips presently. Bring in his comrade," he added, in a whisper to Charcam; "I'll take care of him. And don't neglect my instructions this time." Upon which, with an assurance that he would not do so, the attendant departed.

"You can, of course, identify this picture as Lady Trafford's property?" pursued Jonathan, with a meaning glance, as he handed it to the knight.

"I can," replied Trenchard. "Ha!" he exclaimed, with a sudden start, as his glance fell upon the portrait; "how came this into your possession, boy?"

"Why don't you answer, sirrah?" cried Wild, in a savage tone, and striking him with the silver staff. "Can't you speak?"

"I don't choose," replied Thames, sturdily; "and your brutality shan't make me."

"We'll see that," replied Jonathan, dealing him another and more violent blow.

"Let him alone," said Trenchard, authoritatively.

"I have another question to propose. Do you know whose portrait this is?"

"I do not," replied Thames, repressing his tears; "but I believe it to be the portrait of my father."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the knight, in astonishment. "Is your father alive?"

"No," returned Thames; "he was assassinated while I was an infant."

"Who told you this is his portrait?" demanded Trenchard.

"My heart," rejoined Thames, firmly; "which now tells me I am in the presence of his murderer."

"That's me," interposed Jonathan; "a thief-taker is always a murderer in the eyes of a thief. I'm almost sorry your suspicions are unfounded, if your father in any way resembled you, my youngster. But I can tell you who'll have the pleasure of hanging your father's son; and that's a person not a hundred miles distant from you at this moment—ha! ha!"

As he said this, the door was opened, and Charcam entered, accompanied by a dwarfish, shabby-looking man, in a brown serge frock, with coarse Jewish features, and a long red beard. Between the Jew and the attendant came Jack Sheppard; while a crowd of servants, attracted by the news, that the investigation of a robbery was going forward, lingered at the doorway in hopes of catching something of the proceedings.

When Jack was brought in, he cast a rapid glance

around him, and perceiving Thames in the custody of Jonathan, instantly divined how matters stood. As he looked in this direction, Wild gave him a significant wink, the meaning of which he was not slow to comprehend.

"Get it over quickly," said Trenchard, in a whisper to the thief-taker.

Jonathan nodded assent.

"What's your name?" he said, addressing the audacious lad, who was looking about him as coolly as if nothing material was going on.

"Jack Sheppard," returned the boy, fixing his eyes upon a portrait of the Earl of Mar. "Who's that queer cove in the full-bottomed wig?"

"Attend to me, sirrah," rejoined Wild, sternly. "Do you know this picture?" he added, with another significant look, and pointing to the miniature.

"I do," replied Jack, carelessly.

"That's well. Can you inform us whence it came?"

"I should think so."

"State the facts, then."

"It came from Lady Trafford's jewel-box."

Here a murmur of amazement arose from the assemblage outside.

"Close the door!" commanded Trenchard, impatiently.

"In my opinion, Sir Rowland," suggested Jonathan; "you'd better allow the court to remain open."

"Be it so," replied the knight, who saw the force of this reasoning. "Continue the proceedings."

"You say that the miniature was abstracted from Lady Trafford's jewel-box," said Jonathan in a loud voice.

"Who took it thence?"

"Thames Darrell; the boy at your side."

"Jack!" cried Thames, in indignant surprise.

But Sheppard took no notice of the exclamation.

A loud buzz of curiosity circulated among the domestics; some of whom—especially the females—leaned forward to obtain a peep at the culprit.

"Si—lence!" vociferated Charcam, laying great emphasis on the last syllable.

"Were you present at the time of the robbery?" pursued Jonathan.

"I was," answered Sheppard.

"And will swear to it?"

"I will."

"Liar!" ejaculated Thames.

"Enough!" exclaimed Wild, triumphantly. "Close the court, Mr. Charcoal. They've heard quite enough for my purpose," he muttered, as his orders were obeyed, and the domestics excluded. "It's too late to carry 'em before a magistrate now, Sir Rowland; so, with your permission I'll give 'em a night's lodging in Saint Giles's roundhouse. You, Jack Sheppard, have nothing to fear, as you've become evidence against your accomplice. To-morrow, I shall carry you before Justice Walters, who'll take your information; and I've no doubt but Thames Darrell will be fully committed. Now, for the cage, my pretty canary-bird. Before we start, I'll accommodate you with a pair of ruffles." And he proceeded to handcuff his captive.

"Hear me!" cried Thames, bursting into tears. "I am innocent. I could not have committed this robbery. I have only just left Wych Street. Send for Mr. Wood, and you'll find that I've spoken the truth."

"You'd better hold your peace, my lad," observed Jonathan, in a menacing tone.

"Lady Trafford would not have thus condemned me!" cried Thames.

"Away with him!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, impatiently.

"Take the prisoners below, Nab," said Jonathan, addressing the dwarfish Jew; "I'll join you in an instant."

The bearded miscreant seized Jack by the waist, and

Thames by the nape of the neck, and marched off, like the ogre in the fairy tale, with a boy under each arm, while Chaream brought up the rear.

## CHAPTER X.

*Mother and Son.*

THEY had scarcely been gone a moment, when a confused noise was heard without, and Chaream re-entered the room, with a countenance of the utmost bewilderment and alarm.

"What's the matter with the man?" demanded Wild.

"Her ladyship——" faltered the attendant.

"What of her?" cried the knight. "Is she returned?"

"Y—e—s, Sir Rowland," stammered Chaream.

"The devil!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Here's a cross-bite."

"But that's not all, your honour," continued Chaream; "Mrs. Norris says she's dying."

"Dying!" echoed the knight.

"Dying, Sir Rowland. She was taken dreadful ill on the road, with spasms and short breath, and swoonings,—worse than ever she was before. And Mrs. Norris was so frightened that she ordered the postboys to drive back as fast as they could. She never expected to get her ladyship home alive."

"My God!" cried Trenchard, stunned by the intelligence, "I have killed her."

"No doubt," rejoined Wild, with a sneer; "but don't let all the world know it."

"They're lifting her out of the carriage," interposed Chaream; "will it please your honour to send for some advice, and the chaplain?"

"Fly for both," returned Sir Rowland, in a tone of bitter anguish.

"Stay!" interposed Jonathan. "Where are the boys?"

"In the hall."

"Her ladyship will pass through it?"

"Of course; there's no other way."

"Then, bring them into this room, the first thing—quick! They must not meet, Sir Rowland," he added, as Chaream hastened to obey his instructions.

"Heaven has decreed it otherwise," replied the knight, dejectedly. "I yield to fate."

"Yield to nothing," returned Wild, trying to re-assure him; "above all, when your designs prosper. Man's fate is in his own hands. You are your nephew's executioner, or he is yours. Cast off this weakness. The next hour makes, or mars you for ever. Go to your sister, and do not quit her till all is over. Leave the rest to me."

Sir Rowland moved irresolutely towards the door, but recoiled before a sad spectacle. This was his sister, evidently in the last extremity. Borne in the arms of a couple of assistants, and preceded by Mrs. Norris, wringing her hands and weeping, the unfortunate lady was placed upon a couch. At the same time, Chaream, who seemed perfectly distracted by the recent occurrences, dragged in Thames, leaving Jack Sheppard outside in the custody of the dwarfish Jew.

"Hell's curses!" muttered Jonathan between his teeth; "that fool will ruin all. Take him away," he added, striding up to Chaream.

"Let him remain," interposed Trenchard.

"As you please, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan, with affected indifference; "but I'm not going to hunt the deer for another to eat the ven'son, depend on't."

But seeing that no notice was taken of the retort, he drew a little aside, and folded his arms, muttering, "The

whim will soon be over. She can't last long. I can pull the strings of this stiff-necked puppet as I please."

Sir Rowland, mean time, threw himself on his knees beside his sister, and, clasping her chilly fingers within his own, besought her forgiveness in the most passionate terms. For a few minutes, she appeared scarcely sensible of his presence. But, after some restoratives had been administered by Mrs. Norris, she revived a little.

"Rowland," she said, in a faint voice, "I have not many minutes to live. Where is Father Spencer? I must have absolution. I have something that weighs heavily upon my mind."

Sir Rowland's brow darkened.

"I have sent for him, Aliva," he answered; "he will be here directly, with your medical advisers."

"They are useless," she returned. "Medicine cannot save me now."

"Dear sister!"—

"I should die happy, if I could behold my child."

"Comfort yourself, then, Aliva. You shall behold him."

"You are mocking me, Rowland. Jests are not for seasons like this."

"I am not, by heaven!" returned the knight, solemnly. "Leave us Mrs. Norris, and do not return till Father Spencer arrives."

"Your ladyship—" hesitated Norris.

"Go!" said Lady Trafford; "it is my last request."

And her faithful attendant, drowned in tears, withdrew, followed by the two assistants.

Jonathan stepped behind a curtain.

"Rowland," said Lady Trafford, regarding him with a look of indescribable anxiety, "you have assured me that I shall behold my son. Where is he?"

"Within this room," replied the knight.

"Here!" shrieked Lady Trafford.

"Here," repeated her brother. "But, calm yourself, dear sister, or the interview will be too much for you."

"I am calm—quite calm, Rowland," she answered, with lips whose agitation belied her words. "Then, the story of his death was false. I knew it. I was sure you could not have the heart to slay a child—an innocent child. God forgive you!"

"May He, indeed, forgive me," returned Trenchard, crossing himself devoutly; "but my guilt is not the less heavy, because your child escaped. This hand consigned him to destruction, but another was stretched forth to save him. The infant was rescued from a watery-grave by an honest mechanic, who has since brought him up as his own son."

"Blessings upon him!" cried Lady Trafford, fervently. "But trifle with me no longer. Moments are ages now. Let me see my child, if he is really here?"

"Behold him!" returned Trenchard, taking Thames (who had been a mute, but deeply-interested, witness of the scene) by the hand, and leading him towards her.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Trafford, exerting all her strength. "My sight is failing me. Let me have more light, that I may behold him. Yes!" she screamed, "these are his father's features! It is—he is my son!"

"Mother!" cried Thames; "are you, indeed, my mother?"

"I am, indeed—my own sweet boy!" she sobbed, pressing him tenderly to her breast.

"Oh!—to see you thus!" cried Thames, in an agony of affliction.

"Don't weep, my love," replied the lady, straining him still more closely to her. "I am happy—quite happy now."

During this touching interview, a change had come over Sir Rowland, and he half repented of what he had done.

"You can no longer refuse to tell me the name of this youth's father, Aliva," he said.

"I dare not, Rowland," she answered. "I cannot break my vow. I will confide it to Father Spencer, who will acquaint you with it when I am no more. Undraw the curtain, love," she added to Thames, "that I may look at you."

"Ha!" exclaimed her son starting back, as he obeyed her, and disclosed Jonathan Wild.

"Be silent," said Jonathan, in a menacing whisper.

"What have you seen?" inquired Lady Trafford.

"My enemy," replied her son.

"Your enemy!" she returned, imperfectly comprehending him. "Sir Rowland is your uncle—he will be your guardian—he will protect you. Will you not, brother?"

"Promise," said a deep voice in Trenchard's ear.

"He will kill me," cried Thames. "There is a man in this room who seeks my life."

"Impossible!" rejoined his mother.

"Look at these fetters," returned Thames, holding up his manacled wrists; "they were put on by my uncle's command."

"Ah!" shrieked Lady Trafford.

"Not a moment is to be lost," whispered Jonathan to Trenchard. "His life—or yours?"

"No one shall harm you more, my dear," cried Lady Trafford. "Your uncle must protect you. It will be his interest to do so. He will be dependent on you."

"Do what you please with him," muttered Trenchard to Wild.

"Take off these chains, Rowland," said Lady Trafford, "instantly,—I command you."

"I will," replied Jonathan, advancing, and rudely seizing Thames.

"Mother!" cried the son, "help!"

"What is this!" shrieked Lady Trafford, raising herself on the couch, and extending her hands towards him. "Oh, God! would you take him from me?—would you murder him!"

"His father's name?—and he is free," rejoined Rowland, holding her arms.

"Release him first—and I will disclose it!" cried Lady Trafford; "on my soul, I will!"

"Speak, then!" returned Rowland.

"Too late!" shrieked the lady, falling heavily backwards,— "too late!—oh!"

Heedless of her cries, Jonathan passed a handkerchief tightly over her son's mouth, and forced him out of the room.

When he returned, a moment or so afterwards, he found Sir Rowland standing by the lifeless body of his sister. His countenance was almost as white and rigid as that of the corpse by his side.

"This is your work," said the knight, sternly.

"Not entirely," replied Jonathan, calmly; "though I shouldn't be ashamed of it if it were. After all, you failed in obtaining the secret from her, Sir Rowland. Women are hypocrites to the last—true only to themselves."

"Peace!" cried the knight, fiercely.

"No offence," returned Jonathan. "I was merely about to observe that I am in possession of her secret."

"You!"

"Didn't I tell you that the fugitive Darrell gave me a glove? But we'll speak of this hereafter. You can purchase the information from me whenever you're so disposed. I shan't drive a hard bargain. To the point, however. I came back to say, that I've placed your nephew in a coach; and, if you'll be at my lock in the Old Bailey an hour after midnight, you shall hear the last tidings of him."

"I will be there," answered Trenchard gloomily.

"You'll not forget the thousand, Sir Rowland—short accounts, you know."

"Fear nothing. You shall have your reward."

"Thank'ee,—thank'ee. My house is the next door to the Cooper's Arms, in the Old Bailey, opposite Newgate. You'll find me at supper."

So saying, he bowed and departed.

"That man should have been an Italian bravo," murmured the knight, sinking into a chair: "he has neither fear nor compunction. Would I could purchase his apathy as easily as I can procure his assistance."

Soon after this, Mrs. Norris entered the room, followed by Father Spencer. On approaching the couch, they found Sir Rowland senseless, and extended over the dead body of his unfortunate sister.

## CHAPTER XI.

*The Mohocks.*

JONATHAN WILD, mean while, had quitted the house. He found a coach at the door, with the blinds carefully drawn up, and ascertained from a tall, ill-looking, though tawdrily-dressed fellow, who held his horse by the bridle, and whom he addressed as Quilt Arnold, that the two boys were safe inside, in the custody of Abraham Mendez, the dwarfish Jew. As soon as he had delivered his instructions to Quilt, who, with Abraham, constituted his body-guard, or janizaries, as he termed them, Jonathan mounted his steed, and rode off at a gallop. Quilt was not long in following his example. Springing upon the box, he told the coachman to make the best of his way to Saint Giles's. Stimulated by the promise of something handsome to drink, the man acquitted himself to admiration in the management of his lazy cattle. Crack went the whip, and away floundered the heavy vehicle through the deep ruts of the ill-kept road, or rather lane, (for it was little better,) which, then, led across Southampton Fields. Skirting the noble gardens of Montague House, (now, we need scarcely say, the British Museum,) the party speedily reached Great Russell Street,—a quarter described by Strype, in his edition of old Stow's famous *Survey*, "as being graced with the best buildings in all Bloomsbury, and the best inhabited by the nobility and gentry, especially the north side, as having gardens behind the houses, and the prospect of the pleasant fields up to Hampstead and Highgate; insomuch that this place, by physicians, is esteemed the most healthful of any in London." Neither of the parties outside bestowed much attention upon these stately and salubriously-situated mansions; indeed, as it was now not far from ten o'clock, and quite dark, they could scarcely discern them. But, in spite of his general insensibility to such matters, Quilt could not help commenting upon the delicious

perfume wafted from the numerous flower-beds past which they were driving. The coachman answered by a surly grunt, and, plying his whip with redoubled zeal, shaped his course down Dyot Street; traversed that part of Holborn, which is now called Broad Street, and where two ancient almshouses were, then, standing in the middle of that great thoroughfare, exactly opposite the opening of Compton Street; and, driving under a wide gateway on the left, soon reached a more open space, surrounded by mean habitations, coach-houses, and stables, called Kendrick Yard, at the further end of which Saint Giles's roundhouse was situated.

No sooner did the vehicle turn the corner of this yard, than Quilt became aware, from the tumultuous sounds that reached his ears, as well as from the flashing of various lanterns at the door of the roundhouse, that some disturbance was going on; and, apprehensive of a rescue, if he drew up in the midst of the mob, he thought it prudent to come to a halt. Accordingly, he stopped the coach, dismounted, and hastened towards the assemblage, which, he was glad to find, consisted chiefly of a posse of watchmen and other guardians of the night. Quilt, who was an ardent lover of mischief, could not help laughing most heartily at the rueful appearance of these personages. Not one of them but bore the marks of having been engaged in a recent and severe conflict. Quarter-staves, bludgeons, brown-bills, lanterns, swords, and sconces were alike shivered; and, to judge from the sullied state of their habiliments, the claret must have been tapped pretty freely. Never was heard such a bawling as these unfortunate wights kept up. Oaths exploded like shells from a battery in full fire, accompanied by threats of direst vengeance against the individuals who had maltreated them. Here, might be seen a poor fellow whose teeth were knocked down his throat, spluttering out the most tremendous menaces, and gesticulating like a madman: there, another, whose nose was partially slit, vented imprecations and lamentations in the same breath. On the right, stood a bulky figure, with a broken rattle hanging out of his great-coat pocket, who held up a lantern to his battered countenance to prove to the spectators that both his orbs of vision were darkened: on the left, a meagre constable had divested himself of his shirt, to bind up with greater convenience a gaping cut in the arm.

"So, the Mohocks have been at work, I perceive," remarked Quilt, as he drew near the group.

"Faith, an' you may say that," returned a watchman, who was wiping a ruddy stream from his brow; "they've broken the paise, and our pates into the bargain. But shurely I'd know that vice," he added, turning his lantern towards the janizary. "Ah! Quilt Arnold, my man, is it you? By the powers! I'm glad to see you. The sight o' your 'andsome phiz allys does me good."

"I wish I could return the compliment, Terry. But your cracked skull is by no means a pleasing spectacle. How came you by the hurt, eh?"

"How did I come by it!—that's a nate question. Why, honestly enough. It was lent me by a countryman o' mine; but I paid him back in his own coin—ha! ha!"

"A countryman of yours, Terry?"

"Ay, and a noble one, too, Quilt—more's the

pity! You've heard of the Marquis of Slaughterford, belike?"

"Of course; who has not! He's the leader of the Mohocks, the general of the Scourers, the prince of rakes, the friend of the surgeons and glaziers, the terror of your tribe, and the idol of the girls!"

"That's him to a hair!" cried Terence, rapturously.

"Och! he's a broth of a boy!"

"Why, I thought he'd broken your head, Terry?"

"Phoo! that's nothin! A piece o' plaster 'll set all to rights; and Terry O'Flaherty's not the boy to care for the stroke of a supple-jack. Besides, didn't I tell you that I giv' him as good as he brought—and better! I jist touched him with my 'Evenin' Star,' as I call this shillelah," said the watchman, flourishing an immense bludgeon, the knob of which appeared to be loaded with lead, "and, by Saint Patrick! down he cum'd like a bullock."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Quilt, "did you kill him?"

"Not quite," replied Terence, laughing; "but I brought him to his senses."

"By depriving him of 'em, eh? But I'm sorry you hurt his lordship, Terry. Young noblemen ought to be indulged in their frolics. If they do, now and then, run away with a knocker, paint a sign, beat the watch, or buff a magistrate, they pay for their pastime, and that's sufficient. What more could any reasonable man—especially a watchman—desire? Besides, the Marquis is a devilish fine fellow, and a particular friend of mine—There's not his peer among the poeage."

"Och! if he's a friend o' yours, my dear joy, there's no more to be said; and right sorry am I, I struck him. But, blood-an'-ouns! man, if could Nick himself were to hit me a blow, I'd be after givin' him another."

"Well, well—wait awhile," returned Quilt; "his lordship won't forget you. He's as generous as he's frolicsome."

As he spoke, the door of the roundhouse was opened, and a stout man, with a lantern in his hand, presented himself at the threshold.

"There's the Sharples," cried Quilt.

"Whist!" exclaimed Terence; "he elevates his gim. By Jassus! he's about to spake to us."

"Gem'men o' the voteh!" cried Sharples, as loudly as a wheezy cough would permit him, "my noble pris'ner—ough! ough!—the Markis o' Slaughterford—"

Further speech was cut short by a volley of execrations from the angry guardians of the night.

"No Mohocks! No Scourers!" cried the mob.

"Hear! hear!" vociferated Quilt.

"His lordship desires me to say—ough! ough!"

Fresh groans and hisses.

"Ven't you hear me?—ough! ough!" demanded Sharples, after a pause.

"By all means," rejoined Quilt.

"Raise your vice, and lave off coughin'," added Terence.

"The long and the short o' the matter 's this, then," returned Sharples, with dignity, "the Markis begs your acceptance o' ten guineas to drink his health."

The hooting was instantaneously changed to cheers.

"And his lordship furthermore, requests me to state," proceeded Sharples, in a hoarse tone, "that he'll be responsible for the doctors' bills of all such gem'men as have received broken pates, or been otherwise damaged in the fray—ough! ough!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob.

"We're all damaged—we've all got broken pates," cried a dozen voices.

"Ay, good luck to him! so we have," rejoined Terence; "but we've no objection to take out the docter's bill to drink."



"None whatever, replied the mob."

"Your answer, gem'men?" demanded Sharples.

"Long life to the Markis, and we accept his honourable proposal," responded the mob.

"Long life to the Marquis!" reiterated Terence; "he's an honour to old Ireland!"

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" remarked Quilt.

"Troth, and so you did," returned the watchman; "but I couldn't believe it. In futur', I'll keep the 'Evenin' Star' for his lordship's enemies."

"You'd better," replied Quilt. "But bring your glim this way. I've a couple of kinchins in yonder rattler, whom I wish to place under old Sharples's care."

"Be handy, then," rejoined Terence, "or I'll lose my share of the smart-money."

With the assistance of Terence, and a link-boy who volunteered his services, Quilt soon removed the prisoners from the coach, and, leaving Sheppard to the custody of Abraham, proceeded to drag Thames towards the roundhouse. Not a word had been exchanged between the two boys on the road. Whenever Jack attempted to speak, he was checked by an angry growl from Abraham; and Thames, though his heart was full almost to bursting, felt no inclination to break the silence. His thoughts, indeed, were too painful for utterance, and so acute were his feelings that, for some time, they overcame him. But his grief was of short duration. The elastic spirits of youth resumed their sway; and, before the coach stopped, his tears had ceased to flow. As to Jack Sheppard, he appeared utterly reckless and insensible, and did nothing but whistle and sing the whole way.

While he was dragged along in the manner just described, Thames looked around to ascertain, if possible, where he was; for he did not put entire faith in Jonathan's threat of sending him to the roundhouse, and was apprehensive of something even worse than imprisonment. The aspect of the place, so far as he could discern through the gloom, was strange to him; but chancing to raise his eyes above the level of the surrounding habitations, he beheld, relieved against the sombre sky, the tall steeple of Saint Giles's church, the precursor of the present structure, which was not erected till some fifteen years later. He recognized this object at once. Jonathan had not deceived him.

"What's this here kinchin in for?" asked Terence, as he and Quilt strode along with Thames between them.

"What for?" rejoined Quilt, evasively.

"Oh! nothin' particler—mere curiosity," replied Terence. "By the powers" he added, turning his lantern full upon the face of the captive, "he's a nice genn-teel-lookin' kiddy, I must say. Pity he's taken to bad ways so airly."

"You may spare me your compassion, friend," observed Thames; "I am falsely detained."

"Of course," rejoined Quilt, maliciously; "every thief is so. If we were to wait till a prig was rightfully nabbed, we might tarry till doomsday. We never supposed you helped yourself to a picture set with diamonds—not we!"

"Is the gov'n'r consarned in this job?" asked Terence, in a whisper.

"He is," returned Quilt, significantly. "Zounds! what's that?" he cried, as the noise of a scuffle was heard behind them. "The other kid's given my partner the slip. Here, take this youngster, Terry; my legs are lighter than old Nab's." And, committing Thames to the care of the watchman, he darted after the fugitive.

"Do you wish to earn a rich reward, my good friend?" said Thames to the watchman, as soon as they were left alone.

"Is it by lettin' you go, my darlin', that I'm to airn it?" inquired Terence. "If so it won't pay. You're Mither Wild's pris'n'r, and worse luck to it!"

"I don't ask you to liberate me," urged Thames; "but will you convey a message for me?"

"Where to, honey?"

"To Mr. Wood's, the carpenter in Wych Street. He lives near the Black Lion."

"The Black Lion!" echoed Terence. "I know the house well; by the same token that it's a flash crib. Och! many a mug o' bubb have I drained wi' the landlord, Joe Hind. And so Mither Wood lives near the Black Lion, eh?"

"He does," replied Thames. "Tell him that I—his adopted son, Thames Darrell—am detained here by Jonathan Wild."

"Thames Ditton—is that your name?"

"No," replied the boy, impatiently; "Darrell—Thames Darrell."

"I'll not forget it. It's a mighty quare 'un though. I never yet heerd of a Christian as was named after the Shannon or the Liffy; and the Thames is no better than a dhurty puddle, compared wi' them two noble strames. But then you're an adopted son, and that makes all the difference. People *do* call their unlawful children strange names. Are you quite sure you haven't another alyass, Master Thames Ditton?"

"Darrell, I tell you. Will you go? You'll be paid handsomely for your trouble."

"I don't mind the throuble," hesitated Terence, who was really a good-hearted fellow at the bottom; "and I'd like to sarve you if I could, for you look like a gentleman's son, and that goes a great way wi' me. But if Mr. Wild were to find out that I thwarted his schaymes—"

"I'd not be in your skin for a trifle," interrupted Quilt, who having secured Sheppard, and delivered him to Abraham, now approached them unawares; "and it shan't be my fault if he don't hear of it."

"Ouns!" ejaculated Terence, in alarm, "would you turn snitch on your old pal, Quilt?"

"Ay, if he plays a-cross," returned Quilt. "Come along, my sly shaver. With all your cunning, we're more than a match for you."

"But not for me," growled Terence, in an under tone.

"Remember!" cried Quilt, as he forced the captive along.

"Remember the devil!" retorted Terence, who had recovered his natural audacity. "Do you think I'm afraid of a beggarly thief-taker and his myrmidons? Not I. Master Thames Ditton, I'll do your biddin'; and you, Mither Quilt Arnold, may do your worst. I defy you."

"Dog!" exclaimed Quilt, turning fiercely upon him, "do you threaten?"

But the watchman eluded his grasp, and mingling with the crowd, disappeared.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### *Saint Giles's Roundhouse.*

SAINT GILES'S ROUNDHOUSE was an old detached fabric, standing in an angle of Kendrick Yard. Originally built, as its name imports, in a cylindrical form, like a modern Martello tower, it had undergone, from time to time, so many alterations, that its symmetry was, in a great measure, destroyed. Bulging out more in the middle than at the two extremities, it resembled an enormous cask set on its end,—a sort of Heidelberg tun on a large scale,—and this resemblance was increased by the small circular aperture—it hardly deserved to be called a door—pierced, like the bung-hole of a barrel, through the side of the structure, at some distance from the ground, and approached by a flight of wooden steps. The prison was two stories high, with a flat roof, surmounted by a gilt

vane fashioned like a key; and, possessing considerable internal accommodation, it had, in its day, lodged some thousands of disorderly personages. The windows were small, and strongly grated, looking, in front, on Kendrick Yard, and, at the back, upon the spacious burial ground of Saint Giles's Church. Lights gleamed from the lower rooms, and, on a nearer approach to the building, the sound of revelry might be heard from within.

Warned of the approach of the prisoners by the increased clamour, Sharples, who was busied in distributing the Marquis's donation, affected to throw the remainder of the money among the crowd, though, in reality, he kept back a couple of guineas, which he slipped into his sleeve, and running hastily up the steps, unlocked the door. He was followed, more leisurely, by the prisoners; and, during their ascent, Jack Sheppard made a second attempt to escape, by ducking suddenly down, and endeavouring to pass under his conductor's legs. The dress of the dwarfish Jew was not, however, favourable to this expedient. Jack was caught, as in a trap, by the pendent tails of Abraham's long frock; and, instead of obtaining his release by his ingenuity, he only got a sound thrashing.

Sharples received them at the threshold, and holding his lantern towards the prisoners to acquaint himself with their features, nodded to Quilt, between whom and himself some secret understanding seemed to subsist, and then closed and barred the door.

"Vell," he growled, addressing Quilt, "you know who's here, I suppose?"

"To be sure I do," replied Quilt; "my noble friend, the Marquis of Slaughterford. What of that?"

"Vot o' that!" echoed Sharples, peevishly: "Everythin'. Vot am I to do with these young imps, eh?"

"What you generally do with your prisoners, Mr. Sharples," replied Quilt; "lock 'em up."

"That's easily said. But, suppose I've no place to lock 'em up in, how then?"

Quilt looked a little perplexed. He passed his arm under that of the constable, and drew him aside.

"Vell, vell," growled Sharples, after he had listened to the other's remonstrances, "it shall be done. But it's confounded inconvenient. One don't often get sich a vindfal as the Markis—"

"Or such a customer as Mr. Wild," edged in Quilt.

"Now, then, Saint Giles!" interposed Sheppard, "are we to be kept here all night?"

"Eh day!" exclaimed Sharples; "wot new-fledged bantam's this?"

"One that wants to go to roost," replied Sheppard.

"So, stir your stumps, Saint Giles; and if you mean to lock us up, use despatch."

"Comin'! comin'!" returned the constable, shuffling towards him.

"Coming!—so is midnight—so is Jonathan Wild," retorted Jack, with a significant look at Thames.

"Have you never an out-o'-the-vay corner, into vich you could stow these troublesome varmint?" observed Abraham. "The gov'ner 'll be here afore midnight."

Darrell's attention was drawn to the latter part of this speech by a slight pressure on his foot. And, turning at the touch, he perceived Sheppard's glance fixed meaningfully upon him.

"Stow it, Nab!" exclaimed Quilt, angrily; "the kinchin's awake."

"Awake!—to be sure I am, my flash cove," replied Sheppard; "I'm down as a hammer."

"I've just bethought me of a crib as 'll serve their turn," interposed Sharples; "at any rate, they 'll be out o' the way, and as safe as two chicks in a coop."

"Lead the way to it, then, Saint Giles," said Jack, in a tone of mock authority.

The place in which they stood, was a small entrance

chamber, cut off, like the segment of a circle, from the main apartment, (of which it is needless to say it originally constituted a portion,) by a stout wooden partition. A door led to the inner room; and it was evident, from the peals of merriment, and other noises, that, ever and anon, resounded from within, that this chamber was occupied by the Marquis and his friends. Against the walls hung an assortment of staves, brown-bills, (weapons then borne by the watch,) muskets, hand-cuffs, great-coats, and lanterns. In one angle of the room stood a disused fire place, with a rusty grate and broken chimney-piece; in the other there was a sort of box, contrived between the wall and the boards, that looked like an apology for a cupboard. Towards this box Sharples directed his steps, and, unlocking a hatch in the door, disclosed a recess scarcely as large, and certainly not as clean, as a dog-kennel.

"Vill this do?" demanded the constable, taking the candle from the lantern, the better to display the narrow limits of the hole. "I call this here crib the Little-Ease, arter the runaway prentices' cells in Guildhall. I have squeezed three kids into it afore now. To be sure," he added, lowering his tone, "they was little 'uns, and one on 'm was smothered—ough! ough!—how this cough chokes me!"

Sheppard, mean while, whose hands were at liberty, managed to possess himself, unperceived, of the spike of a halbert, which was lying, apart from the pole, upon a bench near him. Having secured this implement, he burst from his conductor, and, leaping into the hatch, as clowns generally spring into the clock-faces, when in pursuit of harlequin in the pantomime,—that is, back foremost,—broke into a fit of loud and derisive laughter, kicking his heels merrily all the time against the boards. His mirth, however, received an unpleasant check; for Abraham, greatly incensed by his previous conduct, caught him by the legs, and pushed him with such violence into the hole that the point of the spike, which he had placed in his pocket, found its way through his clothes to the flesh, inflicting a slight, but painful wound. Jack, who had something of the Spartan in his composition, endured his martyrdom without finching; and carried his stoical indifference so far, as even to make a mocking grimace in Sharples's face, while that amiable functionary thrust Thames into the recess beside him.

"How do you like your quarters, saucebox?" asked Sharples, in a jeering tone.

"Better than your company, Saint Giles," replied Sheppard; "so, shut the door, and make yourself scarce."

"That boy 'll never rest till he finds his way to Bridewell," observed Sharples.

"Or the street," returned Jack: "mind my words, the prison 's not built that can keep me."

"Ve'll see that, young hempseed," replied Sharples, shutting the hatch furiously in his face, and locking it. "If you get out o' that cage, I'll forgive you. Now, come along, gem'men, and I'll show you some precious sport."

The two janizaries followed him as far as the entrance to the inner room, when Abraham, raising his finger to his lips, and glancing significantly in the direction of the boys, to explain his intention to his companions, closed the door after them, and stole softly back again; planting himself near the recess.

For a few minutes, all was silent. At length Jack Sheppard observed:—"The coast 's clear. They're gone into the next room."

Darrell returned no answer.

"Don't be angry with me, Thames," continued Sheppard, in a tone calculated, as he thought, to ap-

peace his companion's indignation. "I did all for the best, as I'll explain."

"I won't reproach you, Jack," said the other, sternly. "I've done with you."

"Not quite, I hope," rejoined Sheppard. "At all events, I've not done with you. If you owe your confinement to me, you shall owe your liberation to me, also."

"I'd rather lie here for ever, than be indebted to you for my freedom," returned Thames.

"I've done nothing to offend you," persisted Jack.

"Nothing!" echoed the other, scornfully. "You've perjured yourself."

"That's my own concern," rejoined Sheppard. "An oath weighs little with me, compared with your safety."

"No more of this," interrupted Thames, "you make the matter worse by these excuses."

"Quarrel with me as much as you please, Thames, but hear me," returned Sheppard. "I took the course I pursued, to serve you."

"Tush!" cried Thames; "you accused me to screen yourself."

"On my soul, Thames, you wrong me!" replied Jack, passionately. "I'd lay down my life for yours."

"And you expect me to believe you after what has passed?"

"I do; and, more than that, I expect you to thank me."

"For procuring my imprisonment?"

"For saving your life."

"How?"

"Listen to me, Thames. You're in a more serious scrape than you imagine. I overheard Jonathan Wild's instructions to Quilt Arnold, and though he spoke in slang, and in an under-tone, my quick ears, and acquaintance with the thieves' lingo, enabled me to make out every word he uttered. Jonathan is in league with Sir Rowland to make away with you. You are brought here that their designs may be carried into effect with greater security. Before morning, unless we can effect an escape, you'll be kidnapped, or murdered, and your disappearance attributed to the negligence of the constable."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Thames, who, though as brave a lad as need be, could not repress a shudder at the intelligence.

"Certain. The moment I entered the room, and found you a prisoner in the hands of Jonathan Wild, I guessed how matters stood, and acted accordingly. Things haven't gone quite as smoothly as I anticipated; but they might have been worse. I can save you, and will. But, say we're friends."

"You're not deceiving me!" said Thames, doubtfully.

"I am not, by heaven!" replied Sheppard, firmly.

"Don't swear, Jack, or I shall distrust you. I can't give you my hand; but you may take it."

"Thank you! thank you!" faltered Jack, in a voice full of emotion. "I'll soon free you from these bracelets."

"You needn't trouble yourself," replied Thames.

"Mr. Wood will be here presently."

"Mr. Wood!" exclaimed Jack, in surprise. "How have you managed to communicate with him?"

Abraham, who had listened attentively to the foregoing conversation,—not a word of which escaped

him,—now drew in his breath, and brought his ear closer to the boards.

"By means of the watchman who had the charge of me," replied Thames.

"Curse him!" muttered Abraham.

"Hist!" exclaimed Jack. "I thought I heard a noise. Speak lower. Somebody may be on the watch—perhaps, that old ginger-hackled Jew."

"I don't care if he is," rejoined Thames, boldly. "He'll learn that his plans will be defeated."

"He may learn how to defeat yours," replied Jack.

"So he may," rejoined Abraham, aloud, "so he may."

"Death and fiends!" exclaimed Jack; "the old thief is there. I knew it. You've betrayed yourself, Thames."

"Vot o' that?" chuckled Abraham. "You can shave him, you know."

"I can," rejoined Jack; "and you, too, old Aaron, if I'd a razor."

"How soon do you expect Mishter Vudd?" inquired the janizary, tauntingly.

"What's that to you?" retorted Jack, surlily.

"Because I shouldn't like to be out o' the way ven he arrives," returned Abraham, in a jeering tone; "it vouldn't be vell bred."

"Vouldn't it!" replied Jack, mimicking his snuffling voice; "then shuay vere you are, and be cursed to you."

"It's all up," muttered Thames. "Mr. Wood will be intercepted. I've destroyed my only chance."

"Not your *only* chance, Thames," returned Jack, in the same undertone; "but your best. Never mind. We'll turn the tables upon 'em yet. Do you think we could manage that old clothesman between us, if we got out of this box?"

"I'd manage him myself, if my arms were free," replied Thames, boldly.

"Shpeak up, vill you?" cried Abraham, rapping his knuckles against the hatch. "I likes to hear vot you says. You *can* have no shecrets from me."

"Vy don't you talk to your partner, or Saint Giles, if you vant conversation, Aaron?" asked Jack, slyly.

"Because they're in the next room, and the door's shut; that's vy, my jack-a-dandy!" replied Abraham, unsuspiciously.

"Oh! they are—are they?" muttered Jack, triumphantly; "that'll do. Now for it, Thames! Make as great a row as you can to divert his attention."

With this, he drew the spike from his pocket; and, drowning the sound of the operation by whistling, singing, shuffling, and other noises, contrived, in a few minutes, to liberate his companion from the handcuffs.

"Now, Jack," cried Thames, warmly grasping Sheppard's hand, "you are my friend again. I freely forgive you."

Sheppard cordially returned the pressure; and, cautioning Thames, "not to let the ruffles drop, or they might tell a tale," began to warble the following fragment of a robber melody:—

"Oh! give me a chisel, a knife, or a file,  
And the dubsmen shall find that I'll do it in style!  
*Tol-de-rol.*

"Vot the devil are you about, noisy?" inquired Abraham.

"Practising singing, Aaron," replied Jack. "Vot are you?"

"Practising patience," growled Abraham.

"Not before it's needed," returned Jack, aloud; adding in a whisper, "g't upon my shoulders, Thames. Now you're up, take this spike. Feel for the lock, and prize it open,—you don't need to be told *how*. When it's done, I'll push you through. Take care of the old clothesman, and leave the rest to me.

When the turnkey, next morning, stepp'd into his room, The sight of the hole in the wall struck him dumb; The sheriff's black bracelets lay strewn on the ground, But the lad that had worn 'em could nowhere be found.  
*Tol-de-rol."*

As Jack concluded his ditty, the door flew open with a crash, and Thames sprang through the aperture.

This manœuvre was so suddenly executed that it took Abraham completely by surprise. He was standing at the moment close to the hatch, with his ear at the keyhole, and received a severe blow in the face. He staggered back a few paces; and, before he could recover himself, Thames tripped up his heels, and, placing the point of the spike at his throat, threatened to stab him if he attempted to stir, or cry out. Nor had Jack been idle all this time. Clearing the recess the instant after his companion, he flew to the door of the inner room, and, locking it, took out the key. The policy of this step was immediately apparent. Alarmed by the noise of the scuffle, Quilt and Sharples rushed to the assistance of their comrade. But they were too late. The entrance was barred against them; and they had the additional mortification of hearing Sheppard's loud laughter at their discomfiture.

"I told you the prison wasn't built that could hold me," cried Jack.

"You're not out yet, you young hound!" rejoined Quilt, striving ineffectually to burst open the door.

"But I soon shall be," returned Jack; "take these," he added, flinging the handcuffs against the wooden partition, "and wear 'em yourself."

"Halloo, Nab!" vociferated Quilt. "What the devil are you about? Will you allow yourself to be beaten by a couple of kids?"

"Not if I can help it," returned Abraham, making a desperate effort to regain his feet. "By my shalvation, boy," he added, fiercely, "if you don't take your hand off my peard, I'll shtrangle you."

"Help me, Jack!" shouted Thames, "or I shan't be able to keep the villain down."

"Stick the spike into him, then," returned Sheppard, coolly, "while I unbar the outlet."

But Thames had no intention of following his friend's advice. Contenting himself with brandishing the weapon in the Jew's eyes, he exerted all his force to prevent him from rising.

While this took place, while Quilt thundered at the inner door, and Jack drew back the bolts of the outer, a deep, manly voice was heard chanting—as if in contempt of the general uproar—the following strain:

With pipe and punch upon the board,  
And smiling nymphs around us;  
No tavern could more mirth afford  
Than old Saint Giles's roundhouse!  
*The roundhouse! the roundhouse!*  
*The jolly—jolly roundhouse!*

"The jolly, jolly roundhouse!" chorussed Sheppard, as the last bar yielded to his efforts. "Hurrah! come along, Thames; we're free."

"Not so fast!—not so fast!" cried Abraham, struggling with Thames, and detaining him; "if you go, you musht take me along vid you."

"Save yourself, Jack!" shouted Thames, sinking beneath the superior weight and strength of his opponent; "leave me to my fate!"

"Never," replied Jack, hurrying towards him. And, snatching the spike from Thames, he struck the janizary a severe blow on the head. "I'll make sure work this time," he added, about to repeat the blow.

"Hold!" interposed Thames, "he can do no more mischief. Let us be gone."

"As you please," returned Jack, leaping up; "but I feel devilishly inclined to finish him. However, it would only be robbing the hangman of his dues."

With this, he was preparing to follow his friend, when their egress was prevented by the sudden appearance of Jonathan Wild and Blueskin.

#### WHETHER OR NO.

'Mang a' the braw lads that come hither to woo me,

There's only but ane I wad fain mak' my joe;

And though I seem shy, yet so dear is he to me,

I scarce can forgie mysel' when I say "No."

My sister she sneers 'cause he has na the penny,

And cries "ye maun reap, my lass, just as ye sow,"

My brither he bans, but it's a' ane to Jenny,

She'll just tak' the lad she likes whether or no.

My father he cries, "tak' the laird of Kinlogie,

For he has baith maillins and gowd to bestow;"

My mither cries neist, "tak' the heir o' Glenbogie;

But can I please baith o' them?—weel I wat no!"

And since 'tis mysel' maun be guiner or loser—

Maun drink o' life's bicker, be't weal or be't woe,

I deem it but fair I should be my ain choosier;

To love will I lippen, then—whether or no.

Could Prudence may count on his gowd and his acres,

And think them the sum o' a' blessings below,

But tell me can wealth bring content to its makent!

The care-wrinkled face o' the miser says "No!"

But oh when pure love meets a love corresponding,

Such bliss it imparts as the world cannot know;

It lightens life's load, keeps the heart from desponding,

Let Fate smile or scowl, it smiles whether or no.  
*Whistlebinkie.*

#### THE MEMORY OF THE POETS.

The fame of those sweet bards, whose fancies lie,  
Like glorious clouds on summer's holdest eve  
Fringing the west, upon the skirts of heaven,  
And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,  
Is not of trumpet sound, nor strives to vie  
With martial notes sublime.—From ages gone,  
In most angelic strain it lengthens on,  
Earth's greenest bowers with fresh delight to fill,  
Heard, breathing from the silence of the sky,  
Or trembling in the joy of gushing rill,  
Or whispering o'er the lake's unrippled breast,  
'Till its last earthly melodies are still;  
Hush'd, 'mid the joys of immortality,  
In the calm bosom of eternal rest.—T. N. TALFOURD